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GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

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THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A.

JAMES PATERSON GLEDSTONE.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1871.

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To the Memory

OF THE

SELF-SACRIFICING AND CATHOLIC EVANGELIST

WHO, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

FINISHED IN A STRANGE LAND HIS TRAVELS

FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE,

AND

PREACHED THE LAST OF THOSE SERMONS

WHICH,

TOGETHER WITH THE TRUE WORDS OF MANY OF HIS BRETHREN,

REANIMATED THE DYING RELIGION OF THE WHOLE BRITISH PEOPLE,

THIS BOOK

IS

Reverently Dedicated.

PREFACE.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN has placed WHITEFIELD at the head of what he calls 'the Evangelical Succession.' The position is correctly assigned; Whitefield is the Peter of the Evangelicals, so far as they are a distinct portion of the Church of England. It was he who, in modern days, first preached, with zeal and unexampled success, those doctrines which they regard with religious veneration; it was he who gave them much of the phraseology to which they still cling with steadfast loyalty. But it cannot be allowed that they, and only they, have the right to claim an inheritance in him. The wealth of a good heart is for the enriching of the world; and the triumphs of genius are a study for scholars of every school. I have therefore placed Whitefield in the loftier position of a brother of all who, in every place and under any denomination, call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have striven to put the man, rather than his creed, upon the pages of this book,—or rather to put the man first, and his creed second. I have endeavoured to find out, and lay bare, the real fountain of his never-failing and exultant joy; of his fiery but gentle zeal; of his universal

charity, which, however, was associated with some forbidding and chilling beliefs. Whitefield's love to God and love to man—one love—constitute the explanation of his personal character and of his life's labours. It is true that, for a time at least, he held the dark and terrible doctrine of reprobation; and some may think that he must therefore have been a bigot, and a harsh one too; but the truth is, that he was altogether without bigotry. He believed in the infinite love of God more firmly than in anything else; and this belief tinctured the whole of his religion.

I have not looked at him as a theologian, for such he cannot be called, but as a Christian; and in the following pages there will not be found any narrative of severe mental struggles with hard questions concerning God and 'His ways to men.' They attempt to reveal a great heart, stirred with the purest emotion, ever desiring absolute perfection in goodness and unintermittingly seeking it, resolved to leave nothing undone by which others might become partakers with itself of the great salvation, and impatient of all impediments, whether ecclesiastical or social, that threatened the consummation of its hopes.

Where Whitefield was in conflict with others, I have tried to do justice to both sides; and though some things may seem to bear hardly upon the clergy of his day, I believe that in no instance have I wronged them to screen him. His excellences were too great to need adornment, and his faults too obvious to admit of misapprehension.

It may be felt, in the course of the narrative, that too much time has been spent in recounting his preaching labours, in telling how large were his congregations, how great the difficulties which he overcame, and how far he travelled; but I could not see how otherwise to give the same conception of the man and his work which is gained by perusing his journals and letters page by page. The frequent mention of thousands of hearers, though apparently savouring of the ostentatious, was necessary, as a simple statement of the truth.

The last twenty years of Whitefield's life have received but slight notice, as compared with that which has been given to his earlier years; and the reason is, that they were almost entirely without new features of interest. They saw no fresh work attempted; they brought to light no fresh qualities of mind or heart; they simply witnessed the steady growth of enterprises previously begun, and of personal qualities previously displayed.

J. P. GLEDSTONE.

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THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

1714–1735.

HIS PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD—AT OXFORD—AMONG THE METHODISTS—HIS CONVERSION.

To GIVE the genealogy of George Whitefield, so far as it can be traced, will not be a tedious task. There is not a cloud of ancestors to be acknowledged and honoured before attention can be directed to him whose labours and sacrifices may serve to kindle the emulation of the most saintly, and to provoke admiration wherever they are known.

The great-grandfather of George Whitefield was the Rev. Samuel Whitefield, of whom nothing more can be said than that he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and held successively the living of North Ledyard in Wiltshire and that of Rockhampton in Gloucestershire. Perhaps he was rich; for one of his sons, Andrew, is described as 'a private gentleman.' A family of fourteen children, with which the private gentleman was blessed, must have divided his estate into comparatively small portions; and that which fell to the eldest, a son named Thomas, established him as a wine

merchant in Bristol. Thomas Whitefield married Miss Elizabeth Edwards of Bristol, and afterwards removed to Gloucester, to keep the Bell Inn, apparently because he had failed in his first venture. Nothing more is known of the wine merchant and innkeeper than of the Wiltshire rector; but we can scarcely avoid the supposition that his failure in trade was the result of inaptitude, and that he was not without some of the gifts so freely lavished on his son George—youngest of seven, a daughter and six sons—who was born in the Bell Inn, on the 16th of December, 1714. Unwilling to believe that some children, like the favourites of fairies, are capriciously dowered with their splendid gifts, we look for the original of the son in the father or the mother, or in some combination of their respective qualities; and as the wife of the innkeeper seems to have had but little mental or moral likeness to her famous son, we are tempted to ascribe the higher worth to her husband. Yet the mother of Whitefield, if without the clear wisdom and the dauntless piety of the mother of the Wesleys, had a tender, faithful heart, commendable prudence, a great desire for the welfare of her children, and much willingness to deny herself for their sakes. George always held her in reverent affection. With the fondness of a mother for her last-born, she used to tell him that, even when he was an infant, she always expected more comfort from him than from any other of her children.

One Christmas more came, and the father was still spared to watch over his children; but, sometime about the coming of the next, he died; and his child was left without one remembrance of him.

Only one event of Whitefield's early childhood is on record. When he was about four years of age he had the measles, and through the ignorance or neglect of his nurse, the disease left one of his eyes—dark blue they were, and lively—with a squint, which, however, is said

not to have marred the extreme sweetness of his countenance, nor diminished the charm of his glance.

Circumstances were not very favourable to the formation of a noble character in the boy. He says that he 'soon gave pregnant proofs of an impudent temper.' He fell into some of the worst of juvenile sins; occasionally he transgressed in a more marked way. His childhood was stained with lying, evil speaking, and petty thefts, which he perpetrated on his mother by taking money but of her pocket before she was up;[1] this he thought, at the time, was no theft at all. He also says that he spent much money 'in plays, and in the common entertainments of the age.' Playing at cards and reading romances were his 'heart's delight.' Sabbath-breaking was a common sin, and he generally behaved irreverently at public worship, when he was present. As might be expected, he was fond of playing wild, roguish tricks, such as running into the Dissenting meeting-house, and shouting the name of the worthy old minister—'Old Cole! old Cole! old Cole!' Being asked, one day, by one of Cole's congregation, of what business he meant to be, he replied, 'A minister; but I would take care never to tell stories in the pulpit like the old Cole.' A wild, merry, unkempt lad he was; with no restraint upon him, excepting a wise regulation of his mother, by which he was not allowed to take any part in the business, although he did sometimes sell odd quantities over the counter, and wrongfully keep the money; overflowing with animal spirits, which often led him into mischief, in the execution of which his power of concealment so signally failed him that he was always detected. 'It would be endless,' he says, 'to recount the sins and offences of my younger

[1] Augustine goes through a catalogue of similar faults in his 'Confessions.' Tutor, masters, and parents were deceived with innumerable falsehoods, so that he might get off to shows and plays; he also committed thefts from his parents' cellar and table, either to please a greedy appetite, or to give to other boys.

days.' But why he should, in later years, have classed his 'roguish tricks' with graver faults, is not clear. They may really have been worse than simple fun, or his conscience may have become morbidly sensitive and intolerant, even of play, probably the latter. But there were other forces working in his impetuous, fiery spirit. Good thoughts struggled with sinful ones; conscience failed not to rebuke him for his faults, and smite him with heavy blows. A grotesque caricature of a saint sprung out of the contention. He would not be bad, neither would he be thoroughly good. He compromised; he tried to blend light and darkness; he feared God, and loved sin. Some of the money stolen from his mother was devoted to higher ends than buying tarts and fruit—it was given to the poor! His thefts were not confined to raids upon his mother's pocket and till, but extended to property outside the Bell Inn; but then he stole books—afterwards restored fourfold—and they were books of devotion! The Bible was not unknown to him, any more than a romance; but it was as much the book of his curses as the book of his prayers. His quick temper—he was hasty-tempered to the last—sought expression for itself in the imprecatory psalms, as well as in vulgar cursing. The burden of the 118th Psalm was familiar to him; and once, when he had been teased by some persons who took a constant pleasure in exasperating him, he immediately retired to his room, and, kneeling down, with many tears, prayed the whole Psalm over, finding relief to his feelings in the terrible refrain of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth verses—'But in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.' Church might be a place for irreverence, and the service a thing to be mocked at; yet he was always fond of being a clergyman, and frequently imitated the minister's reading prayers.

All the man can be traced in the boy—delight in the emotional and exciting, a ready power of appropriating

and applying to himself and to his enemies the words of Scripture, fondness for using his elocution, and aptness of imitation. And a strange contrast, as well as resemblance, is there between the man and the boy, when they are placed side by side in St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. In the church where the infant was baptized and the boy of ten mocked, the deacon of twenty-one preached his first sermon to a crowded audience.

When he was ten years old his mother married a second time, her second husband being Mr. Longden, an ironmonger, of Gloucester. Whitefield says, that it was 'an unhappy match as for temporals, but God overruled it for good. It set my brethren upon thinking more than otherwise they would have done, and made an uncommon impression upon my own heart in particular.'

At the age of twelve he was placed at the school of St. Mary de Crypt, 'the last grammar school,' he says, 'I ever went to;' from which we may suppose that he had tried not a few schools before. The last school changed him not a whit in his earliest characteristics. Plays still fascinated him; and, if he did not read them in school, when he was there—and it is very probable that he did—he spent whole days away from school studying them, and preparing to act them. His enthusiasm for acting spread to his school-fellows; and the master, either because he sympathised with his scholars' tastes, or thought it useless to resist them, not only composed plays for the school, but had a theatrical entertainment for the corporation on their annual visitation, young Whitefield being, on one occasion, dressed in girls' clothes, to act before them. The annual oration before these visitors was also commonly entrusted to the boy from 'the Bell;' and his good memory and fine elocution won him much notice. A lively school must St. Mary de Crypt have been while this vivacious scholar sat on its benches—the master writing plays, the boys learning them, and the worthy city aldermen seeing them acted.

Whitefield has given an opinion upon his education: he says, 'I cannot but observe, with much concern of mind, how this training up of youth has a natural tendency to debauch the mind, to raise ill passions, and to stuff the memory with things as contrary to the gospel of Jesus Christ as light to darkness, heaven to hell. However, though the first thing I had to repent of was my education in general, yet I must always acknowledge that my particular thanks are due to my master for the great pains he took with me and his other scholars in teaching us to write and speak correctly.'

The future saint and preacher was still indicated amid all this mirth. Part of the money received for his good acting and reciting was spent upon 'Ken's Manual for Winchester Scholars,' a book which had affected him much when his brother used to read it in his mother's troubles, and which, for some time after he bought it, was 'of great use to his soul.'

Before he was fifteen he longed to be free even from the mild discipline of his last grammar school; and by pressing his mother with the sage argument that, since she could not send him to the university, and as more learning might spoil him for a tradesman, it would be best for him to halt at his present attainments, he got his own way on all points but one—he must go to school every day for a writing lesson. Adverse circumstances soon compelled the discontinuance of the solitary lesson, and the lad of fifteen had to take—on his part, apparently with some little regret, but with commendable industry—to the dress and work of a common drawer in his mother's inn. She who had hitherto been so jealous over her son's associations must have been hard pressed with poverty before consenting to such a step. Nor was the boy unaffected by the family misfortunes. His honour prompted him to be of use, and to shun the greater contempt of being a burden, by enduring the lesser shame of wearing a blue

apron and washing mops and cleaning rooms. His religious tendencies were strengthened by frequent reading of the Bible at the close of his day's work; indeed, he would sit up to read it. Sometimes the care of the whole house came upon him; but still he found time to compose two or three sermons, one of which he dedicated to his elder brother. The first lessons of experience were being wrought into the heart of a quick learner, whose waywardness was receiving its first stern rebuke. The work of the inn made him long for school again, but his sense of filial duty never suffered him to be idle, even in a calling which he disliked. The sight of the boys going to school often cut him to the heart; and to a companion, who frequently came entreating him to go to Oxford, his general answer was, 'I wish I could.'

A year later his mother was obliged to leave the inn; then a married brother, 'who had been bred up to the business,' took it; and to him George became an assistant. The brothers agreed well enough; not so the brother-in-law and sister-in-law; for three weeks together George would not speak a word to her. He was wretched, and much to blame; and at length, thinking that his absence would make all things easy, and being advised so by his mother and brother, he went to Bristol, to see one of his brothers. This, he thinks, was God's way of 'forcing him out of the public business, and calling him from drawing wine for drunkards, to draw water out of the wells of salvation for the refreshment of His spiritual Israel.'

At Bristol he experienced the first of those rapturous feelings with which, a few years later, his soul became absolutely penetrated and possessed, then refined and gloriously illuminated, and in which it was finally sacrificed to God his Saviour. From the first it was no weakness of his to feel with half his heart: 'with all thy soul and mind and strength' was to him an easy condition of religious feeling and activity. He now had much

'sensible devotion,' and was filled with 'unspeakable raptures,' sometimes 'carried out beyond himself.' He longed after the sacrament; he pondered the 'Imitation of Christ,' and delighted in it; he was all impatience to hear the church bell calling him to worship; his former employment dissatisfied him, and he often wrote to his mother, telling her that he never would return to it. Yet, with all his fervour, his heart knew not 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding;' something secretly whispered, 'this will not last;' and it is not from this time that he dates his conversion. He admits that God was in the tumult of devotion, but not as he afterwards knew Him —the God of peace and rest and love.

Two short months sufficed to end the spiritual fever. Probably it would have left him, had he continued at Bristol, but its decline he ascribes to his return home. Once among his old associations, his delight in church-going and in prayer ceased; the only remnant of good he retained was his resolution not to live in the inn; and no doubt his firmness on that point was mainly due to his antipathy to his sister-in-law, and to his love for his mother, who, with true motherly affection, welcomed him to the best she could give him—her own fare and a bed upon the floor. His old love for play-reading revived again; his vanity made him more careful to 'adorn his body than deck and beautify his soul;' his former schoolfellows, whom he had done his share in misleading, now did theirs in misleading him.

'But God,' he says, speaking in harmony with those Calvinistic views which he afterwards adopted, 'whose gifts and callings are without repentance, would let nothing pluck me out of His hands, though I was continually doing despite to the Spirit of grace. He saw me with pity and compassion, when lying in my blood. He passed by me; He said unto me, "Live," and even gave me some foresight of His providing for me. One morning, as I was

reading a play to my sister, said I, "Sister, God intends something for me which we know not of. As I have been diligent in business, I believe many would gladly have me for an apprentice; but every way seems to be barred up, so that I think God will provide for me some way or other that we cannot apprehend."'

The deterioration of character which must have resulted from his being without employment, and without any purposes for the future, was happily averted by an accidental visit paid to his mother by one of his former school-fellows, now a servitor at Pembroke College, Oxford. When it was incidentally mentioned in the conversation, that the visitor had paid his last quarter's expenses, and received a penny, Mrs. Whitefield eagerly caught at the news, and cried out, 'This will do for my son;' and turning to George she said, 'Will you go to Oxford, George?' He replied, 'With all my heart.' Application was at once made for the help of the kind friends who had aided their visitor; and mother and son were soon rejoiced to know that interest would be used to procure George a servitor's place in Pembroke College.

His learning, such as it was, had not been kept bright during his service in the inn, his visit to Bristol, and his idle time under his mother's roof; and so the genial schoolmaster had to be applied to again, to take back his former pupil. He gladly consented; and, this time, the pupil, animated by the hope of gaining an honourable object, worked diligently and successfully. At first his morality and religion were not improved equally with his learning. A knot of debauched and atheistical youths, their atheism probably founded on their immorality, which did not like to retain the knowledge of God, succeeded in inveigling him. His thoughts about religion grew more and more like theirs; he reasoned that if God had given him passions, it must be to gratify them. He affected to look rakish; and when he went to public ser-

vice, it was only to make sport and walk about. Twice or thrice he got drunk.

Then a reforming impulse came upon him; and upon information given by him to his master of the principles and practices of his companions, their proceedings were stopped. Efforts after a better life, relapses into sin, meditations upon serious books,[1] dutiful service done for his mother, and, finally, a firm resolution to prepare for taking the sacrament on his seventeenth birthday, marked his moral history at school for the first twelvemonths.

Strange fancies now began to flit through his mind. Once he dreamt that he was to see God on Mount Sinai, and was afraid to meet Him—a circumstance which impressed him deeply; and when he told it to a 'gentlewoman,' she said, 'George, this is a call from God.' He grew more serious, and his looks—such, he says, was his 'hypocrisy'—were more grave than the feelings behind them. The gentlewoman's words also helped to increase his impressionableness; and it is not surprising to learn that 'one night, as he was going on an errand for his mother, an unaccountable but very strong impression was made upon his heart, that he should preach quickly.' It

[1] 'The Christian's Defence against the Fears of Death,' by Charles Drelincourt, was the most prominent among these books. Its unrivalled advertisement and recommendation in 'A Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal,' could not fail to attract Whitefield's attention in his present state of mind. 'Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence.' On September 7, 1705, Mrs. Veal died at Dover, and, on the following day, attired in a 'scowered silk gown, newly made up,' she appeared to her old friend Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury. They spoke together for an hour and three quarters, Mrs. Bargrave not knowing that the lady in the 'scowered silk' was a ghost. Their conversation ran much on trifles; but it had also a serious turn, and Mrs. Veal assured her friend that 'Drelincourt had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject.' This judgment, pronounced by one so well calculated to understand all things about death, having herself passed through it, prepares us to believe that 'Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely.'

is as little surprising that his mother, upon hearing from him what had come into his mind, should have turned short upon him, crying out—'What does the boy mean? Prithee, hold thy tongue.'

He resumed, though in a much more sober way, the religious practices of his Bristol life. A rebuke administered to him by one of his brothers, who had begun to regard his alternations from saint to sinner and sinner to saint as painfully regular, did him much good, by checking his spiritual pride and by increasing his self-distrust and watchfulness. His brother told him plainly—the Whitefields were an outspoken family—that he feared the new zeal would not last long, not through the temptations of Oxford. Perhaps his prophecy might have been fulfilled had he not spoken it.

Whitefield went to Oxford in 1732 when he was nearly eighteen years old. Some of his friends used their influence with the master of Pembroke College; another friend lent him ten pounds upon a bond, to defray the expense of entering, while the master admitted him as a servitor immediately. Once within the college walls he was not the lad to play with his chance of success. His humble station had no thorns for his pride. To be a servitor was no new thing; perhaps he felt himself advanced by having his fellow-students to wait upon, instead of boors and drunkards. Pembroke College was far before the Bell Inn, both for reputation and society; and then, was there not before the eye of the young student the prospect of an honourable and useful station in life? Might he not, at the least, become an ordinary clergyman in his church? Might he not pass beyond that, and attain to the dignity of a very reverend, or perhaps of a right reverend? There might be present indignity in his position, as there certainly was nothing ennobling in it; yet he would not impatiently and with silly haughtiness throw away future honour by discarding humble work.

He may have been rather too destitute of that high-spiritedness which made Johnson, not many weeks before Whitefield's coming to Pembroke,[1] throw away a pair of shoes which gentle kindness had placed at his door; indeed, an equal division of their respective qualities of pride and humbleness between the two students might have been an advantage to both. A little more of Johnson's spiritedness might have saved Whitefield from the reproach of sycophancy, while not injuring his humility and gratefulness of heart; and a little more of Whitefield's diligence and ready attention to the wants of the gentlemen might have rescued Johnson from years of hardship and of ignominious drudgery, while not sapping his independence. When Whitefield rejoices in his humble lot, because it offers many advantages above the position in which he was born, and wins for himself general esteem by his quickness and readiness to serve, he is greater than the suspicious Johnson, who can see nothing but an insult in as delicate a kindness as ever was offered to a poor scholar; but when Johnson rebukes the cold neglect, and afterwards the officious help of Chesterfield, he is nobler than Whitefield, who uses obsequious language to the lords and ladies of his congregation, not indeed in preaching to them, but in his private correspondence with them.

The young servitor lightened the burden of friends who stood as his money-securities, toiled at his classics, adhered to his late religious practices at the grammar school, and thus laid a good foundation for a manly life. Law's 'Serious Call to a Devout Life,' which had already 'overmatched' Johnson, and made him 'think in earnest of religion,' and his treatise on 'Christian Perfection,' were the means of stirring still more profoundly the already excited mind of Whitefield. Standing aloof from the general body of students, resisting the solicitations of many who lay in the same room with him, and who

[1] I am following Boswell's dates.

'would have drawn him into excess of riot,' and practising daily devotions with the regularity of a monk, what wonder that he was soon thrown amongst the 'Methodists,' who were beginning their new life, and whom he had always defended, even before he came to Oxford, or knew them? If there was spiritual life in the university, how could one who had so strangely, though ofttimes so inconsistently, followed prayer, meditation, sermon-writing, almsgiving, and public worship, fail to feel its touch, and answer to its call? It was inevitable that the servitor, who had come to be looked upon as a 'singular odd fellow,' notwithstanding all his merits, should turn Methodist; and accordingly he joined the band of devout young men sometime between his nineteenth and twentieth year, after his 'soul had longed for above a twelvemonth to be acquainted with them.'

The first Methodists were John and Charles Wesley, Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church, and Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College; but the nickname was fastened on the little company while John was in Lincolnshire assisting his father, the rector of Epworth. When he returned to Oxford, in 1730, he took his brother Charles's place at the head of the band, and became for ever after the chief figure of Methodism. His age—he was now twenty-seven years old, Charles twenty-two, and Whitefield sixteen—his ability, his position, and his piety, fitted him to become the guide and stay of his friends; and soon were the effects of his presence seen in an increased attendance at the students' devotional meetings, and in the manner in which the meetings were conducted. University wits called him 'The Father of the Holy Club.' When Whitefield joined the Methodists, which was about the end of 1734, or early in 1735, they were fifteen in number, and included Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College; Mr. T. Broughton, of Exeter; and Mr. James Hervey, of Lincoln College; and it was in this wise he

joined them. Wesley and his associates were marked men. Their austerities, their devoutness, and their charitable labours among the poor, attracted general attention; and on their way to St. Mary's, every week, to receive the sacrament, they had to pass through a crowd of ridiculing students, congregated to insult them. The sight of this shameful insolence did not operate upon one beholder at least as a hindrance to godly living; on the contrary, it awakened his sympathy, nerved his courage, and prepared him to take up his cross. Whitefield often saw the persecution endured by the few, and never without wishing to follow their brave example. An opportunity of becoming acquainted with them soon offered itself. A poor woman, in one of the workhouses, made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide; and Whitefield, aware of Charles Wesley's readiness for every good work, sent a message to him by an apple woman of Pembroke, asking him to visit her. The messenger was, for some unaccountable reason, charged not to tell Wesley who had sent her; that charge she broke; and Wesley, who had often met Whitefield walking by himself, pondering the 'deep things of God,' and was aware of his pious habits, sent him an invitation to come and breakfast with him the next morning. Whitefield gladly went; and that morning the two students formed a life-long, honourable friendship. Forty years afterwards Charles wrote of their meeting with much tenderness and warmth:—

'Can I the memorable day forget,
When first we by divine appointment met?
Where undisturbed the thoughtful student roves,
In search of truth, through academic groves;
A modest, pensive youth, who mused alone,
Industrious the frequented path to shun,
An Israelite, without disguise or art,
I saw, I loved, and clasped him to my heart,
A stranger as my bosom-friend caressed,
And unawares received an angel-guest.'

Charles Wesley put into the hands of his guest, Professor Franck's treatise against the 'Fear of Man' and the 'Country Parson's Advice to his Parishioners.' Whitefield then took his departure.

The most interesting part of the spiritual life of Whitefield begins at this point, up to which there has been an uncertain, varying war carried on against sin, coupled with many defeated attempts to attain to a severe form of external piety. After the period just to be opened to our view, he never becomes entangled in doubts concerning the divine method of saving sinners, and never hesitates between rival plans of practical living. He tried all the three great plans of being a Christian and of serving God which have gained favour with large sections of mankind; and finding satisfaction in the one which he ultimately adopted, he felt no temptation ever afterwards to leave it. Already, as we have seen, he has had large experience of the effects upon conscience and heart of the method which theologians call, 'salvation by works;' and yet he is neither at peace with God, nor established in a godly life. He is more satisfied that he is on the right track, and his resolutions to be outwardly holy have stood a good trial; but he is still asking and seeking.

While in this state of mind, Charles Wesley both helped and hindered him—helped him with his books, and hindered him by his example, which was that of an honest, anxious mind, ignorant of the salvation which comes by faith in the Son of God. The great Methodist, his 'never-to-be-forgotten friend,' as Whitefield affectionately calls him, brought him within sight of the 'fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ,' and then led him down a by-path, which brought him to the low levels of Quietism, where he nearly perished. Charles Wesley did not conduct him thus far, and never intended to set him in that direction; it was 'the blind leading the blind.' The pupil, as we shall presently see, was the first

to become a safe teacher; he knew 'the liberty of the sons of God,' while the Wesleys were struggling in chains he had broken.

Shortly after the memorable breakfast, Charles lent him a book, entitled 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man;' and no small wonder did it create within him. It was a new doctrine to be told, 'that some falsely placed religion in going to church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their poor neighbours.' But if the book's negative teaching alarmed him, by shaking to the ground the temple he was so diligently building, its positive teaching filled him with unspeakable joy. When he read that 'true religion is an union of the soul with God, or Christ formed within us, a ray of divine light instantaneously darted in upon his soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did he know that he must be a new creature.'

Then, with characteristic ardour, he wrote to his relations about this new birth (afterwards to be the main doctrine of his preaching to multitudes of people), thinking that the news of it would be as welcome to them as it had been to himself; but they charitably supposed him to be insane. Their letters determined him to forego an intended visit to his native town, lest going among them they might impede the progress of his soul in grace. Charles Wesley now introduced him 'by degrees to the rest of the Methodists;' and of course the introduction led him to adopt the whole of their plan of living. To live by rule was the fundamental principle of their theology; as yet they knew nothing of the mighty power of joy and peace which come through believing upon the name of Jesus. To live according to 'the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus' was an unthought-of privilege in their fixed and lifeless code. Thus Whitefield was led astray from the scriptural truth which had poured

light into his understanding, and gladness into his heart, and once more tried, though this time more inflexibly and more thoroughly, his old scheme of salvation by works. It seemed as if, like Luther, he must know all that he could do, and all that he could not do, before he could 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.' The redemption of time became, according to the new teachers, a primary virtue, and he hoarded his moments as if they were years. Whether he ate, or drank, or whatever he did, he endeavoured to do all to the glory of God. The sacrament was received every Sunday at Christ Church. Fasting was practised on Wednesday and Friday. Sick persons and prisoners were visited, and poor people were read to. An hour every day was spent in acts of charity.

His studies were soon affected by his morbid state of mind, for such a system as he was living under allowed its faithful disciple no room for change or diversion. Every hour brought round a weary step of the moral treadmill which must be taken, or conscience would be bruised and wounded; and Whitefield had suffered enough from conscience to feel a quivering fear of its pains. No books would now please his disordered taste but such as 'entered into the heart of religion, and led him directly into an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' How he came to write these words, which are quoted from his journal, it would be hard to say. When he wrote them, he must have known that it was the lack of the knowledge of Jesus which had made him a slave.

Once fully and openly connected with the 'Holy Club,' he had soon to share in its troubles. 'Polite students' shot barbed words at him, mean ones withdrew their pay from him, and brutal ones threw dirt at him. Friends became shy. The master of the college rebuked him, and threatened to expel him. Daily contempt was poured

upon him. His tutor alone forbore to torment him. At first he did not accept his reproach calmly; it shook his feeble strength. When he went to St. Mary's, for the first time, to receive the sacrament publicly on a week-day—sure sign to all the University that he had 'commenced Methodist'—'Mr. Charles Wesley,' he says, 'whom I must always mention with the greatest deference and respect, walked with me from the church even to the college. I confess to my shame I would gladly have excused him; and the next day, going to his room, one of our fellows passing by, I was ashamed to be seen to knock at his door.' The displeasure of the master of his college, and the master's threat to expel him if ever he visited the poor again, surprised him, as well it might. A shameful state of feeling must have prevailed when a master could think of inflicting final disgrace upon a student for the sin, not of attending Methodist meetings, but of visiting the poor. 'Overawed,' he says, 'by the master's authority, I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, and said, if it displeased him, I would not. My conscience soon pricked me for this sinful compliance. I immediately repented, and visited the poor the first opportunity, and told my companions, if ever I was called to a stake for Christ's sake, I would serve my tongue as Archbishop Cranmer served his hand, viz. make that burn first.' His fear of man gradually wore off; and he 'confessed the Methodists more and more publicly every day,' walking openly with them, and choosing rather to bear contempt with them than 'to enjoy the applause of almost-Christians for a season.'

The advantage of his trials was, that they inured him to contempt, of which he was destined to get a full share, and lessened his self-love. His inward sufferings were also of an uncommon kind, Satan seeming to desire to sift him like wheat; and the reason for this, Whitefield thinks, was to prevent his future blessings from proving his ruin.

All along he had an earnest desire, a hungering and thirsting after the humility of Jesus Christ. Imagining that it would be instantaneously infused into his soul, he prayed night and day to receive it. 'But as Gideon,' he says, 'taught the men of Succoth with thorns, so God —if I am yet in any measure blessed with poverty of spirit—taught it me by the exercise of true, strong temptations.' The strong temptations came in reality from his mistaken, though eagerly-accepted, views of religion, his incessant self-inspection, his moral police regulations, his abstinence from all change in reading, and his daily persecutions, the combined influence of which brought him into a terrible condition. A horrible fearfulness and dread overwhelmed his soul. He felt 'an unusual weight and impression, attended with inward darkness,' lie upon his breast; and the load increased until he was convinced that Satan had real possession of him, and that his body, like Job's, was given over to the power of the evil one. All power of meditating, or even thinking, was taken from him. But let him tell his own tale:—'My memory quite failed me. My whole soul was barren and dry, and I could fancy myself to be like nothing so much as a man locked up in iron armour. Whenever I kneeled down, I felt great heavings in my body, and have often prayed under the weight of them till the sweat came through me. At this time Satan used to terrify me much, and threatened to punish me, if I discovered his wiles. It being my duty, as servitor, in my turn to knock at the gentlemen's rooms by ten at night, to see who were in their rooms, I thought the devil would appear to me every stair I went up. And he so troubled me when I lay down to rest, that, for some weeks, I scarce slept above three hours at a time.

'God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under the weight I felt, and bidding Satan depart from me in the name of Jesus. Whole days

and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground, and begging freedom from those proud, hellish thoughts that used to crowd in upon and distract my soul. But God made Satan drive out Satan. For these thoughts and suggestions created such a self-abhorrence within me, that I never ceased wrestling with God till He blessed me with a victory over them. Self-love, self-will, pride, and envy buffeted me in their turns, that I was resolved either to die or conquer. I wanted to see sin as it was, but feared, at the same time, lest the sight of it should terrify me to death.

'Having nobody to show me a better way, I thought to get peace and purity by outward austerities. Accordingly, by degrees, I began to leave off eating fruits, and such like, and gave the money I usually spent in that way to the poor. Afterwards I always chose the worst sort of food, though my place furnished me with variety. I fasted twice a week. My apparel was mean. I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woollen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes, and therefore looked upon myself as very humble.'

He was exhausting what he calls 'the legal system'—salvation by works. He felt pride creeping in, in spite of him, behind every thought, word, and action; and he was too sincere not to admit that all his labours must prove fruitless while that remained unbroken. Here Quietism offered him its aid. Whitefield a Quietist! As easily change a comet into a fixed star. The power was not in him to dream sweet dreams of heaven, nor to swoon away in the ecstasy of a mediæval saint, his 'soul and spirit divided asunder as by the sword of the Spirit of God.' He was quite capable of a fiery rapture; indeed his life, when he got fairly engaged in his mighty labours, was nothing else; but his feelings depended much upon active effort. His practical mind could not tolerate the spiritual subtleties of the mystical mind, and in the school

of Richard of St. Victor he would not have learned the alphabet of the spirit-lore. It would have plunged him into a horrible pit had he been assured, that within his own soul he might find 'a threefold heaven—the imaginational, the rational, and the intellectual.' Fénélon's doctrine of disinterested love, though substantially the same as that of a theologian whom he learned profoundly to revere, Jonathan Edwards, would have driven him distracted. The definitions, stages, and depths of Quietism were not what attracted him to his new system; these were an esoteric doctrine to him. All that he wanted was some ready and satisfactory method of relieving his conscience of an intolerable burden, and of attaining to a truly religious life; and reading one day in Castaniza's 'Spiritual Combat,' 'that he that is employed in mortifying his will is as well employed as though he were converting Indians,' he set himself rudely to the task of mortifying his will. He began as an Englishman, with a rough unsparing hand and an honest heart. He sighed for no canonisation; he coveted no marvellous revelations. To mortify his will was all that he had to do; and how else could it be done but by mortification? So he shut himself up in his study for five or six weeks (only attending to necessary college business), and fought his corruptions by almost incessant prayer. Extravagance was added to extravagance. The narrative of our Lord's temptation among wild beasts made him think that he ought to expose himself to the cold; and at night, after supper, he went into Christ Church Walk, knelt under a tree, and continued in silent prayer until the great bell rang and called him to his college. Mortification next required the discontinuance of a diary which he kept, and also abstinence from the use of forms and even of audible speech in prayer, and cessation from works of mercy. Its inexorable logic next required that he should forsake all his friends; for is it not written that we are 'to leave

all,' if we would follow Christ? and accordingly, instead of meeting with his beloved brethren on one of their weekly fast days, Wednesday, he went into the fields for silent prayer. The evening meeting also was neglected; and on Thursday morning he did not make his usual appearance at Charles Wesley's breakfast-table. This made Charles call upon him to see what was the matter, and finding that it was morbid anxiety, he counselled Whitefield to seek spiritual direction from his brother John, whose skill he thoroughly trusted.

The spell of Quietism was broken; it was not potent enough to hold such a spirit as Whitefield's long in bondage; and silence was impossible under the interrogations of a loving, anxious friend. With wonderful humility Whitefield sought the aid of John Wesley, who told him that he must resume all his external religious exercises, but not depend upon them,—advice which might have driven him mad, not a ray of comfort in it, not a drop of the love of God. And still the bewildered inquirer, burdened with his great sorrow, which no man could remove, attended diligently upon his teacher; and the teacher, as was natural to him, confidently undertook to guide him. As they stand here before our eye, one side of each character, unconsciously displayed by that luminous sincerity which distinguished equally both these remarkable men, comes clearly and boldly into relief. The elder, while abounding in some of the divinest gifts which can adorn humanity—readiness to forgive, patience, justice—is confident, assuming, and gratified in being above his fellows; the younger, while restless with impetuosity, impatient, quick to engage in conflict if not first to provoke it, is teachable, reverent, and generous to rivals. The thought of rivalry between them is yet unborn; 'the Father of the Holy Club' is instructing its youngest member.

Wesley meant to do Whitefield good service, and par-

tially succeeded when he urged him to return to 'externals,' as Methodists called acts of devotion and charity. Only a few days after returning to his duty among the poor, Whitefield added to the one convert, James Hervey, whom he had won, two more, while his own soul was tormented and afflicted. The story of their conversion well illustrates the reputation of the Methodists in Oxford at this time. 'As I was walking along,' Whitefield says, 'I met with a poor woman, whose husband was then in Bocardo, or Oxford town gaol, which I constantly visited. Seeing her much discomposed, I inquired the cause. She told me, not being able to bear the crying of her children, ready to perish with hunger, and having nothing to relieve them, she had been to drown herself, but was mercifully prevented, and said she was coming to my room to inform me of it. I gave her some immediate relief, and desired her to meet me at the prison with her husband in the afternoon. She came, and there God visited them both by His free grace; she was powerfully quickened from above; and, when I had done reading, he came to me like the trembling jailor, and, grasping my hand, cried out, "I am upon the brink of hell!" From this time forward both of them grew in grace. God, by His providence, soon delivered him from his confinement. Though notorious offenders against God and one another before, yet now they became helpsmeet for each other in the great work of their salvation. They are both now living, and I trust will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the great day of our Lord Jesus.'

Lent soon came, and its fastings and hardships brought Whitefield's spiritual conflicts to their fiercest vigour, and then to their joyful cessation. The externals of the Methodist rule for this season were duly observed. No meat was eaten by the brethren except on the Saturday and the Sunday; but Whitefield surpassed them, and often abstained on the Saturday; and on other days, Sunday

alone excepted, he lived on sage tea without sugar, and coarse bread. In the cold mornings, the biting east wind blowing, he walked out, until part of one of his hands became quite black. When Passion Week came he could scarce creep upstairs for weakness; and it then seemed to be time to send for his tutor, a kind, considerate man, who immediately took the common-sense plan of calling in a doctor.

'Salvation by works' had nearly killed him; Quietism had nearly driven him mad. Was there not another way, which, combining the excellences of the two plans, might bring him out of darkness into God's marvellous light? Might he not render his soul into the hands of God as into 'the hands of a faithful Creator,' and still devote himself with diligence to 'every good word and work;' thus getting the repose combined with the activity which his nature in a special degree needed? Both sides of the spiritual life of man are fully recognised in Holy Scripture. Expressions of supreme delight in the knowledge and fellowship of the Almighty crowd the pages both of the Old and New Testament; and not less numerous are the passages which declare the joy and worth of humble toil for each other and for the glory of God. Our great example, Christ Jesus, had His own hidden, sweet delights in communing with His Father, and His feet were swift to do 'His Father's business.' Might not the disciple be as his Lord? It is not to be objected here, that the disciple had not received the very first gift of God to man, at least the first gift which affords man sensible relief, and a vivid conception of the divine mercy, pardon; and that it is idle to speak of the after stages of grace before the first step in it has been taken. The effect of the book, 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' must be remembered, and then it will be seen that all Whitefield's misery arose from forgetting, through the deference which he paid to the judgment of the Wesleys, the truth declared

in that book. 'The Life of God' was undoubtedly in his soul, and would have expanded rapidly, imparting to him daily joy, had he not been told that it must grow in certain stunted forms, or it was not of God at all; and the attempt to cripple it produced an inevitable agony. No life, least of all the divine life of the soul, will quietly suffer its laws to be violated. The poor servitor was taught that truth in a way never to be forgotten. Ever afterwards he was careful to go whither the Spirit might lead him; and hence his life was free from the deformities of a forced asceticism and the vagaries of a wild spiritualism. Not that he did not sternly, sometimes almost cruelly, deny his body rest and comfort, and urge it on to work; not that he was without 'experiences' of spiritual things so rapturous, so excited, so absorbing, that, compared with them, the feelings and devotional exercises of most saints appear tame and flat; but there was health, there was naturalness in it all. His abounding labours, his 'weariness and painfulness,' were always for the salvation of others, never for his own; his agonies of soul were like those which the Apostle declared that he felt for his brethren—a 'travailing in birth until Christ should be formed in their hearts.'

Left alone in his sick-room he felt again the blessedness of which he had tasted one memorable draught. What book he had been reading, or what devotional exercises he had been engaged in when he felt himself free again, does not appear. He simply says, 'About the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and day under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on His dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption.' Then catching fire at the remem-

brance of what he had felt, he exclaims in his journal:—'But oh! with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of, and big with, glory, was my soul filled, when the weight of sin went off; and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring-tide, and, as it were, overflowed the banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing of psalms almost aloud; afterwards it became more settled, and, blessed be God! saving a few casual intervals, has abode and increased in my soul ever since.'

Oxford had by this time become a 'sweet retirement.' There he had become a new man; there the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he had beheld the glories of the Son of God; there he had found rest to his soul; there he had united himself to one of the most remarkable bands of young men our country has seen; and it was with much reluctance that, on a partial recovery, he yielded to the advice of his physician to go to Gloucester till he should be quite restored. Oxford was associated with his better life; Gloucester with his baser life. However, he determined 'either to make or find a friend,' a person of like mind with himself; and, as soon as he reached home, he resolved, after importunate prayer, to go and see an acquaintance, evidently a woman of literary tastes (to whom he had formerly read 'Plays, Spectators, Pope's Homer, and such like books'), with the intention of winning her for Christ. 'She received the Word gladly, and soon became a fool for Christ's sake,' is his record in his journal. One friend was not enough. Others, young persons, were brought under the power of this new teaching; and the Methodist Oxonian soon repeated the Oxford experiment, and gathered his converts into a society. All had the honour of being despised. Similar

success was not attained at Bristol, to which he went for three weeks; his way was hindered by prejudices against himself, and only one young woman became 'obedient to the faith.'

At Gloucester friends were lost and won. Some who were expected to give him pecuniary help—he was still a servitor—turned their backs on him, and disappointed him; but others, whom he had accounted enemies, though he had never spoken to them, became generous friends. It was the time of his learning first lessons of trust in that Almighty Friend upon whose bountiful and loving care he cast himself throughout the whole of a poverty-stricken life; and to whom he committed many orphan children, the foundlings of his own loving heart.

The good Oxford physician had hoped, by getting his patient away from the University, to divert him from a too intense application to religion. Vain hope! The patient simply pursued, in the spirit of joyous liberty, duties and engagements which had previously been an anxious burden. He cast aside all other books, and, on his bended knees, read and prayed over the Holy Scriptures. 'Light, life, and power' came upon him, stimulating him still to search; every search brought treasure; all fresh treasure caused fresh searching. There never was a mind more capable of deriving unfailing pleasure from one pursuit, nor more independent of the changes which most of us must have, if we are to keep out of the grave and out of the asylum. From the first effort he put forth to the last (and he laboured without respite for more than thirty years), he never flagged in his ardent attachment to the same truth, expressed in the same words, looked at from the same standpoint. His latest letters contain the self-same phrases as his earliest; and they are given with as much feeling as if they were quite new. This perpetual, never withering freshness will often strike us as we follow him to the end.

Besides laborious and prayerful study of the Bible, work was undertaken for poor people; leave was also obtained to visit the prisoners in the county-gaol, and they were seen every day. He was also permitted to give a public testimony of his repentance as to seeing and acting plays. Hearing that the strollers were coming to town, and knowing what an offender he had been, he prayed that he might be put 'in a way to manifest his abhorrence of his former sin and folly.' He was stirred up to make extracts from Law's treatise, entitled 'The Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment.' 'God,' he says, 'gave me favour in the printer's sight; and at my request he put a little of it in the news for six weeks successively; and God was pleased to give it His blessing.'

At the end of nine months he returned to Oxford, to the joy and comfort of his friends.

CHAPTER II.

1736.

HIS ORDINATION AS DEACON—ESSAYS IN PREACHING.

It was time for the irregular soldier to become a captain of the Lord's host;—time, if a good understanding of the word of God, an intense delight in its spirit, and a fervent desire to preach it, together with abundant scope for the exercise of his talents and the concurrent favourable judgment of good men, could mark any day of a man's life as the time for him to go to the front. The homes of the poor and the gaols of Oxford and Gloucester had been, along with the halls of Oxford, the finest training schools for the coming leader. What progress he had made in learning, I cannot say; for all other considerations were lost in his supreme pleasure in religion. All learning was nothing in comparison of the knowledge of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in that knowledge he was well instructed; nor was he ignorant of his own heart, of its weakness and sinfulness. What natural fitness he had for speaking none could fail to perceive, when once they heard his rich, sweet voice, and saw the artless grace of all his movements. He had not waited for a bishop's ordination and license to preach the gospel to the poor, any more than Saul of Tarsus waited for apostolical recognition before preaching that 'Jesus is the Son of God;' but a license was ready so soon as he found 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Whitefield was not in a hurry to be publicly ordained.

He was well pleased to toil among the lowest; and only at the suggestion of friends did the question of his receiving orders come into his mind. It immediately recalled to him the solemn words of St. Paul to Timothy: 'Not a novice, lest, being puffed up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.' A question which he must answer on ordination-day, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and administration?' filled him with trembling. With strong crying and tears he often said, 'Lord, I am a youth of uncircumcised lips; Lord, send me not into the vineyard yet.' He even went so far as to ask the prayers of his Oxford friends, that God would confound the designs of his Gloucester friends to have him at once in orders; but they, as might have been expected, replied, 'Pray we the Lord of the harvest to send thee and many more labourers into His harvest.' Timidity still held its ground; he continued to pray against becoming a keeper of souls so soon.

As he had longed to be with the Methodists when he saw them insulted, but was staggered when the first experience of their daily shame came to his lot, so he was 'desiring the office of a bishop' while fearing to enter upon it. His sensitive nature was quick to feel the presence of difficulties, and frank to acknowledge them; and hence his course was fashioned, not by blindness to objections and insensibility to criticism, but by the commanding influence of 'the things of God.' Wesley said of him, that, 'in whatever concerned himself, he was pliant and flexible; in this case he was easy to be entreated, easy to be either convinced or persuaded; but he was immovable in the things of God, or wherever his conscience was concerned. None could persuade, any more than affright, him to vary in the least point from that integrity which was inseparable from his whole character, and regulated all his words and actions.' When friends were urging

him to be ordained, and he was partially engaged in the very work to which ordination officially conducts the minister of the Gospel, he was pleasing himself with the persuasion that he could not enter holy orders for two more years, because Bishop Benson had expressed his resolution not to lay hands on any one who was under twenty-three years of age. That he strongly desired to do what yet he would not do, because his judgment and his conscience were not fully convinced, is evident from the way in which his mind ran in his dreams; for though he calls the dream spoken of in the next sentence 'a notice from God,' it was undoubtedly the consequence of his state of mind about the ministry. He says, 'Long ere I had the least prospect of being called before the bishop, I dreamed one night I was talking with him in his palace, and that he gave me some gold, which seemed to sound again in my hand. Afterward this dream would often come into my mind; and, whenever I saw the bishop at church, a strong persuasion would arise in my mind, that I should very shortly go to him. I always checked it, and prayed to God to preserve me from ever desiring that honour which cometh of man. One afternoon it happened that the bishop took a solitary walk—as I was afterwards told—to Lady Selwyn's, near Gloucester, who, not long before, had made me a present of a piece of gold. She, I found, recommended me to the bishop; and, a few days after, as I was coming from the cathedral prayers, thinking of no such thing, one of the vergers called after me, and said the bishop desired to speak with me. I—forgetful at that time of my dream—immediately turned back, considering what I had done to deserve his lordship's displeasure. When I came to the top of the palace stairs, the bishop took me by the hand, told me he was glad to see me, and bid me wait a little till he had put off his habit, and he would return to me again. This

gave me opportunity of praying to God for His assistance, and for His providence over me.

'At his coming again into the room, the bishop told me he had heard of my character, liked my behaviour at church, and inquiring my age, "Notwithstanding," says he, "I have declared I would not ordain any one under three and twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders." He then made me a present of five guineas, to buy me a book; which, sounding again in my hand, put me in mind of my dream; whereupon my heart was filled with a sense of God's love.'

Eager friends knew of the interview before Whitefield got home, and were full of anxiety to learn what his lordship had said; and, on hearing it, they at once judged that he who should neglect such a plain leading of providence would be going against God. It was time to yield; Whitefield determined to offer himself for ordination the next Ember-days.

That determination made, the next question was as to his place of labour; and here contending interests disturbed him. At Gloucester he had been useful, and his friends wished to have him with them. But when he went up to Oxford, his old friends there made out a still more urgent case on behalf of his staying with them: John and Charles Wesley had sailed to Savannah to act as chaplains to a new colony there, and to attempt the conversion of the Creek Indians: the prisoners in the gaol needed some one to supply their lack of service: Whitefield had been as useful at Oxford as at Gloucester: Oxford was one of the schools of the prophets, and every student converted was a parish gained. To remove any objection of a pecuniary nature which might have been urged, application for money aid was made to Sir John Philips, who was a great friend of Methodists, and who at once said that Whitefield should have twenty pounds

a year from him, even if he did not stay at Oxford, but thirty pounds if he did. Oxford prevailed over Gloucester, but its triumph was not for long; all English-speaking countries came and claimed their right in him; and his large, brave heart was not slow to respond. Wesley uttered the fine saying—'The world is my parish;' Whitefield, the most nearly of any man, made the saying a simple statement of fact.

Meanwhile devout and conscientious preparation was made for the approaching ordination, three days before which the candidate waited on the fatherly bishop who had shown him such marked kindness, and who now expressed his satisfaction both with the candidate's preparation and the provision of Sir John Philips; and further said, that, but for the intention concerning Oxford, with which he was well pleased, there were two little parishes which he had purposed to offer Whitefield. The ordination was to be on Trinity Sunday. The preceding day was spent by Whitefield in abstinence and prayer; 'in the evening,' he says, 'I retired to a hill near the town, and prayed fervently for about two hours, in behalf of myself and those who were to be ordained with me. On Sunday morning I rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over that precept, 'Let no one despise thy youth;' and when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart doth not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body to the service of God's sanctuary; and afterwards sealed the good confession I had made before many witnesses, by partaking of the holy sacrament of our Lord's most blessed body and blood.' Elsewhere he says, 'this is a day' (June 20, 1736) 'much to be remembered, O my soul! for, about noon, I was solemnly admitted by good Bishop Benson, before many witnesses, into holy orders, and was, blessed be God! kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. I

endeavoured to behave with unaffected devotion, but not suitable enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake. At the same time, I trust I answered to every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say Amen. I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. This I began with reading prayers to the prisoners in the county gaol. Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself a prisoner of the Lord, I know not; but, indeed, I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me.'

Who his fellow-candidates were, he nowhere says; and probably not one of them emerged from the obscurity of their humble parishes. There was not another Methodist among them beside Whitefield, or we should surely have heard of him.

A pleasant picture comes before us in the ordination of the young deacon in his native city on a Midsummer Sunday. No doubt a goodly company of Gloucester folk attended the ceremony, and among them the mother of the candidate; her heart big with joy for the early honour that had come to him—to him from whom she had always expected much comfort; but little dreaming of the greater honour of the future in his world-wide usefulness, and in a loving remembrance of him, cherished among all who shall ever appreciate disinterested religious zeal, or admire genius; and when, at his bishop's command, he read the Gospel, and his manly voice, distinct and clear in every note, swept round the cathe-

dral, it may have come to her mind how he once told her that God had called him to be a minister, and how she had sharply silenced him, because he seemed too graceless for the holy calling. The sweet light of all is the benignant countenance of 'good Bishop Benson,' as it is turned in fatherly kindness upon the kneeling candidates, or lifted up to meet the gaze of the interested congregation. Such a bishop could not but enhance, with great spiritual beauty, an ordinance which can fail to be solemn and tender only when its celebrants are sordid souls, without the love of God or man.

Many of Whitefield's friends pressed him to preach in the afternoon after his ordination, but he could not. He had been in Gloucester a fortnight, partly with the intention of composing some sermons. He wanted 'a hundred at least,' so that he might not be altogether without ministerial resources, compelled always to go from the study to the pulpit with a newly forged weapon; but, alas! he found, like many other beginners who have attempted the same thing, that sermons cannot easily be made without the helping excitement of expected and appointed work. He had matter enough in his heart, but nothing would flow from his pen. He strove and prayed, but all to no purpose. He mentioned his case to a clergyman; but that gentleman showed his refinement of feeling and his sympathy with a young man's anxiety and fear on the threshold of public life, by telling Whitefield that he was an enthusiast. He wrote to another, and this time the response was kind, assuring him of the writer's prayers, and explaining to him why God might be dealing with him in this manner. At last he thought he found the cause of his inability explained by these words: 'We assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered us not;' and by the words spoken to Ezekiel—'Thou shalt be dumb; but when I speak unto thee, then shalt thou speak.' This made him quite

easy; he did 'not doubt but that He who increased a little lad's loaves and fishes for the feeding of a great multitude would, from time to time, supply him with spiritual food for whatever congregation he should be called to.' The morning after his ordination, while he was praying, came these words into his mind—'Speak out.' How he used that permission, and how his one sermon grew till he had preached eighteen thousand times, or ten times a week for four-and-thirty years, and fed multitudes beyond computation, it will be our next duty to trace.

On the Sunday after his ordination, that is, on June 27, 1736, Whitefield preached his first sermon. It was delivered in the old familiar church to a large congregation, which had assembled out of curiosity to hear a townsman; its subject was 'The Necessity and Benefit of Religious Society.' A feeling of awe crept over him as he looked upon the crowd of faces, many of which had been familiar to him from his infancy. Former efforts in public speaking, when a boy, and his labours in exhorting the poor, proved of immense service to him, removing—what has often overwhelmed bold and capable speakers on their first appearance—the sense of utter strangeness to the work; his soul felt comforted with the presence of the Almighty; and as he proceeded the fire kindled, fear forsook him, and he spoke with 'gospel authority.' A few mocked; but there could be no doubt about the power of the new preacher. A complaint was soon made to the bishop that fifteen persons had been driven mad by his sermon. The bishop only replied, that he hoped the madness might not be forgotten before another Sunday. Nor is that first sermon without another touch of interest. It was not prepared, in the first instance, for St. Mary de Crypt, but for a 'small Christian society;' a fact which accounts for its being on such an unusual topic for beginners, and for the thoroughly

Methodistical thoughts found at its close. Just as it had been preached to the society was it sent by its author to a neighbouring clergyman, to show him how unfit the author was to preach; he kept it a fortnight, and then sent it back with a guinea for the loan of it, saying that he had divided it into two, and preached it to his people morning and evening.

There is nothing remarkable about it excepting its evident juvenile authorship; its advocacy of religious intercourse more close than was then known, either within or without the pale of the established church, and which still is peculiar to Methodism in its several branches; and its bold attack on 'those seemingly innocent entertainments and meetings, which the politer part of the world are so very fond of, and spend so much time in, but which, notwithstanding, keep as many persons from a sense of true religion, as doth intemperance, debauchery, or any other crime whatever.' It would have made a suitable sermon for inaugurating class meetings, or for celebrating an anniversary on their behalf. Still, the idea of a class meeting is not to be ascribed to Whitefield; it is Wesley's, through a happy accident.

On Tuesday he preached again, and repeated his attacks upon polite sinners. Before he returned to Oxford on the Wednesday, Bishop Benson added to all his past kindnesses one more,—a present of five guineas, which, with a quarter's allowance now due from Sir John Philips, enabled him to pay his ordination expenses, and take his bachelor's degree.

For another week he wore the servitor's habit, and then assumed the gown of a bachelor of arts. The Methodists, who had received him with great joy on his return to Oxford, installed him as their chief, and committed to his charge the religious oversight of their work, and the charity-money which they collected and used for

poor prisoners. A sweet repose rests upon this part of his life. Heart and mind were at peace; studies were pursued with satisfaction; intercourse with religious friends was free and congenial; private Christian duties, prayer, praise, and meditation, charmed him to his room; work was to be done for the defence and spread of truth. One would fain stay with him here, and watch his growth of thought and preparation for coming toil; but there was no pause or break in this life; and we must presently start with him on his first preaching tour, which, unconsciously to himself, really began his circuit of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and North America, a circuit which he never ceased to travel until death smote him down. Our last glimpse of him in his 'sweet retirement' sees him poring over Matthew Henry's Commentary; and then writing to a friend down at Gloucester —'Herewith I have sent you seven pounds to pay for Mr. Henry's Commentary. Dear Squire Thorold lately made me a present of ten guineas, so that now (for ever blessed be the Divine goodness!) I can send you more than I thought for. In time I hope to pay the apothecary's bill. If I forget your favours, I shall also forget my God. Say nothing of your receiving this money; only give thanks, give hearty thanks to our good and gracious God for his infinite, unmerited mercy to me, the vilest of the sons of men.'

Humble, yet far advanced in the favour of God; obscure, yet within a step of dazzling popularity; poor, yet soon to 'make many rich;' frail, yet just putting out an unwitting hand to labours rivalling in danger, in suffering, in shame, and in toilsomeness those of St. Paul, he stepped forth from his study before he was twenty-two years old.

A trivial circumstance called him forth. The curate of the Tower chapel, London, who was an intimate friend, having to go into Hampshire to officiate there for a short

time, asked him to fill his place during his absence from home. Whitefield complied with the request, and took coach for London on Wednesday, August 4, 1736, with much fear and trembling. His first sermon in the metropolis was preached on the following Sunday afternoon, in Bishopsgate church. His youthful appearance as he went up the pulpit stairs provoked, as he in his sensitive state of mind thought, a general sneer, which, however, was exchanged for solemn seriousness when he got into his sermon. He again conquered himself and his congregation; and the people, on his coming down from the pulpit, showed him every respect, and blessed him as he passed along. No one could answer the question which was now on every one's lips—'Who was the preacher to-day?' Attention had been gained, and the two short months of the London visit were quite long enough to secure a crowded chapel every Sunday. Any ordinary man might have been sure of perfect quietness in such a place as the Tower chapel, and of returning home as unknown as when he entered the city; and no doubt such would have been Whitefield's case but for his wonderful powers and for that blessing from above which went whithersoever he went. The usual wearisome time which ability and worth spend in self-culture, in striving with self till it is well mastered, in grappling with prejudices, and, not improbably, with positive injustice, was a time that never came to Whitefield. Edward Irving preached to an audience which cared little for him, though much for his great master, Dr. Chalmers; and worked on hopefully and bravely under the shadow of a universal favourite, until the little congregation at Hatton Garden 'gave him a call.' Robert Hall was cramped and galled by the prejudices of insignificant men, who compassed him in his early days like bees, and had to wait for the approving verdict of nobler and better minds. And the discipline was needed;

it made the after-life all the purer. But Whitefield came to manhood in youth; his sun rose to its zenith at early morn. For him to preach was at once to spread excitement, and draw together masses of people; and, when they came, he never lost his hold upon them. His manner always charmed, never offended; whereas the utmost mental ability and personal worth of many preachers can hardly sustain the patience of their hearers through a beggarly half-hour's sermon. His thought was always marked by good sense; no one could be disgusted with inanity. His emotion was always fresh, streaming from his heart as from a perennial fountain; and, unless the hearer could not feel, could not be touched by tenderness or awe, he was sure to find his soul made more sensitive. The hearts of most were melted in the intense heat of the preacher's fervour, like silver in a refiner's furnace.

During his stay at the Tower he preached and catechised once a week, and visited the soldiers in the barracks and in the infirmary daily; every morning and evening he read prayers at Wapping chapel; and on the Tuesday he preached at Ludgate prison. 'Religious friends from divers parts of the town,' he says, 'attended the word, and several young men came on Lord's day morning under serious impressions, to hear me discourse about the new birth. The chapel was crowded on Lord's days.'

Here a letter reached him from his old friends the Wesleys, which told all that they were doing in Georgia, and made him long to go and join them. But difficulties stood in the way. He had no 'outward call,' and his health was supposed to be unequal to a sea voyage. He strove to throw off the new thoughts and feelings; prayed that the Lord would not suffer him to be deluded; and asked the counsel of his friends. His friends were not less sensible in advising, than he had been in asking for

advice. They, too, laid emphasis on the absence of a definite call from abroad; they urged the need of labourers at home, and begged their friend to avoid rashness, and wait further for an intimation of the will of God. Their counsel was received with all respect; and Whitefield, agreeing that it was best to do so, banished Georgia from his mind for the present, and went on heartily with his preaching and visiting, until the return of his friend from the country.

Then he went back to his delightful life at Oxford for a few weeks more; and, for the last time, his quiet duties were resumed. His state of mind seemed to presage the wonders of his ministry; his heart burned with even more than its former fervour; and other students having received a similar impulse to their spiritual life, Whitefield's room was daily the scene of such religious services as distinguished the Church immediately after the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, when little bands of devout disciples met to pray and to encourage each other in the profession of the name of Jesus Christ.

Kindness waited on him during these few weeks, as it did during the rest of his life. His power to win the hearts of rich and poor, which, as Doctor Johnson would have said, always kept his friendships in repair, had constrained the heart of a gentleman in London, who, without the least solicitation, sent him money for the poor, and also as much for himself as sufficed to discharge a small debt contracted for books before he took his degree. Lady Betty Hastings, sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, also assisted both him and some of his Methodist friends, thus beginning an intimacy between him and her family which lasted as long as he lived, and grew deeper towards the end.

Things were beginning to give promise of the future; the dim outline of his career was distinguishable. College quietness had been broken; a first attempt at public

work had been successfully made. Georgia had come before his mind; and, although banished for a while, it was soon to return, and the next time with an imperative message.

In November, another call to preach came to him; and it was sent upon a principle which has been so extensively put in practice by a large section of clergymen in the Church of England, as to demand more than passing mention. The early Methodist preachers, who were the true predecessors, in a spiritual line, of the later 'Evangelical School' of the Church of England, were the first to set the example, which the Evangelicals have largely copied, of always seeking men of their own religious views to fill their pulpits when they had occasion to be from home. It was not enough simply to seek the aid of any brother clergyman. Their clear persuasion that they held the saving doctrines of the gospel; that they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and that through such channels the largest supplies of the grace of life were likely to come—not to say could alone come—upon the hearers, compelled them to hold fast to each other, and to keep away from their pulpits and from their parishes every man who did not avow himself one of their faith. There was nothing to condemn in such exclusiveness generally; for most men would prefer to have their teaching substantiated and confirmed by others, rather than condemned and assailed, even should they not attach to it the vital importance which Methodists attached to their doctrines. That a touch of spiritual pride may not have been felt when they practically constituted themselves into a spiritual priesthood which was alone fit to minister the 'word of life;' when they established a spiritual church within a church; when they repudiated the right, because questioning the fitness, of any other clergyman to preach, it would be hazardous to affirm. But, on the other hand, it would be an un-

charitable, an unjust charge against them, were they challenged with ecclesiastical or church pride, in addition to a fault of which they may, or may not, have been guilty. All their anxiety was, that the truth of God should be spoken by men of God; and they elected to have a judgment as to who was a man of God, without being bound by any previous church action in regard to him. That he had been ordained was to them no proof of his investiture by Heaven of authority to fill his office and ministry; indeed, they quickly came to the conclusion, that, with or without ordination, any one who was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and full of the Holy Ghost, was fit to preach, and ought to have the countenance of all true Christians in the fulfilment of his duty. They would not have accounted a surgeon fit for his profession merely because he was in it; and although the Church might, upon certain required declarations, have made a man a priest, yet they still contended that they had a right to judge whether he was a good priest or a bad one; and, in case he showed himself to be a bad one, to treat him according to his character. It was not less than sincere men could have done; it is not less than is daily done now, none finding fault. Thus it was that the Methodist clergyman of Dummer, in Hampshire, 'being likely to be chosen dean of Corpus Christi College,' sent for the Methodist deacon of Pembroke to preach for him, while he himself went to Oxford to attend to the pending promotion. The young deacon asked, as usual, the advice of his friends; and the two friends exchanged places.

Trouble now arose from an unexpected quarter. He who had felt himself to be the vilest of men could not 'brook' having intercourse with the poor, illiterate people of the would-be Dean of Corpus Christi! Amidst the moral and intellectual barrenness of his new charge, Whitefield would have given all the world for one of his Oxford friends, and 'mourned for lack of them like a

dove.' To overcome his unholy aversion he gave himself to prayer, and to the study of a fictitious character, 'Ourania,' which William Law has sketched in his 'Serious Call to a Devout Life,' as a pattern of humility. The unlovely rustics became more pleasant to his eye, and he found, what everybody finds who goes amongst the poor with a warm heart, that their conversation, artless, honest, and fresh, was full of instruction and stimulus; his new friends successfully contended for his heart against the old ones. It became no unpalatable duty to go and visit them, seeing they often taught him as much in an afternoon as he could learn by a week's private study. He imbibed the spirit of the Apostle, who was ready 'to become all things to all men, if by any means he might save some;' the spirit, too, of a greater than St. Paul, whom 'the common people heard gladly.'

His friend had also set him a good example of method in his work, which he wisely followed. Public prayers were read twice a day—in the morning before the people went out to work, and in the evening after they returned; children were also catechised daily, and the people visited from house to house. His day was divided into three parts; eight hours for study and retirement; eight for sleep and meals; and eight for reading prayers, catechising, and visiting the parish.

During this visit he had an invitation to a profitable curacy in London, no doubt through his London labours; but it was declined. A more inviting, because a more difficult and more trying, sphere of labour was Georgia, to which he was now called in a way earnest enough to arouse all the enthusiasm of his ardent soul, and plain enough to leave him without a doubt that God willed that he should go. While the agreeable quietude and holy companionships of Oxford were continued to him, Georgia was not thought of; but removal from them revived all the agitation and anxiety that he had felt

when Georgian news first reached him at the Tower. A predisposition in favour of the new colony was in process of formation when, in December, news came of the return of Charles Wesley. Next there came a letter from his old friend, stating that he had come over for labourers; but adding, with reference to Whitefield,—'I dare not prevent God's nomination.' A few days elapsed, and a letter came from John, couched in stronger and less diffident language than Charles had used. So strange and unexpected are the changes which come over the course of events in life, that Wesley, who was shortly to leave America, and never again visit it, could write in this urgent and confident way—'Only Mr. Delamotte is with me, till God shall stir up the hearts of some of His servants, who, putting their lives in their hands, shall come over and help us, where the harvest is so great, and the labourers so few. What if thou art the man, Mr. Whitefield?' Another of his letters, by presenting to Whitefield's mind nothing but heavenly rewards, was still better calculated to secure his co-operation—'Do you ask me,' he says, 'what you shall have? Food to eat, and raiment to put on, a house to lay your head in such as your Master had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' As Whitefield read, his heart leaped within him, and echoed to the call. The call was heaven-sent, if ever any call has been.

The United States, then a line of English colonies, were to share largely in Whitefield's labours, and he as largely in their kindness and generosity; and that hand which was beckoning him to their shore, was quietly and effectually undoing the ties which held him to England. Mr. Kinchin obtained the appointment of Dean of Corpus Christi, and could take Whitefield's place as the leader of Methodism at Oxford. Mr. Hervey was ready to serve the cure of Dummer. No place would suffer from Whitefield's departure, and there seemed to be a necessity for

him to help Georgia, which was a young, increasing colony, enjoying much favour from the home government. Besides, there were many Indians near the colony, and Whitefield felt the stirrings of a missionary spirit. As for the old hindrance of his supposed inability to endure a sea voyage, it was disposed of by the report that the sea was sometimes beneficial to feeble people. In any case, whether the experiment turned out well or ill, he would have to return for priest's orders, and it would then be for him to decide where his field of labour was to be. In short, the decision was given in favour of Georgia, and in a way that made alteration almost out of the question. Neither Oxford friends nor Gloucester relations were this time consulted; but a firm, personal resolution was made, which nothing was to be allowed to assail. Relations were informed of his intentions, but told that he would not so much as come to bid them farewell, unless they promised not to dissuade him; for he said that he knew his own weakness.

However, his weakness so far gained upon him as to send him down to Gloucester on New Year's Day, 1736–7, after he had said goodbye to his friends at Oxford; and his strength had so much increased that he succeeded in abiding by his purpose. Bishop Benson welcomed him as a father, approved of his design, wished him success, and said, 'I do not doubt but God will bless you, and that you will do much good abroad.' But his 'own relations at first were not so passive. His mother wept sore'—which was both to his credit and hers. Others tempted him with base words, which must have buttressed his citadel, instead of undermining it; they 'urged what pretty preferments he might have if he would stay at home.' He showed no wavering, and the opposition ceased.

This farewell visit was marked by that constant industry which distinguished him to the last. He preached often

enough 'to grow a little popular,' and to gather large congregations, which were moved by the word of God. In three weeks he went to Bristol to take leave of his friends there; and again he preached, undertaking duty this time in an unexpected way. It being his custom, go where he might, to attend the daily services of the Church, he went to St. John's to hear a sermon. When prayers were over, and the psalm was being sung, the minister came to him and asked him to preach. 'Having his notes about him, he complied.' The next day the same thing was repeated at St. Stephen's, but this time the 'alarm' excited by his preaching was so widespread, that, on the following Sunday, crowds of people, of all denominations, 'Quakers, Baptists, Presbyterians, &c.' flocked to the churches where he had to officiate, and many were unable to find admission. The civic authorities paid him respect, the mayor appointing him to preach before himself and the corporation. 'For some time following he preached all the lectures on week-days, and twice on Sundays, besides visiting the religious societies.' As always, so now, he preached with power and with the Holy Ghost; and the new doctrines—new as compared with the prevalent teaching of the times—of justification by faith and the new birth—'made their way like lightning into the hearers' consciences.' It is touching to mark the holy jealousy with which, amid the city's excitement and eagerness to hear him, he entreated a friend—'Oh! pray, dear Mr. H., that God would always keep me humble, and fully convinced that I am nothing without Him, and that all the good which is done upon earth, God doth it Himself.'

CHAPTER III.

March, 1737—March, 1738.

APPOINTED CHAPLAIN TO THE GEORGIAN COLONY—FIRST POPULARITY—FIRST VOYAGE.

GEORGIA was the last colony founded in America by England. Its charter was dated the ninth day of June, 1732; its name was given in honour of George II. Reasons, partly political and partly philanthropical, actuated the original Trustees of the colony and the imperial government in undertaking the work. The chief political reason was, that the Spaniards and the French were likely to disturb the possessions already held by the British crown on the American sea-board, and Georgia was intended to be an outpost for holding them in check. How its exposed position caused Whitefield and his friends no little anxiety will by-and-by appear.

The philanthropical reason was discovered by James Oglethorpe, who, as a commissioner for inquiring into the state of the gaols throughout the kingdom, had found out how vast and how intense was the misery hidden in them. His attention was especially directed to the state of poor debtors, many of whom had been so long in confinement that when, at his intercession with Parliament, they were released, they went out both friendless and helpless. It was necessary to find a home for them, and not leave them to face fresh temptations and fresh risks of finding their way back to prison. The population of England was also thought to be greater than the country could well sustain; and Oglethorpe anticipated the satis-

faction of transplanting many families to enjoy riches and comfort in the new land, which was described as a land of beauty and plenty, instead of enduring poverty and wretchedness at home. The Highlanders of Scotland, who, although they did not swarm among their native hills and valleys, like the poor in the yards of London, yet had poverty to complain of, and were restless through political troubles not long past and gone; and many of these also accepted the opportunity of emigrating. The sympathy of Oglethorpe, a man of somewhat romantic, as well as philanthropic, turn of mind, was also called out towards the persecuted Protestants of Germany; and through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel an invitation was given to the Saltzburgers, who had been driven from their homes by Roman Catholic cruelty and bigotry, to settle in the new colony, where Catholics would not be permitted to come.

The first company of emigrants, numbering one hundred and twenty, and headed by Oglethorpe, was composed principally of poor English. After they landed, a vessel, containing twenty Jewish families, sailed into their waters, and permission was asked and gained to land and settle in the colony. Next came a vessel carrying forty convicts, who had been refused at Jamaica; but Georgia, not being equally dainty in her tastes, received them, and in due time found them troublesome enough.

The second company of emigrants, numbering three hundred persons, and also headed by Oglethorpe, was composed of English, Scotch, and Moravians. The two Wesleys, with their friends Delamotte and Ingham, were on board one of the vessels.

The governing power of the colony was, for the first twenty-one years, in the hands of twenty-one Trustees, 'who collected money for fitting out the colonists and maintaining them, till they could clear the lands;' appointed all the officers, and 'regulated all the concerns

of the colony.' A considerable proportion of them were Presbyterians, and at their head was the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. Oglethorpe, the most active and the most distinguished of their number, was appointed governor of the colony; in 1737, he was created brigadier-general.

The Trustees 'prohibited the introduction of ardent spirits,' says Bancroft, but Whitefield mentions rum as the only liquor prohibited. They also forbade the introduction of slaves. The testimony of Oglethorpe, who yet had once been willing to employ Negroes, and once, at least, ordered the sale of a slave, explains the motive of the prohibition. 'Slavery,' he relates, 'is against the gospel, as well as the fundamental law of England. We refused, as Trustees, to make a law permitting such a horrid crime.' 'The purchase of Negroes is forbidden,' wrote Von Reck, 'on account of the vicinity of the Spaniards;' and this was doubtless 'the governmental view.' The colony was also 'an asylum to receive the distressed. It was necessary, therefore, not to permit slaves in such a country, for slaves starve the poor labourer.' But, after a little more than two years, several 'of the better sort of people in Savannah' addressed a petition to the Trustees 'for the use of Negroes.'[1] With this opinion of the Trustees the Moravians thoroughly agreed; and, 'in earnest memorials, they long deprecated the employment of Negro slaves, pleading the ability of the white man to toil even under the suns of Georgia.'[2]

The first lot of emigrants fixed their settlement on the banks of the Savannah, under the direction of Oglethorpe; and friendly relations were established with the Creeks, the Indians of the country, who numbered 25,000. Their

[1] Bancroft's 'History of the Colonisation of the United States,' vol. iii. p. 426.

[2] Ibid. p. 430.

rights were respected, and their goodwill conciliated. Everything showed a desire on the part of the Trustees and their representative to make the colony morally sound and useful. It was not to be a marauding expedition in any sense; and was to enjoy, as far as possible, all the social advantages of the mother country.

With a view of keeping the sanctions of religion before the minds of the settlers a chaplain, by name Bosomworth, was sent out with the first company; his fitness for his office proved to be nothing but a simulated piety. He soon directed his attention to other things than his spiritual duties, and by his artful use of the poor Indians almost succeeded in ruining the colony. There was among the Indians a native woman, named Mary Musgrove, who had formerly lived among the English in some more northern settlements, and her the new comers employed as interpreter between themselves and the natives. Her position thus became very influential; and Bosomworth took her to himself for wife, doubtless with the intention of using her as a tool for his own ambitious ends. He first inflamed the pride of the Indians by persuading them to crown one of the greatest of their number 'as prince and emperor of all the Creeks;' then he made his wife declare herself to be the eldest sister of the new sovereign, and the granddaughter of a former Creek king, whom the Great Spirit himself had consecrated to the kingly office. He next got Mary to declare to a large assembly of her countrymen, that the whites were oppressing and robbing them, and deserved extermination. Assuming the attitude of a second Boadicea, she called them to arm themselves, to stand by her, and to drive the enemy from their territories. Nor were they slow to respond. Every chief swore fidelity to her; warriors painted themselves with war-paint; tomahawks were sharpened to cleave British skulls. A dusky army, headed by the royal lady and her chaplain-husband,

marched against Savannah; but their progress was effectually stopped by a little company of horsemen, led by an intrepid man, named Noble Jones. The leaders were ordered into the city; the chiefs might follow without arms. Oglethorpe found, from a friendly interview with the natives, that they had been deceived, and that his own chaplain was the cause of the mischief, which had been intended to end only with the destruction of all the whites. Bosomworth was ordered to prison, but this measure was bravely resisted by Mary, who cursed the general to his face, and declared that she stood upon ground which was her own. Such a spirit could only be safely dealt with in one way, and Mary too was thrown into prison. A conciliatory course was pursued towards the Indians; they were entertained at a feast; and the trick which had been played upon them exposed in calm and friendly intercourse. But while all things were going on so pleasantly, Mary managed to escape from prison. Hearing of the feast, she dashed in among the company, exclaiming, 'Seize your arms! seize your arms! Remember your promise, and defend your queen.' The scene was changed at once; the guests stood with tomahawk in hand, ready to slay their hosts, and turn a feasting-hall into a shambles. Noble Jones was again equal to the emergency; with his drawn sword he demanded peace. Mary, to whom the Indians looked for directions, quailed under his courage, and was quietly led back by him to prison. Confinement humbled husband and wife, who, upon confession of their wrong and after promising amendment, were suffered to go free and leave the city. But again they laid an unsuccessful plot to seize three of the Sea Islands. The crafty man next appealed with more success to the law of England, and actually succeeded in getting one of the islands, St. Catherine's, as his own property, by a legal judgment. Here he lived supreme. Here he buried Mary, and also a

second wife, formerly one of his servants. When he died, he was buried between them.

Such a chaplain was not good either for colonist or native; and one can hardly wonder that a native chief, when urged to embrace Christianity, should have said, and should have had good ground for doing so, 'Why, these are Christians at Savannah! these are Christians at Frederica! Christian much drunk![1] Christian beat men! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! Me no Christian!'

The Trustees did not, on account of one failure, lose all faith in their plan of having a chaplain. One of their number, Dr. Burton, of Corpus Christi College, knowing the religious zeal of John Wesley and his contempt for the ordinary comforts of life, recommended him to Oglethorpe as the right kind of man for the rough work to be done. At first Wesley refused to entertain the offer made to him; but his mother's willingness to part with him when such a duty called, finally decided him to accept it. His brother Charles, though already ordained, also accompanied him in the capacity of secretary to the governor. They reached Savannah on February 5, 1736. John was to stay there; and Charles was to accompany the governor to Frederica, on the island of St. Simon's, another settlement on the coast, about one hundred miles farther south.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate, nothing more unwise, than the conduct of these two estimable men in their respective spheres of duty. John, misguided by the same mistaken views which he held so sincerely and so vigorously while at Oxford, treated his charge (with whom he ought to have been gentle and forbearing) as a mediæval abbot might have treated a band of monks who had vowed obedience to his sternest rules. He would baptize infants only by immersion.

[1] 'Christian much drunk,' because, when rum was prohibited, the 'Christians' had it smuggled in.

When a Dissenter, evidently as good a Christian, if not better than himself, desired to communicate, he would not suffer him to do so unless he would consent to be baptized again; and to another Dissenter he denied (with a bigotry unhappily still lingering among some English clergymen) the right of Christian burial. He either became or seemed to become, so personal in his attacks upon the vices and follies of his hearers—and it is easy to believe that he would see plenty of both in such a community—that he soon had a greatly diminished audience. He seemed bent upon driving the people to accept his own rigid form of religion, and the people were equally determined not to be driven. Law was in his lips constantly, but not 'the law of kindness,' although he was one of the kindest of men. The consequence was a widespread and deep dislike of him and of his teaching, which culminated when he refused the sacrament to a Miss Causton, with whom he had become intimate after his arrival, and who had sought to entrap him into marriage. In his unhappy connexion with this lady he behaved with perfect uprightness, while she and General Oglethorpe, her prompter, were as much to be condemned. Oglethorpe had thought to cure the eccentricities and sweeten the severity of his chaplain, by getting him married; and Sophia Causton was to play the enchantress. But, fortunately for Wesley, his friends saw further into the young lady's heart than he did; and being warned that all was not sincere, he broke off the connexion. His denying her the sacrament (by this time she had married a Mr. Williamson) was undoubtedly the result of those inflexible notions of duty which had brought him into such ill-favour with the colonists, and not of any petty feeling of revenge. He must have known that his intended action would expose him to attack, both publicly and privately; yet he resolutely carried out his purpose. Private persecution and public legal action

were put in force against him. He met them without flinching. It was only when he saw that his usefulness was at an end that he thought of returning home; and when he left the colony, it was with a hearty defiance flung in the face of those who would have crushed him by legal impositions. If at this time he lacked St. Paul's gentle charity and forbearance, he lacked none of his resoluteness of self-defence. Before leaving, he called upon his hottest enemy—Mrs. Williamson's uncle, the chief magistrate of Savannah—told him of his intention, and asked for money for the expenses of his voyage. He also posted the following notification and request in the city square:—'Whereas John Wesley designs shortly to set out for England, this is to desire those who have borrowed any books of him to return them as soon as they conveniently can.' Being forbidden by the magistrates to leave the province until he had answered the allegations brought against him (though he was leaving simply because he was tormented by constant appearances before courts which wearied him, and hindered him from doing good), or until he had offered sufficient bail for his appearance, he told them that they should have neither bond nor bail from him, and added the plain words, 'You know your business, and I know mine.' The order, 'not meant to be obeyed,' that he was to be taken into custody if he attempted to escape from the province, did not move him; and he left indignant and defiant. 'Being,' he says, 'now only a prisoner at large in a place where I knew by experience every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said, and actions I never did, I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place; and soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months.'

At Frederica, Charles Wesley was as soon and as deeply in trouble as his brother. He too began on the stern Methodistical plan among his people, which, as we have already seen, nearly drove Whitefield insane; and, in six days, all the place was in a ferment of passion. Where wise men would have shut their eyes, and let troubles and differences right themselves, he felt bound to interfere, and so made bad worse. The women hated him more than the men; and some of them, reputed to have been of 'lax morality,' persuaded their husbands and friends to use their influence with the governor for the removal of a man who would administer reproof and maintain discipline among them. After an attempt to shoot him had failed, the plan of falsely accusing Charles of stirring up the people to rebel and leave the colony was adopted, and was only too successful. It was easy for men to pretend that they were dissatisfied, and would not live where the chaplain was always making trouble; and when Oglethorpe, who had been absent in another part of the colony during the rise of the agitation, returned, his mind was unfairly set against Charles Wesley by the lying tales carried to him. Even when the charge was disproved he remained suspicious, embittered, and cruel; partly because, with all his generosity and magnanimity, he was of quick temper and fickle in resolution, and partly because his circumstances were vexatious. His anger had much provocation. His was the task of building up, and every one else seemed to be going on the principle that it was equally his task to pull down.

Very dark days were those which the luckless, well-meaning chaplain spent under the frown of the governor and the colonists; and only an honest conscience could have upheld him in his work. So extreme were the hatred and ill-treatment to which he was subjected, that he exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God, it is not yet made capital to give me a morsel of bread! The people have

found out that I am in disgrace; my few well-wishers are afraid to speak to me; some have turned out of the way to avoid me; others have desired that I would not take it ill if they seemed not to know me when we should meet. The servant who used to wash my linen sent it back unwashed. It was great cause of triumph that I was forbidden the use of Mr. Oglethorpe's things, which in effect debarred me of most of the conveniences, if not the necessaries, of life. I sometimes pitied them, and sometimes diverted myself with the odd expressions of their contempt.' Boards for a bedstead were denied him, and he had to lie on the bare ground in a hut. One night, when he was dreadfully ill of fever, he had the luxury of sleeping on a bed left by a poor man whom he had buried, and which he thought might very properly fall to his lot, but, before the third night, it was cruelly removed by the order of Oglethorpe, who refused to spare him a carpenter to mend him up another.

At length that caprice of temper which, aggravated by circumstances, had helped the governor to maintain the quarrel, enabled him to make approaches to Wesley for the purpose of reconciling their differences. He admitted the folly and injustice of his late anger, which he imputed to his want of time for consideration. He said, 'I know not whether separate spirits regard our little concerns. If they do, it is as men regard the follies of their childhood, or as I my late passionateness.' He ordered Charles whatever he could think he wanted; promised to have a house built for him immediately; and was just the same to him as he had formerly been. The people soon found out that he had been taken into favour again, and showed it by their 'provoking civilities.' Three months afterwards he sailed for England, bearing despatches from the governor, and never returned to the Georgian chaplaincy, in which he had so signally failed.

If we consider the trouble with Bosomworth, the con-

tentions at Savannah, and the disaffection at Frederica, we must admit that the irritation and temporary harshness of the governor are not without large excuse. He could hardly have helped suspecting the fidelity of his secretary when a charge was openly laid against him, and when he remembered their recent peril from the Indians. Something, too, of dislike to the clerical order could hardly have been absent from his mind; indeed it was much to his credit that he did not resolve never again to suffer a clerk within the settlement.

Yet 'James Oglethorpe, Esq., and the Honourable Trustees' received the young preacher, George Whitefield, with kindness, when he appeared before them early in March, 1737, desiring an appointment in their colony of Georgia. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London both approved of Whitefield's design; the former prelate, however, expressing himself in these ungracious words: 'I shall take particular notice of such as go to Georgia, if they do not go out of any sinister view.' A nature more resentful than Whitefield's might have flashed up at such an insinuation, or have carried it as a secret wound; but all that Whitefield remarks is, 'This put me upon inquiry what were my motives in going; and, after the strictest examination, my conscience answered—Not to please any man living upon earth, nor out of any sinister view; but simply to comply with what I believe to be Thy will, O God, and to promote Thy glory, Thou great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.'

It was not an easy thing to sail to a distant land a hundred and thirty years ago. A prolonged stay, enforced by the slow despatch of business, or by the absence of favourable winds, often gave the traveller more than one opportunity of saying farewell to his friends; and, even when embarkation fairly took place, it was no guarantee that he was finally gone. A calm might land him at any port on the British shores, and from

thence he was sure to communicate with his friends. Thus it happened that Whitefield, after his appointment, continued three weeks in London, waiting for Mr. Oglethorpe, who was expecting to sail every day; and then, at last, quietly betook himself to Stonehouse in Gloucestershire, to supply the place of a clerical friend who went to London on business. Of course the time spent in the metropolis was devoted to preaching, and Stonehouse was to prove a happier Dummer. A little 'society' of pious people had prayed for him to be sent amongst them, and great was their joy when he came. The rest of the parishioners, all of them well instructed in Christian truth, gave him a kindly welcome to their homes, and attended his ministry with pleasure. His meetings in private houses and the public services in the church were both attended by overflowing congregations. It was a time of much spiritual gladness with him. 'I found,' he says, 'uncommon manifestations granted me from above. Early in the morning, at noonday, evening, and midnight, nay, all the day long, did the blessed Jesus visit and refresh my heart. Could the trees of a certain wood near Stonehouse speak, they would tell what sweet communion I and some dear souls enjoyed with the ever-blessed God there. Sometimes, as I have been walking, my soul would make such sallies that I thought it would go out of the body. At other times I would be so overpowered with a sense of God's infinite majesty, that I would be constrained to throw myself prostrate on the ground, and offer my soul as a blank in His hands, to write on it what He pleased. One night was a time never to be forgotten. It happened to lighten exceedingly. I had been expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home, I thought it my duty to accompany them, and improve the occasion, to stir them up to prepare for the second coming of the Son of man; but oh! what did my soul feel? On my return to the parsonage-house, whilst

others were rising from their beds, and frightened almost to death, to see the lightning run upon the ground, and shine from one part of the heaven to the other, I and another, a poor but pious countryman, were in the field praising, praying to, and exulting in, our God, and longing for that time when Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in a flame of fire! Oh that my soul may be in a like frame when He shall actually come to call me!'

The gentleness and sweetness of spring had their attractions for him, as well as the thunder and lightning which so vividly reminded him of the signs of the second coming of our Lord. It was early in May, and the country, he says, 'looked to me like a second paradise, the pleasantest place I ever was in through all my life.' The thought of leaving 'Stonehouse people,' with whom he 'agreed better and better,' touched his affectionate heart not a little, and he wrote to a friend—'I believe we shall part weeping.' There had been but a month's short intercourse with them, and they were the flock of another pastor; but it was Whitefield's way to love people and to labour for them as if he had known them a lifetime, never jealous of anyone, nor dreaming that anyone could be jealous of him; and when he took his leave on Ascension Day, 'the sighs and tears,' he says, 'almost broke my heart. Many cried out with Ruth, "whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge." But I only took one with me, who proved a good servant, and is, I believe, a true follower of our ever blessed Jesus.'

The guest whom Stonehouse was sorry to part with, Bristol was glad to receive; indeed the people there, gratefully remembering Whitefield's visit to them in February, insisted upon his coming to see them again. The account of their enthusiastic reception of him reads more like an extract from the journal of a conquering general, or from that of a prince on a progress through

his provinces, than that of a young clergyman, twenty-two years old. Multitudes on foot and many in coaches met him a mile outside the city gates; and as he passed along the street in the midst of his friends, almost every one saluted and blessed him. The general joy was deepened, when, to his own regret, Mr. Oglethorpe sent him word, that their departure for America would be delayed two months longer. Bristol was completely under the spell of its visitor, or rather of him and the doctrines he preached. The rich forsook their comforts and pleasures, to jostle and push among the crowd which five times every week besieged the church where Whitefield was to preach. The quiet Quaker left the unimpassioned talk of his meeting-house to feel the thrill of oratory. The uncompromising Nonconformist left his chapel for the church, where he had too often failed to find the heart-searching preaching which alone could satisfy his wants, but where he was now pierced as with arrows, and healed as with the 'balm of Gilead.' The idle worldling, who seldom made an effort to be interested in anything, shook off his supineness at least to go and hear what the stranger had to say. The vicious and depraved strove for a place where they might hear the love of God toward sinners, the greatness and preciousness of the work of His Son Jesus, and the mighty help of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of all who would live a holy life, spoken of with a tenderness and an earnestness befitting themes so dear to them in their abject condition. The broken-hearted rejoiced in the sympathetic feeling of a teacher who knew all their sorrow. The mixed mass of hearers filled the pews, choked the aisles, swarmed into every nook and corner, hung upon the rails of the organ loft, climbed upon the leads of the church. As many had to turn away disappointed as had gained admission. And the preacher's words were more than a pleasant sound, much enjoyed while it lasted, and soon forgotten when it ceased;

they struck into heart and conscience, turning the wicked man from his wickedness, that he might save his soul alive, and awakening the generous emotions of all.

Whitefield began with his congregations as he continued and ended with them. He made a practical, benevolent use of them; for he felt that our profession of love to God is but a mockery, unless it be connected with love to one another, and 'love which is not in word, but in deed and in truth.' Nothing was further from his mind than to seek only or chiefly the excitement and flattery of preaching to large congregations; and the same sense of devotion to the highest end of life, which made him forget himself, and think only of the glory of God, made him strive to teach the people a benevolence as cheerful and a self-denial as thorough as his own. He did not preach to please his hearers; and they must not come to be pleased. They must come to know their duty, as well as their privilege, in the gospel; and so, twice or thrice every week, he appealed to them on behalf of the prisoners in Newgate, and made collections. Howard had not yet begun his holy work in our gaols; but the temporal and spiritual wants of prisoners never failed to move the sympathy of Whitefield and of all the early Methodists. The first band of Methodists had a special fund for the prisoners in Oxford gaol, and when Whitefield left the University he had the disposing of it, and the chief charge of the prisoners. In London and in Gloucester he was a regular visitor at Newgate; and in Bristol he pursued the same charitable plan.[1]

[1] Since writing this paragraph I have observed the following sentences in Mr. Forster's 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith,' p. 359, viz. 'There had been, in light amusing fiction, no such scene as that where Dr. Primrose, surrounded by the mocking felons of the gaol into which his villanous creditor had thrown him, finds in even those wretched outcasts a common nature to appeal to, minds to instruct, sympathies to bring back to virtue, souls to restore and save. "In less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane." Into how many hearts may this

The same comprehensive charity was displayed towards the poor of Georgia, whose faces he had not yet seen. During his stay at Bristol he paid a visit to Bath, where his preaching produced as deep an impression as in the sister city, and where some rich ladies gave him more than a hundred and sixty pounds for the poor of his future flock.

If parting from the simple peasants of Stonehouse was hard, it could not be easy to tear himself away from Bristol, which offered him both ample means and affectionate regard, if he would continue to minister in its churches. For the money he cared nothing; for love he cared everything. He was a foremost disciple in the school of Him who has recently been called the 'Author of the Enthusiasm of Humanity.'[1] But happily the 'enthusiasm' which he felt could not be confined to one place, and dear as Bristol had made itself, it must be left. 'June 21,' he says, 'I took my last farewell of Bristol. But when I came to tell them it might be that they would "see my face no more," high and low, young and

have planted a desire which had as yet been no man's care! Not yet had Howard turned his thoughts to the prison, Romilly was but a boy of nine years old, and Elizabeth Fry had not been born.' True; but for thirty years before dear Dr. Primrose was born, the Methodists, with their benevolent leaders, Whitefield and the Wesleys, for ensamples, had cherished tenderly and devoutly the 'desire' which Mr. Forster says was 'no man's care.' The honour of entering the gaol of the last century, which Mr. Forster so justly says was 'the gallows' portal' and 'crime's high school,' is due to one of the most obscure of the Oxford Methodists, Mr. Morgan, the son of an Irish gentleman; and had not death carried him off in his youth, he might have anticipated Howard's labours in their wide extent, as he certainly did in their Christian spirit.

Prison philanthropy, however, can be traced further back than the day of Oliver Goldsmith, or the rise of the Methodists. Sixty years before the 'Holy Club' was formed, a hundred before the 'Vicar of Wakefield' was published, an Oxford student, by name Joseph Alleine, an intimate friend of John Wesley, the grandfather of the Methodist, used to visit the prisoners in Oxford county gaol. His last biographer, Charles Stanford, says that he was 'the first friend they were ever known to have had.'

[1] Ecce Homo.

old, burst into such a flood of tears as I have never seen before: drops fell from their eyes like rain, or rather gushed out like water. Multitudes, after sermon, followed me home weeping; and the next day I was employed from seven in the morning till midnight, in talking and giving spiritual advice to awakened souls.

'About three the next morning, having thrown myself on the bed for an hour or two, I set out for Gloucester, because I heard that a great company on horseback and in coaches intended to see me out of town. Some, finding themselves disappointed, followed me thither, where I staid a few days, and preached to a very crowded auditory. Then I went on to Oxford, where we had, as it were, a general rendezvous of the Methodists; and, finding their interests flourishing, and being impatient to go abroad, I hastened away, after taking a most affectionate leave' (this was the third leave-taking of his friends at Oxford, the second of his friends at Bristol and Gloucester), 'and came to London about the end of August.'

This popularity inevitably brought trouble. His doctrine was not approved of by all; and thus, under the pressure of aspersions from enemies and entreaties from friends, he was induced to publish his sermon on 'Regeneration.' It contains a statement of the ordinary evangelical views upon that subject, given in very ordinary language; but two sentences would be likely to catch the eye of any one who might read the sermon with a previous understanding of the preacher's views. Once he makes a side hit at metaphorical interpreters: 'It will be well if they do not interpret themselves out of their salvation.' In another sentence he states a view which he and his contemporary Methodist friends—to their honour be it said—always carried into practice, as well as urged in their preaching; he says, 'The sum of the matter is this: Christianity includes morality, as grace does reason.' Elsewhere he defines true religion in these

strikingly noble words—'A universal morality founded upon the love of God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'The only Methodism,' he exclaims, 'I desire to know is a holy method of dying to ourselves, and of living to God.'

The prophets themselves, to whom, in ancient time, was committed, among other exalted duties, the task of guarding the morality of the Hebrew nation, of protesting against every use of the ceremonial law and of the temple service which would degrade religion into a superstition; and the apostles, who never failed to link the plainest and humblest of duties with the loftiest doctrines they taught, were not more jealous that religion and morality should not be divorced from each other, than were Whitefield and the Wesleys. The ground of the moderns was taken up clearly and boldly by Whitefield in his sermon just referred to, and throughout his whole life was never for a moment forsaken. This is doubtless one main reason why the great religious movement of the last century has deepened and widened to the present day, and gives promise of continued extension. The great strength of it lay, not in the advocacy of any peculiar doctrine, but in the union of doctrine and precept, of privilege and responsibility. It was a true expression of the apostle's argument to the church at Rome—the doctrine of grace united with purity of life. 'Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?' So far from the movement's resting alone or principally upon a particular doctrine, Whitefield and Wesley were divided upon doctrine, the one holding with Arminius, the other with Calvin; yet their work, even after the rupture between them, was not hindered or destroyed, but carried forward with as much vigour, and as much to the profit of mankind, as ever. Some would have morality without religion, but these men proclaimed everywhere,

that religion is the root of morality; that every man needs the renewing power of the Spirit of God in his heart; and that the 'fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'[1]

Whether friends and enemies did Whitefield a service by forcing him to publish, has been much questioned; indeed, nearly every one has condemned the step. Franklin thought that he did himself an abiding injustice, because his power lay not in the pen, but in the tongue; and that it would have been better for his reputation, had he allowed only the reports of his genius and of his triumphs to be kept as his memorial for succeeding generations. As to the sermons, perhaps Franklin was right; but Whitefield would have been no more than an idle name, had we been left without some of his writings, without his journal and some of his letters. I say some, because a great number of his published letters never could be of any service, excepting to the persons who received them. But with Whitefield it was no consideration what might be thought of his powers. During his life he never gave a moment to recollect whether he had any literary reputation or not; and least of all did he hunger after posthumous fame. He published, in the first instance, because he wanted to clear himself from aspersions, and his friends wished to have his sermons; and, in the second instance, because he found that his

[1] The one great corruption to which all religion is exposed is its separation from morality. The very strength of the religious motive has a tendency to exclude or disparage all other tendencies of the human mind, even the noblest and best. It is against this corruption that the prophetic order from first to last constantly protested. Even its mere outward appearance and organisation bore witness to the greatness of the opposite truth—the inseparable union of morality with religion. Alone of all the high offices of the Jewish Church, the prophets were called by no outward form of consecration, and were selected from no special tribe or family. But the most effective witness to this great doctrine was borne by their actual teaching.' —Stanley's 'Lectures on the Jewish Church,' p. 451.

sermons were often as useful when read, as when heard. Many weeping eyes, in England, in Scotland, in America, in the hut of the emigrant, in the cottage of the peasant, in the hall of the nobleman, once eagerly searched for consolation and hope, and found them, in those pages which no one now cares to read, excepting curious orators, who want to find out the secret of Whitefield's power, and sound evangelicals, who think that old theology is the safest and best. The two old volumes have a touching interest when their history is remembered. They speak of broken-hearted penitents and of rejoicing believers; and this, despite their feeble thought and unpolished language, lends them an air of sanctity. Their very feebleness becomes their wonder. As the rod with which Moses divided the Red Sea, or the sling from which David hurled the 'smooth stone' against Goliath's head, would be an object of interest, did we possess it, its very inefficiency aiding us to the better estimate of that power which made it so effectual, so these sermons give us, by their tameness, a clearer conception of the flaming zeal and yearning love that must have been necessary to make them persuasive, convincing, conquering, and of that power of the Holy Ghost which through them could move nations. It would be a profound satisfaction to the humble spirit of their author to know that men regard them as 'weak things;' for, remembering how they once prevailed over irreligion and vice, and over cultivated, thoughtful minds, he would simply say, 'Then hath God chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.'

The sermons which had aroused Bristol and Bath were next preached in London, whither Whitefield went about the end of August. If his life in Bristol had been busy and excited enough, what shall be said of the storm of religious excitement that arose around him in the metro-

polis? His intention was to remain in perfect retirement, and devote himself, until the time of his departure for Georgia, to his much loved employment of reading and praying over the word of God upon his knees; but his soul had not long tasted the sweetness of this repose when invitations to preach poured in amain. The stewards and members of the religious societies (of which I shall presently have occasion to speak more particularly) were remarkably fond of hearing him; and for a good reason—he attracted large congregations, and got large collections. Friendly clergymen—only too soon to forget their present admiration—wanted help in their services, and sought it from this willing worker. The largest churches could not hold the people; thousands went away for want of room. Then the churchwardens and managers of the charity schools, perceiving the effect of his preaching, that is to say, its money-effect, thought that they must have a share of the harvest, and began to plead with him for the benefit of the children. For three months the stream of people flowed steadily towards any church in which he might be ministering; and sometimes constables had to be placed, both inside and outside the building, to preserve order. Nine times a week did Whitefield engage in his delightful work of preaching. On Sunday morning it was his habit to rise very early, and during the day to walk many miles between the various churches at which he was expected. These early sacraments, which called him out before daybreak, 'were,' he says, 'exceeding awful. At Cripplegate, St. Anne's, and Foster Lane, O how often have we seen Jesus Christ crucified, and evidently set forth before us! On Sunday mornings, long before day, you might see streets filled with people going to church, with their lanthorns in their hands, and hear them conversing about the things of God.' The ordinary congregations, too, which were not composed of such persons as these devout

communicants, but of all kinds, heard the word 'like people hearing for eternity.'

Such popularity quite disturbed the usual order of things. On sacramental occasions fresh elements had sometimes to be consecrated twice or thrice. The stewards had larger offerings than they could conveniently carry to the table, their collection boxes or bags not having been made for such an exceptional time. A newsagent, who heard of what was doing in the religious world, thought that he was as much entitled to turn an honest penny as the stewards; and one Monday morning, when Whitefield was quietly taking breakfast with a friend at the Tower, his eye caught sight in the newspaper of a paragraph to the effect, that there was a young gentleman going volunteer to Georgia; that he had preached at St. Swithin's, and collected eight pounds, instead of ten shillings—three pounds of which were in halfpence (which was all quite true); and that he was to preach next Wednesday before the societies at their general quarterly meeting. The paragraph chagrined Whitefield very much. He was not yet inured to the annoyances of public life, and he requested the printer not to put him in his paper again; but his only comfort was the printer's saucy answer, 'that he was paid for doing it, and that he would not lose two shillings for anybody,' and a full church—Bow Church it was—on the following Wednesday.

As popularity and usefulness increased, opposition increased proportionably. The ground which it took was extraordinary, it being actually urged that these crowds which followed Whitefield interfered with the attendance at church of regular parishioners; further, that the pews were spoiled; next, that Whitefield was a spiritual pickpocket; and, finally, that he made use of a charm to get the people's money, which was perfectly true. And the clergy—some of them, at least—who had listened and

admired, grew angry and spiteful. The charmer, it was rumoured, would be silenced by the bishop upon the complaint of the clergy; the pickpocket would be hindered from plying his thievish arts.

But Whitefield was not a man to tremble under a threat, or grow pale at a rumour. He had a native pugnacity, not yet humbled and subdued; and quickly did he show his enemies that he could fight as well as preach and pray, and that silencing him would be a difficult thing. He at once waited upon the bishop, and asked whether any complaint had been lodged against him; the bishop answered that there was none. He asked his lordship whether any objection could be made to his doctrine; and the bishop replied, 'No: for I know a clergyman who has heard you preach a plain scriptural sermon.' Whitefield then asked his lordship whether he would grant him a licence; and the answer was, 'You need none, since you are going to Georgia.' 'Then,' said Whitefield, 'you would not forbid me?' The bishop gave a satisfactory answer, and Whitefield took his leave.

But what the bishop chose not to do in his diocese, individual clergymen, using their liberty to dispose of their pulpits in their own way, chose to do in their own churches; and two of them sent for him to tell him, that they would not let him preach in their pulpits any more, unless he renounced that part of the preface of his sermon on regeneration, wherein he wished that his 'brethren would oftener entertain their auditories with discourses upon the new birth.' This he had no freedom to do, and so they continued to oppose him.

The obnoxious sentence, for whatever reason it may have been removed, does not appear in the sermon as printed after Whitefield's death. It is probable that, as his early inclination to a slight censoriousness gave place to a wide charity towards the end of his life, and his

favourite doctrine had gained considerable acceptance and influence, he felt that his wish could no longer be appropriately entertained, and that its continuance in his sermon would be to preserve a needless record of an early struggle.

Whitefield had, in part, broken with his profession. Some of them he had censured; and they had replied by shutting their churches against him. Others attempted to crush him by denouncing him for fraternising with Dissenters; one clergyman called him 'a pragmatical rascal,' and 'vehemently inveighed against him and the whole body of Dissenters together.' His intimacy with Dissenters, it is true, was great, and lasted throughout the whole of his life. The grounds of it were honourable to both parties concerned. The piety and zeal of the preacher drew the pious of other denominations to hear him; and in their houses, to which they kindly invited him, and he as kindly went, they assured him, 'that if the doctrine of the new birth and justification by faith were powerfully preached in the Church, there would be but few Dissenters in England.' Whitefield found their conversation 'savoury,' and thinking that his practice of visiting and associating with them was agreeable to Scripture, he judged that 'the best way to bring them over was not by bigotry and railing, but moderation and love, and undissembled holiness of life.'

True hearts get all the nearer when false ones show their baseness. 'A sweet knot of religious intimates,' as he calls them, gathered around him; and an hour every evening was set apart by them for intercession for their work and their friends. 'I was their mouth unto God,' he says; 'and He only knows what enlargement I felt in that divine employ. Once we spent a whole night in prayer and praise; and many a time at midnight, and at one in the morning, after I have been wearied almost to death in preaching, writing, and conversation, and going

from place to place, God imparted new life to my soul, and the sweetness of this exercise made me compose my sermon upon "Intercession."'

The end of these London labours came at Christmas, 1737. Anxious to get to his Georgian charge, and an opportunity offering by a transport ship, which was about to sail with a number of soldiers, he determined at once to start. His purpose wounded the hearts of thousands; prayers were offered for him; the people would embrace him in the church; wishful looks would follow him as he went home. A solemn, weeping sacrament celebrated the final parting.

He left the charity schools one thousand pounds richer by his labours, and he carried more than three hundred pounds with him for the poor of Georgia. He ever, from the first voyage to the thirteenth, crossed the Atlantic, guarded by the prayers of thousands, and freighted with their benevolent gifts.

On December 28, Whitefield left London, and, on the 30th, went on board the 'Whitaker,' at Purfleet. His labours now were divided between the ship and the shore, the former containing the companions of his voyage, the latter having the presence of friends, who followed him from point to point, till he got out to sea, and who were always ready to engage him in some religious duties. Great kindness and prudence marked his conduct among the men of the ship from the first day he went on board. He attended them in sickness, taught them, and catechised them. To the officers, both naval and military, he showed marked deference, and allowed not his zeal to carry him into any unwise attempts to force religion upon their attention. Some brisk gales caught the ship in her passage down the channel, which gave him opportunities of showing kindness to the sea-sick soldiers and their families, and of speaking weighty words concerning death and the judgment to those who came to prayers. The

quietness of his first Sunday was a new experience to him, and made him not only remember the days when he 'led the joyful sacred throng,' but write in his journal, 'He is unworthy the name of a Christian who is not as willing to hide himself when God commands, as to act in a public capacity.' Nor was he insensible to the fresh scenes which nature displayed before his eye; to the calmness of the sea, which looked like Sabbath repose; to the clear sky, bespangled with stars, or illumined by the moon, which suggested thoughts of His majesty who 'stretched the heavens abroad.' His entire sincerity in his work was beautifully exhibited in his new kind of life. He was as attentive to teach a few soldiers or a few women the catechism, as he had been zealous for the crowds of London. At night he would walk on the deck that he might have an opportunity of speaking quietly to some officers whom he wanted to gain over to the service of God, or go down into the steerage where the sailors were congregated, that he might be as one of them. He soon became a favourite. The captain of the ship gave him the free use of his cabin, the military captain was friendly, and so were the rest of the officers. At length, prayers were read daily in the great cabin; and, at the request of the captain, Whitefield preached to the 'gentlemen.' Until they left Deal on January 30, he also regularly preached on shore in a house; and the congregations became so large that the preaching room had to be propped up. It seems that 'running' and buying 'run goods' was 'a sin that did most easily beset the Deal people' of that day; and though Whitefield took care to show them 'the absolute unlawfulness' of their deeds, yet they still waited on his word.

The same morning that he sailed from Deal, John Wesley arrived there from Georgia. On reaching shore Wesley learned that his friend was in a vessel in the offing, bound for Georgia. From some cause or other,

perhaps because he had miserably failed at Savannah, and thought that no one else could do any good, Wesley deemed it necessary to take some steps to know whether Whitefield ought to continue his voyage. His method of deciding the difficulty was by sortilege, a practice which he long continued, but one which Whitefield never followed.[1] He even resorted to it in the dispute between himself and Whitefield on the subjects of election and free-grace. In a letter addressed to Wesley, in reply to Wesley's sermon on 'free-grace,' Whitefield said about the Deal lot, 'The morning I sailed from Deal for Gibraltar you arrived from Georgia. Instead of giving me an opportunity to converse with you, though the ship was not far off the shore, you drew a lot, and immediately set forwards to London. You left a letter behind you, in which were words to this effect:—"When I saw God, by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have inclosed." This was a piece of paper, in which were written these words, "Let him return to London."

'When I received this, I was somewhat surprised. Here was a good man telling me he had cast a lot, and that God would have me return to London. On the other

[1] The Moravians were much addicted to the use of sortilegium. In 'an extract of the constitution of the church of the Moravian Brethren at Hernhuth, laid before the theological order of Wirtemberg in the year 1733,' quoted by Wesley in his journal, it is said—'They have a peculiar esteem for lots, and accordingly use them both in public and private, to decide points of importance when the reasons brought on each side appear to be of equal weight. And they believe this to be then the only way of wholly setting aside their own will, of acquitting themselves of all blame, and clearly knowing what is the will of God.' It is probable, as Southey suggests, that Wesley took to the practice through the example of the Moravians, of whom he had seen much during his voyage to Georgia and stay there.

Whitefield's opinion was expressed in a public letter nearly three years after his first departure for Georgia. 'I am no friend,' he says, 'to casting lots: but I believe, on extraordinary occasions, when things can be determined in no other way, God, if appealed to and waited on by prayer and fasting, will answer by lot now as well as formerly.'

hand, I knew that my call was to Georgia, and that I had taken leave of London, and could not justly go from the soldiers who were committed to my charge. I betook myself with a friend to prayer. That passage in the first book of Kings, chapter xiii., was powerfully impressed upon my soul, where we are told, "That the prophet was slain by a lion, that was tempted to go back (contrary to God's express order) upon another prophet's telling him God would have him do so." I wrote you word, that I could not return to London. We sailed immediately. Some months after I received a letter from you at Georgia, wherein you wrote words to this effect: "Though God never before gave me a wrong lot, yet, perhaps, He suffered me to have such a lot at that time, to try what was in your heart." I should never have published this private transaction to the world, did not the glory of God call me to it.'

It was well, for the sake of every one, and for the sake of religion, that Whitefield was not so superstitious as his friend, and that he was not turned from a sober purpose by a ridiculous chance. His return to London would have demanded public explanation, and what could he have said but this: 'John Wesley drew a lot, on which were these words—"Let him return to London;" and so I am here'? Then all the sensible part of his congregations would either have lost confidence in him, or have become as foolish as himself; and enemies, who were rapidly multiplying, would have assailed him with irresistible force. All his prayers, resolutions, tears, and ponderings would have been covered with shame and confusion, and he could never have become a leader, since men will follow only the decided and consistent. Wesley himself, notwithstanding his blind faith in lots, would not have been turned from his purpose by a dozen of them drawn by a friend, had he been so far and so openly committed as was Whitefield. One short answer would

have cut through the difficulty—'My friend may draw lots for himself, but not for me; at this rate, everybody will be trying to divine my duty, and the contradictory answers will leave me in hopeless embarrassment.'

All went pleasantly with the 'Whitaker' and her passengers until the Bay of Biscay was reached. Whitefield's entry in his journal for Tuesday, February 14, gives a good picture of the troubles and dangers to which he exposed himself on many occasions by his American voyages. It shows also the brotherly kindness which ever filled his heart:—'May I never forget,' he says, 'this day's mercies, since the Lord was pleased to deal so lovingly with me! About twelve at night a fresh gale arose, which increased so very much by four in the morning, that the waves raged horribly indeed, and broke in like a great river on many of the poor soldiers, who lay near the main hatchway. Friend H. and I knew nothing of it, but perceived ourselves restless, and could not sleep at all; he complained of a grievous headache. I arose and called upon God for myself and those that sailed with me, absent friends, and all mankind. After this I went on deck; but surely a more noble, awful sight my eyes never yet beheld; for the waves rose more than mountain high, and sometimes came on the quarter-deck. I endeavoured all the while to magnify God for thus making His power to be known; and then, creeping on my knees (for I knew not how to go otherwise), I followed my friend H. between decks, and sung psalms, and comforted the poor wet people. After this I read prayers in the great cabin; but we were obliged to sit all the while. Then, thinking I should be capable of doing nothing, I laid myself across the chair, reading; but God was so good so to assist me by His Spirit that, though things were tumbling, the ship rocking, and persons falling down unable to stand, and sick about me, yet I never was more cheerful in my life, and was enabled, though in the midst of company, to

finish a sermon before I went to bed, which I had begun a few days before! So greatly was God's strength magnified in my weakness! "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name."'

So few are the references, in Whitefield's journal or letters, to the manners of the people among whom he stayed, or to the scenery through which he passed in his travels, that I am glad to extract any that he made, as a proof that his was not a dull soul without delight in nature, without sensitiveness to answer to the soft sweetness of a southern sky, or awe to respond to the wildness and majesty of a storm. It may be fairly doubted whether he could have been the orator he was, had he lacked these qualities; and the reason why such slight evidence of their existence in him is to be found, was his attention to his high duties as an ambassador for Christ. While his earlier journals are brightened here and there with a descriptive touch, his later and revised journal is almost entirely without a reference to anything but his spiritual work. The following account of his feelings as he approached Gibraltar is given in his first journal, but not in his revised one: 'Saturday, February 18. Though the weather was exceedingly pleasant all the day, yet it grew more and more pleasant in the evening, and our ship sailed at the rate of nine miles an hour, and as steady as though we were sitting on shore. The night was exceeding clear, and the moon and stars appeared in their greatest lustre; so that, not having patience to stay below, I went upon deck with friend H., and praised God for his wonderful lovingkindness in singing psalms, and gave thanks for the blessings, and asked pardon for the offences, of the week, and then had a long intercession.

'It is worth coming from England to see what we have beheld this day.

'Sunday, February 19. Slept better to-night than I have a long while; blessed be the Keeper of Israel!

Read prayers in the great cabin; was enlarged in expounding both the lessons to the soldiers; and had prayers, and preached one of the sermons God enabled me to make since I came on board, on open deck in the afternoon. All the gentlemen attended; benches were laid for the people; and the ship sailed smoothly, and the weather was finer than I can express, so that I know not where I have performed the service more comfortably. And, indeed, I have been so delighted these two days with our pleasant sailing and the promontories all around us, that I could not avoid thanking God for calling me abroad, and stirring up all to praise Him, "who by his strength setteth fast the mountains, and is girded about with power."'

On February 20, the 'Whitaker' reached Gibraltar. Whitefield received marked kindness from the governor, General Sabine, a man of steadfast consistency, who, during the time of his governorship, had never been absent from public worship, except through sickness, and who 'was very moderate towards the Dissenters.' He gave Whitefield a general invitation to dine with him every day. Kindness was also shown by one Major Sinclair (a man whom Whitefield had never seen), 'who provided a convenient lodging at merchant B.'s, and desired Whitefield to go on shore.' That was on the fourth day after arriving at Gibraltar; and it suggests that the great preacher must still have carried the charm which had so readily extracted money from the pockets of Londoners. But, what was better than all temporal comfort, the religious life of Gibraltar had in it much that was pleasing and gratifying; there was devoutness among a number of the soldiers; there was respect for the convictions of people who were not members of the Established Church of England; there was goodwill between two ministers of different denominations. Doubtless the second and third parts of the blessedness of the

place were strange things to excite the congratulations of Christians, yet they were good grounds for praise, and will continue to be so while they are so rare.

Gibraltar, Whitefield thought, was 'the world in epitome;' he might have added, the Church too; for Dissenters and Churchmen, 'New Lights' and 'Dark Lanthorns,' Jews, and Roman Catholics were on the rock. The 'New Lights' were an interesting company of soldiers, gathered into a society by one Sergeant B., who for twelve years had been their leader. Their meetings were first held in 'dens and mountains and caves of the rocks,' but afterwards, on applying for leave to build a little sanctuary of their own, the minister of the church and the governor wisely and generously gave them the free use of the church. This offer they gladly accepted; and it was their custom to meet three times a day, to read, and pray, and sing psalms. Their Nonconformity, in a place where so much liberality on religious subjects and religious practices obtained, seems strange; and most likely it was based on the common ground of the Nonconformity of those days—a desire for freer and more social worship than the forms of the Church will admit. Going early to church one morning to expound, Whitefield was highly pleased to see several soldiers kneeling in different parts of the building, engaged in private devotion; as early as two o'clock in the morning some would retire for that purpose.

The 'Dark Lanthorns' were some 'serious Christians' of the Scotch Church. Whitefield did not think it 'agreeable' to visit them; but sent them, as well as the other society, 'some proper books.' He talked with several of them privately, and urged a union between the two societies.

A few days sufficed to make Whitefield as popular with the soldiers as he had been with the sailors, with the townspeople as he was with the garrison. Officers

and soldiers crowded the church when he preached; and at the governor's table, where he had dreaded being treated with more than sober hospitality, 'all the officers behaved in such a decent, innocent manner' that they pleased him very much. They were studious to oblige him, and solicitous for him to stay; but his face was set to go to Georgia. Many of the inhabitants pressed him to stay with them, and for his sake treated the friends who journeyed with him with marked kindness.

None of this popularity was won at the expense of fidelity. While all were crowding to hear him, he eagerly embraced the opportunity of reproving them for the sin of drunkenness, the curse of the place, and for profane swearing. His presence and labours created so much excitement that even the chief of the Jews came to hear him on the latter subject. Not knowing this, Whitefield next day attended the synagogue, and was astonished when the presiding elder came to him, and conducted him to a chief seat, as a mark of honour for his having preached so well, according to Jewish ideas, against the sin of profaning the Divine name. The Roman Catholic Church was also visited; but everything there was contrary to the simplicity which the plain Methodist loved.

The stay at Gibraltar lasted thirteen days, and on the last day of it many came to Whitefield, weeping, to tell him what God had done for their souls, to ask for his prayers, and to promise him theirs in return. Others sent him presents of cake, wine, figs, eggs, and other necessaries for his voyage. Two hundred soldiers, women, officers, and others, stood on the beach to see him go on board, and wish him 'good luck in the name of the Lord.'

The results of his work he thus summed up: 'Many that were quite stark blind have received their sight; many that had fallen back have repented, and turned

unto the Lord again; many that were ashamed to own Christ openly have waxen bold; and many that were saints have had their hearts filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

Once more out at sea, he renewed his former efforts for the good of the soldiers who sailed with him; public services were zealously promoted, and personal visitation added to them, as a means whereby the faith of each one might be known.

Mr. Habersham, a friend of Whitefield, who accompanied him, instructed the soldiers in the elements of learning, and formed a school for the benefit of their children.

Whitefield's journal contains the following entry for Thursday, March 16:—'Preached this afternoon my sermon against swearing, at which several of the soldiers wept. Blessed be God that sin is much abated amongst us; and I think a visible alteration may be perceived through the whole ship. "Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord, but unto thy name, be the glory!"' It was at the close of one of those services, perhaps the one just referred to, that Captain Mackay asked the soldiers to stop, 'whilst he informed them that, to his great shame, he had been a notorious swearer himself; but, by the instrumentality of that gentleman, pointing to Mr. Whitefield, he had now left it off, and exhorted them, for Christ's sake, that they would go and do likewise.' The women began to remark, 'What a change in our captain!' and the soldiers as a body were almost reformed. This entry is against March 18:—'The weather being very fair, and the sea calm, I went with Captain W. on board the "Lightfoot," dined with the gentlemen belonging to the ship, and Colonel Cochran, who came on board to pay them a visit. Married a couple, and dispersed bibles, testaments, and soldiers' monitors, amongst the men; exchanged some books for some cards; preached a

sermon against drunkenness, which I finished yesterday; and returned in the evening, much pleased with seeing the porpoises roll about the great deep. "O Lord, how marvellous are thy works."' Monday, March 27, has a mournful story: 'Last night, God was pleased to take away a black boy of Captain Whiting's, after he had been ill of a violent fever for some days. He was never baptized;'—poor lad, he was black, and the colour of his skin would account for his never having partaken of the benefits of this rite of the Church;—'but I had a commission from his master, who seemed much affected at his death, to instruct and baptize him, if it had pleased the Most High that he should recover; but God saw fit to order it otherwise. His holy will be done. About ten in the morning he was wrapped up in a hammock, and thrown into the sea. I could not read the office over him, being unbaptized; but Captain W. ordered the drum to beat, and I exhorted all the soldiers and sailors "to remember their Creator in the days of their youth," and to prepare for that time when "the sea should give up its dead, and all nations be called together to appear before the Son of God." Oh that they may lay to heart what has been said, and practically consider their latter end.' While to that prayer none can refuse an amen, it would not have been strange had some of the men gone away to consider what the black boy had done amiss, that he should be buried like a beast.

So the voyage was continued, the only diversity to the kind of life just sketched being the presence of fever, which carried off two of the worst men on board, and struck Whitefield down for several days. To a friend he writes—'How goes time? I can scarce tell; for I have been some time past, as one would think, launching into eternity. God has been pleased to visit me with a violent fever, which He, notwithstanding, so sweetened by divine consolations, that I was enabled to rejoice and sing

in the midst of it. Indeed, I had many violent conflicts with the powers of darkness, who did all they could to disturb and distract me; but Jesus Christ prayed for me; and though I was once reduced to the last extremity, and all supernatural assistance seemed to be suspended for awhile, and Satan, as it were, had dominion over me, yet God suffered not my faith to fail; but came in at length to my aid, rebuked the tempter, and from that moment I grew better. Surely God is preparing me for something extraordinary; for He has now sent me such extraordinary conflicts and comforts as I never before experienced. I was, as I thought, on the brink of eternity. I had heaven within me; I thought of nothing in this world; I earnestly desired to be dissolved and go to Christ; but God was pleased to order it otherwise, and I am resigned, though I can scarce be reconciled to come back again into this vale of misery. . . . I would write more, but my strength faileth me. We hope to be at Savannah on Monday.'

Whitefield's farewell sermon to the soldiers was preached on May 6, and caused much weeping. On the evening of the following day he reached Savannah, where he was welcomed by Mr. Delamotte, the friend whom Wesley left behind him, and some other 'pious souls,' who were rejoiced at his arrival, and joined him in thanksgiving and prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

1738.

SIX MONTHS IN GEORGIA—SECOND VOYAGE.

WHITEFIELD, on his arrival at Savannah, knew nothing of the circumstances under which his friend Wesley had left it. The whole story was related to him, and he wisely determined to act as if nothing of an unhappy kind had occurred; he would not even make any record of it in his journal. His original journal says, 'Mr Charles Wesley had chiefly acted as secretary to General Oglethorpe, but he soon also went to England to engage more labourers; and, not long after, his brother, Mr. John Wesley, having met with unworthy treatment, both at Frederica and Georgia (Savannah?) soon followed. All this I was apprised of, but think it most prudent not to repeat grievances.' In his revised journal he says, 'I find there are many divisions amongst the inhabitants; glad shall I be to be an instrument of healing them.' Full of loving anxiety to do his work well, and heartily believing that the gospel he preached could promote peace and harmony, he never gave a thought to the unhappy past, in which his friends had, though not without provocation, received harsh treatment, but began early and zealously to preach and teach. At five o'clock on the morning after his arrival he read public prayers, and expounded the second lesson to a congregation of seventeen adults and twenty-five children. Such was the exchange for crowded churches in England!

In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Causton, Wesley's

keen enemy, sent word that he and the magistrates would wait upon Whitefield, but Whitefield chose to wait upon them, a courtesy which could hardly fail to prepare the way for kindly intercourse. The interview was marked by much 'civility' shown to the new chaplain; and the principal part of the conversation was upon the place of his settlement. The magistrates were as diplomatic as civil; for it was resolved that the place should be Frederica, where a house and tabernacle were to be built for him—then they themselves would not run the risk of any trouble with him—but that he 'should serve at Savannah, when, and as long as he pleased.' Thus they avoided raising a contention with him, by not arbitrarily sending him away from the principal place. They had evidently learned the secret of conceding for the sake of getting; but, in the present case, their caution was needless.

The ship-fever had not quite left Whitefield, when, with his usual promptness, he arranged the plan of his work and made a beginning. His first week in Savannah was spent in confinement, and, on the second Sunday, his attempt to officiate broke down before he reached the second service; but, on the following Tuesday, he was out at his pastoral work, and made a call on Tomo Chichi, the Indian king, who had refused to become a Christian, on the ground that Christians were such bad wretches. The poor emaciated man lay on his blanket, his faithful wife fanning him with Indian feathers; and, as there was no one who could speak English, the chaplain could do no more than shake hands with him and leave. Four days afterwards Whitefield made a second call on the chief, and had some conversation with him through his nephew, who knew English. He says, 'I desired him to inquire of his uncle, whether he thought he should die? who answered, "He could not tell." I then asked, where he thought he should go after death? He replied, to

heaven. But, alas! how can a drunkard enter there? I then exhorted Tooanoowee (who is a tall, proper youth) not to get drunk, telling him he understood English, and therefore would be punished the more if he did not live better. I then asked him, whether he believed a heaven? He answered, "Yes." I then asked, whether he believed a hell? and described it by pointing to the fire; he replied, "No." From whence we may easily gather, how natural it is to all mankind to believe there is a place of happiness, because they wish it may be so; and, on the contrary, how averse they are to a place of torment, because they wish it may not be so. But God is true and just, and as surely as the righteous shall go into everlasting happiness, so the impenitently wicked shall go into everlasting punishment.' The severity of this kind of address to an untaught heathen is strange in one who was so full of the spirit of love; and though he may have thought, that only by terror could the dormant conscience be aroused and the heart prepared for the gentler message of the work of Jesus Christ for sinners, one wonders why he did not say something about love as well as wrath. There can be no doubt, however, that he had no fitness, though much zeal, for preaching to the Indians. Along with the Wesleys he had dreamed of winning both natives and colonists to the faith of his Lord, but he knew nothing of the language of the Indians, and had no great aptitude for acquiring it.

For oratory there was little scope in Georgia, where a congregation of one or two hundred persons was the largest that could be mustered; but there was ample room for industry, for humility, for gentleness, and for self-denial; and Whitefield, by his assiduous cultivation of these graces, showed that he cared more for charity than for the gift of speaking 'with the tongues of men and of angels.' Oratory was nothing to him as an art: it was supremely valuable as a talent to be used for his

Lord, an instrument by which hearts might be drawn to the cross. When it could no longer be exercised, except in a limited way, his zeal and ready tact immediately adopted the only method by which truth and purity could be diffused among the colonists. He went among the villages, like a travelling missionary in a heathen country; made himself the friend of every one in them, men, women, and children, no matter what their nation or their creed; praised their industry and success; reproved their faults; and invited them to trust in Him who could save them from their sins. He was scrupulously careful not to offend the religious or national prejudices of any; and strove to draw all by 'the cords of love,' because he rightly judged that obedience resulting from that principle was the 'most genuine and lasting.' It is easy to believe that a chaplain whose heart was touched with the colonists' every sorrow, who entered into their difficulties, who came to cheer them at their work, and sit as one of them in their huts, where the children gathered round his knee and the workers talked about the soil and the crops, was loved as a personal friend. As such they looked upon him. The love which won Dummer, Bristol, London, and Gibraltar was simply repeating its inevitable conquests. His dauntless and brotherly spirit, which still retained a touch of the asceticism of his Oxford days, made him resolve to endure the worst hardships of colonial life. The weather was intensely hot, sometimes burning him almost through his shoes; and 'seeing others do it who,' he says, 'were as unable, I determined to inure myself to hardiness by lying constantly on the ground; which, by use, I found to be so far from being a hardship, that afterwards it became so to lie on a bed.' With this endurance he combined the charming quality of gratitude for any kindness either to himself or his friends. This was particularly displayed when the brother of his friend Habersham was

lost for some days in the woods, and the colonists—happily with success—made every effort to recover him: Whitefield went from house to house to thank them, and again at evening prayers, when a large congregation was present, 'I returned my dear hearers,' he says, 'hearty thanks for the late instance of their sincere affection.'

The settlers in the villages had but a hard lot. Their children offered the best field for Whitefield's efforts; and he at once arranged to begin schools for them. 'I also,' he says, 'inquired into the state of their children, and found there were many who might prove useful members of the colony, if there was a proper place provided for their maintenance and education. Nothing can effect this but an orphan-house, which might easily be erected at, or near, Savannah, would some of those that are rich in this world's good contribute towards it. May God, in His due time, stir up the wills of His faithful people, to be ready to distribute, and willing to communicate on this commendable occasion.' The following extract shows the need of the flock and the tender-heartedness of the shepherd: 'Began to-day visiting from house to house, and found the people in appearance desirous of being fed with the sincere milk of the word, and solicitous for my continuance amongst them. Poor creatures! My heart ached for them, because I saw them and their children scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.'

The first of these extracts points to the inference, that the idea of an orphan-house for the colony was Whitefield's own; and many of his friends who helped him gave him the credit of it; but he was frank in undeceiving them, and in giving the praise to Charles Wesley and the humane governor, General Oglethorpe. Before he had thought of going abroad, they had seen and felt the necessity of some provision being made for the orphans, who must inevitably be thrown upon the colony

when their parents died and left them unprovided for. A scheme somewhat like the one which was ultimately adopted was devised, but, though the Wesleys made its practical accomplishment impossible, yet the idea was not abandoned. Whitefield was entreated by his friend Charles Wesley to remember the orphans; and such a call was never made in vain upon him. He 'resolved, in the strength of God, to prosecute the orphan-house design with all his might.' The Trustees, acting no doubt at the suggestion of Oglethorpe, favoured him. In accordance with the religious character which they had always given to their colonisation scheme, they wrote to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, asking leave for Whitefield to preach in the abbey church, Bath, on behalf of the projected charity. The bishop consented, and Whitefield preached, with what success we have already seen. Now it occurred to him, that personal knowledge of the colony would be a better foundation on which to plead, than the conclusions and wishes of others, even though they were persons as estimable and wise as Charles Wesley and the governor. His design was accordingly held in abeyance until he could return to England; and the money—more than three hundred pounds—which he had collected, and which he carried to Savannah, was devoted to general purposes among the poor.

When he reached his charge, he found that the condition of the orphans was deplorable, all the kindness of the Trustees notwithstanding. Some were quartered here and there with such families as had promised, for a money consideration, to take them and rear them. Others were engaged in service when they ought to have been at school, and were kept at work so long and so hard, that educating them in their present position was impossible. The morals of all were corrupted by bad example; the learning of those who had learned anything at all was forgotten. There was but one feasible

plan for curing the mischief: a home must be built, and the children must be lodged, fed, clothed, and taught in it. Meanwhile, until he could return to England, to take priest's orders, and procure a grant of land from the Trustees, and beg money enough to build the home, and give it a start, he wisely did what he could to ameliorate the condition of them and of all other children, by establishing schools in the villages.

The moral influence of the orphan-house, the establishment of which was now his fixed purpose, was to prove as great and as happy over Whitefield as over the destitute children. He was to receive as much as he gave. His love and zeal and self-denial, in founding and maintaining it, were to return with usury of spiritual good. It was to be a standing appeal to his tenderness and test of his faith, a constant spur to his effort, and an anchor to his excitable mind, which might have spent itself upon trifles, because unable to cope with the statesmanlike work which the legislative mind of Wesley gloried in mastering. It was to become the ballast of a noble ship which had to carry high sail in dangerous seas. So far as good to himself was concerned there was no reason why he should have been sent to his 'little foreign cure,' in which he was really happy, and where (such was his humility and his carelessness about popularity) he could have cheerfully remained, excepting to undertake the charge of the orphans. With this exception, he did nothing in Georgia which he might not have done elsewhere, and done better. But it is remarkable to observe how the door of America was closed against Wesley, whose talents were most serviceable when concentrated upon one place; while Whitefield received a charge which supplied a constant motive to him to range through every country where he could get a congregation to hear his message, and help his work. He was meant for more than a parish priest; he was an evan-

gelist of nations, and the orphans supplied him with the motive to visit every place.

The journal of Whitefield on Wednesday, May 24, and the journal of Wesley on the same day, present a striking contrast as well between the condition of mind as the work of these much attached friends. It was a quiet day with Whitefield; and doubtless could Wesley have seen him going among the people with a contented heart, welcomed and honoured, he would have been both surprised and gratified with his unexpected success. It was a day of excitement, of anguish, and of joy with Wesley, the day of his conversion; and could Whitefield have known what was going on in Aldersgate Street, it would have filled his mouth with joyful praise, though he might have been surprised that not until a time so late had his former religious teacher come to experience the same spiritual change that had taken place in himself long before. 'Wednesday, May 24, went to day,' Whitefield says, 'to Thunderbolt, a village about six miles off Savannah, situated very pleasantly near the river, and consisting of three families, four men and two women, and ten servants. I was kindly received, expounded a chapter, used a few collects, called on a family or two that lay near our way, and returned home to Savannah very comfortably in the evening. Blessed be God for strengthening my weak body!' Wesley says that his spiritual condition at this time was characterised by 'strange indifference, dulness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin.' In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my

sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

'I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?" Then I was taught, that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them according to the counsels of His own will.

'After my return home I was much buffeted with temptations, but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and He "sent me help from His holy place." And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might, under the law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered; now, I was always conqueror.'

While Whitefield, by his unceasing labours, his unfeigned humility, and his judicious conduct, was laying the foundation of an enduring affection between the whole colony and himself, he acknowledged himself to be largely indebted to his predecessors. Delamotte was much beloved by the poor, to whom he was devoted; and his return home was an occasion of grief to them. 'The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America, under God, is inexpressible,' says Whitefield. 'His name is very precious among the people; and he has laid such a foundation among the people, that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake. Surely I must labour most heartily, since I come after such worthy predecessors.'

The new chaplain was known as a man of strong con-

victions, which he would carry out at any personal risk. When a notorious infidel died he refused to read the burial service over him, because it would have been a solemn mockery. He appealed to the people whether he was not justified in his refusal, and they acquiesced in his decision. Another of his parishioners was examined as to his views on the 'eternity of hell torments,' and Whitefield, finding that he believed in the annihilation of the wicked, not in their torment, and that he regarded it as his duty to speak the convictions of his mind, admonished him as an heretic, and told him that, for the future, he could not partake of the Lord's Supper. Staggered a little by the announcement, the heretic maintained his patience, and ventured to pronounce Whitefield uncharitable; to which Whitefield replied, that they should meet at the judgment-seat, and then it would be seen upon what principles he acted. This incident must have suggested his sermon on the subject discussed between him and his parishioner; it was so satisfactory to the people of Savannah that they asked him to publish it. I am half-inclined to call this achievement—the moving a colony of men of irregular habits and very imperfect morality, to ask for the publication of a sermon on 'the eternity of hell torments'—the greatest of his life. But, as will appear when the sermon comes under our eye again, they doubtless desired the words of love which abound on every page, more than the words of terror, which are scattered only here and there, in much the same proportion as they are found in the teachings of our Lord. The preacher was not half so terrible as the inquisitor.

It is pleasantest to see how he was welcomed in the villages; how they of Savannah delighted in his visits, even enduring his rebukes without murmuring; how at Frederica nearly the whole of the inhabitants—a hundred and twenty in number—came to hear him preach, and

the settlement was all activity to build a preaching-room, to serve the place, *pro tempore*, of a church; how the sturdy Highlanders of Darien, settled under the pastoral care of a worthy minister named McLeod, crowded the house in which he preached to them at the end of a single day's visit; and how the Saltzburgers, who were settled, after weary wanderings over land and sea, at a place which their grateful hearts called Ebenezer, received him with brotherly love, while he 'joyed at beholding their order.' Their lands were the best cultivated in the colony, and yielded the best crops. Their differences were referred not to any court, but to the judgment of their two pastors, Boltzius and Gronau, whom they loved devotedly, and to whom they looked up as fathers. Their orphan-house, founded on the model of Professor Franck's, of Halle, was a model of the one he was purposing to build; and when, at the close of his visit, the seventeen orphan children—'the little lambs,' he calls them—came and shook hands with him, his heart must have renewed its vow of devotion to all who were in like distress.

On Sunday, August 27, he preached his farewell sermon to his people, who, sorrowing to lose him, were comforted by his assurance that he would not delay his return to them. On the following day the chief magistrate, Mr. Causton, and the recorder, called to take their leave of him. The general demonstrations of affection for him overwhelmed him; and he took the first opportunity of 'venting his heart by prayers and tears.' 'O these partings!' he exclaims; 'hasten, O Lord, that time when we shall part no more!'

The voyage was to prove one of the most dangerous that he performed. When they had been a month at sea, they were caught by a gale from the east, which 'put all the sailors to their wits' end.' Sails were slit, and tackling rent. The sea broke over the vessel with such violence that not a dry spot was left anywhere; and

Whitefield, who slept in the most secure part, wrapped in a buffalo's hide, was drenched twice or thrice in one night. His composure and faith in God made so deep an impression on the crew, that they would say, 'How should we have been blaming and cursing one another, had not Mr. Whitefield been amongst us!'

The storm left the vessel sadly disabled, besides having destroyed or washed away a large portion of the provisions. There was the prospect of a tedious voyage and much hardship, and so it turned out. Contrary winds prevailed for a long time; at the end of October the passengers were allowed a quart of water a day. Their constant food for a long time was salt beef and water dumplings, which, says Whitefield, 'did not agree with the stomachs of all amongst us.' To bodily trials were added, in Whitefield's case, 'a variety of inward trials;' but these were in due time followed by 'great comfort.' No doubt the inactivity of his life, together with the excitement caused by danger, and the physical depression consequent on short rations, had quite their share in producing his 'inward trials;' although there is a solemn reality in that sense of spiritual desolation, as if God had forgotten the soul, or as if He had cast it away, of which Whitefield, in common with all devout men, frequently complained.

With a humble, constant recognition of the working of the Almighty in all things did Whitefield hold on to the close of this distressing voyage. Three days before they sighted land, most of those in the cabin had begun to be weak, and to look hollow-eyed. He exclaims, 'May we patiently tarry God's leisure! Amen! Amen!' On November 11 they were reduced to an ounce or two of salt beef, a pint of muddy water, and a cake made of flour and skimmings of the pot, as the allowance for each man. Cold weather had also set in, and, to add to their distresses, they did not know where they were, there

being only a prevalent opinion that they were off the coast of Ireland. That day was closed with the appropriate prayer, 'May we now learn that man liveth not by bread alone.' And the next day, Sunday, November 12, opened with the grateful ascription, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who this day hath visited a distressed people!' They had entered Carrickaholt Bay, in the mouth of the Shannon, and were hospitably received and succoured by Mr. Mac Mahon, whose house stood at the head of the bay.

Here Whitefield was kindly furnished with horses for his journey to Dublin; and on his way he called to pay his respects to Dr. Burscough, the bishop of Limerick, who received him with 'the utmost candour and civility.' The day being Sunday, the traveller was sure to be made the preacher; for nothing but absolute inability could ever keep him out of the pulpit. Limerick cathedral rung to his eloquence, and Irish hearts gave a quick and deep response. But for his unquestionable truthfulness in every detail of his life given by himself, and for the universally-attested fact that his sermons generally produced intense excitement and awakened for himself such a degree of personal affection as few men enjoy even among their friends, it would be hard to believe that, on the Monday, the inhabitants looked alarmed as they passed along the streets, and followed him wishfully with their eyes wherever he went; that one man compelled him to enter his house, and accept his hospitality; and that the bishop, when he took leave of him, kissed him, and said, 'Mr. Whitefield, God bless you; I wish you success abroad: had you stayed in town, this house should have been your home:'—yet such, he assures us, was the case.

At Dublin he preached with the same success; and was cordially received by Dr. Delany, dean of St. Patrick's, by Dr. Rundel, bishop of Derry, and by Dr. Boulter, primate of all Ireland. He dined with the primate, and

at his table heard an expression fall from the lips of Dr. Delany which he never forgot, and never failed to act upon:—'I wish, whenever I go up into a pulpit,' said the Dean, 'to look upon it as the last time I shall ever preach, or the last time the people may hear.'

On December 8 he reached London, accompanied by some friends who had gone to meet him on his way. Wesley was at Oxford; and, as soon as the news of Whitefield's arrival reached him, he hastened up to London, and 'God gave us,' he says, 'once more to take sweet counsel together.'

At the close of such a year of travel and labour Whitefield had some reasons for winding up his journal with this emphatic verse:—

'Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be,
'Tis fixed! I can do all through Thee!'

CHAPTER V.

Dec. and Jan. 1738–39.

FETTER LANE MEETINGS—ORDAINED PRIEST.

NOTHING could have been more opportune for the welfare of Methodism in England than the arrival of John Wesley at Deal at the same time that Whitefield sailed for Georgia. The newly-kindled fire had no time to burn low. Wesley at once began his labours, and that with such power as to bring upon him the anger and opposition which must have come upon Whitefield, had he stayed any longer in London. On Saturday, February 4, 1737–8, one day after his arrival in London, he preached at St. John the Evangelist's, and so offended many of the best of the parish, that he was afterwards informed he was not to preach there any more. Eight days afterwards he preached with the same result at St. Andrew's, Holborn; then in quick succession the doors of St. Lawrence's, St. Catherine Cree's, Great St. Helen's; St. Ann's, Aldersgate; St. John's, Wapping; St. Bennett's, Paul's Wharf; St. George's, Bloomsbury; and the chapel at Long Acre, were closed in his face. More rejections might have followed, but early in June he started with his friend Ingham to see the brethren at Hernhuth, that they might together be refreshed by fellowship with enlightened and saintly men, whom Wesley regarded with holy envy as possessors of spiritual truth which he understood not. His mind seems to have been in much the same condition as was Whitefield's in the early part of his Oxford life, yet none can think that he was so far from the kingdom of God as he always

thought himself to be. The brethren of Hernhuth and others whom he met in England—especially Peter Böhler—said much to him about justification, and on his return home he experienced that conversion of which I have before spoken. Charles had already undergone it. Thus did both Wesley's great friends and helpers precede him in the practical knowledge of facts and doctrines which they all spent their lives in preaching.

The close of this year saw the beginning of the united work of all the three; and, for some time, their lives were closely blended together. They preached in the same rooms, prayed and spoke in the same meetings, and presided over the same private societies, which were formed for the nurture of the Christian life.

The day after Whitefield's arrival in London, he waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and was favourably received; but some of the clergy denied him their pulpits—five in two days. He also went to a meeting of the Methodist society, which had been formed in Fetter Lane, and joined them in their love-feast; an institution which Methodism still upholds, and which consists in eating a little bread and drinking a little water, singing and praying, and narrating personal religious experience. There were at this time other religious societies besides those which were springing out of the labours of the Methodists, and to some of them he had preached before he left for Georgia, getting them welcome collections for the charitable work they undertook. These societies, which were formed about 1675, were the result of lectures given by Dr. Horneck and Mr. Smithies to young men. Their original design was as near the Methodist model of class-meetings as possible, but circumstances modified them, at one time making them detectors and exposers of Popery; and, at another, reformers of the manners of the people, and prosecutors of criminals. They helped to foil the Popish machina-

tions of James II., and to deliver the terrified inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets from city thieves, who plundered their houses, and abused their persons. Altogether they could boast of having had to do with the closing of several markets which had been kept open on the Sunday; with the suppression of some hundreds of houses of ill-fame, and the punishment of their frequenters; with the prosecution of two thousand persons of bad repute, and the infliction upon them of whipping, fining, carting, &c.; and with the conviction of notorious swearers and sabbath-breakers. They crowded the bridewells with prisoners, and do not seem to have thought of kinder methods of reforming criminals. Better than all, they relieved the sick, buried the poor, sheltered orphans, established schools for the education of children, and sent them out to trades. Their influence over the pulpits of the city was great and useful, for they secured eminent clergymen to preach upon questions vitally affecting the present condition of the people, thus helping to form a healthy public opinion and an earnest public spirit. Perhaps they were somewhat too inquisitorial, and had too great a notion of treating men as small children; yet they did good service in their day; and although, in the time of Whitefield, they had, as he says, declined much from their original warmth of religious zeal and energy of action, they still were the friends of charity, and to them Whitefield partly owed some of his first popularity in the city.[1]

It must have been to one of these societies that he was preaching in Redcross Street, on Christmas Day, at four o'clock in the morning, when he first used extemporaneous prayer. A laborious day must that Christmas Day have been, with its first sermon at four, its second at six—when the preacher felt a 'little oppressed with drowsiness'—its sacramental service, and three more

[1] 'An Account of the Religious Societies in the City of London.' By J. Woodward, D.D., 1701.

sermons; and not an unworthy anniversary of a man's baptism. Besides, Whitefield had preached twice on Christmas Eve, and expounded to two societies—one of them the society at Fetter Lane—and then continued with many other brethren in prayer, singing, and thanksgiving, until nearly four o'clock in the morning. No wonder he felt a 'little oppressed with drowsiness!' That society at Fetter Lane was at present the heart of the Methodist movement, its central fire. The engagements of Christmas Eve, 1738, were only an example of the prolonged, fervent, and, one would have thought, exhausting, but, Whitefield says, refreshing and invigorating, devotions which the brethren engaged in there.

Sympathy of thought and feeling drew the band of men close together, and their souls glowed with a passion of religious zeal which must, sooner or later, break forth upon the land for good or evil, or both, while the opposition from without only fanned the flame. It was a hopeful and a dangerous time. Firstfruits of the coming movement abounded in the meeting—first 'watch-night meeting' (?)—in which the leaders and a company of sixty brethren celebrated the departure of the old year and the coming of the new. 'About three in the morning,' Wesley says, 'as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"' Five nights afterwards, eight 'ministers of Jesus Christ, despised Methodists, whom God in his providence brought together,' met at Islington to confer upon several things of importance, and continued in fasting and prayer until three o'clock, when they parted with 'the conviction that God was about to do great things.' The whole of the second

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night after that Whitefield spent at Fetter Lane in the same devout engagements, and the next day was got through with one hour's sleep. 'There was a great deal of divine influence amongst us,' he says.

Amid these numerous engagements, the object of his return to England to receive ordination as a priest, was not lost sight of. At the end of December he writes to a friend at Gloucester: 'I am appointed by the Trustees to be minister of Savannah. The Bishop of London (Dr. Gibson) accepts the title, and has given me letters dimissory to any other bishop. I have waited also on Dr. Secker, bishop of Oxford, who acquaints me that our worthy diocesan, good Bishop Benson, ordains for him to-morrow fortnight at Oxford, and that he will give me letters dimissory to him. God be praised! I was praying day and night, whilst on shipboard, if it might be the Divine will that good Bishop Benson, who laid hands on me as a deacon, might now make me a priest. And now my prayer is answered. Be pleased to wait on his lordship, and desire him to inform you, when I must be at Oxford in order to receive imposition of hands. Oh, pray that I may be duly prepared.' With the fire of the Fetter Lane meetings burning in his soul, he returned to Oxford; and on January 14, 1739, had the hands of 'good Bishop Benson' laid on him.[1] To make proof of his ministry he that day preached and administered the sacrament at the Castle, preached again in the afternoon at St. Alban's to a crowded congregation, the church

[1] Bishop Benson sent Lord Huntingdon, but evidently for the benefit of Lady Huntingdon, an account of the ordination, and added—'I hope this will give some satisfaction to my lady, and that she will not have occasion to find fault with your lordship's old tutor. Though mistaken on some points, I think him (Mr. Whitefield) a very pious, well-meaning young man, with good abilities and great zeal. I find his Grace of Canterbury thinks highly of him. I pray God grant him great success in all his undertakings for the good of mankind, and a revival of true religion and holiness among us in these degenerate days; in which prayer I am sure your lordship and my kind good Lady Huntingdon will most heartily join.'

being surrounded with gownsmen, who stood as attentive hearers at the windows, then joined in thanksgiving for all his mercies, read prayers at Carfax, expounded to a devout company at a private house, and spent the rest of the evening with thirteen more friends, doubtless in religious engagements.

On his return to London, the day after his ordination, he resumed the kind of life which has been described, —preaching, praying, expounding, and collecting money for his poor flock in Georgia. The only diversity was opposition to his doctrine of the new birth, to his and his brethren's use of extempore prayer, and to their using the private societies for religious purposes. These last, it was alleged, were offences against the canons and the act of Charles II. Whitefield replied that his meetings were for private worship, not public, and had no hostile intent against the Church. Another noticeable incident was his visit to Dr. Watts, now an old man, who received him 'most cordially.' But the most important fact of the month was the thought of preaching in the open air, which was suggested to him by a crowd of a thousand people having been unable to gain admission to Bermondsey Church, where he preached one Sunday afternoon. It met with no encouragement when he mentioned it to some of his friends; they thought it was a 'mad motion.' However, it would have been carried out the next Sunday at Ironmongers' Almshouses, had not the preacher been disappointed in his congregation, which was small enough to hear him from the pulpit. He took two sermons with him, one for within and the other for without. What were his impressions about this untoward circumstance he nowhere says; most probably he had humble and self-reproachful thoughts for having run before there seemed to be need.

Such intense and long continued work as he rushed into upon his return home could not fail to tell upon him, and

his entry in his journal on February 6 is such as one expects to see: 'Went to St. Helen's, where, all on a sudden, I was taken so ill in body, and was so deserted in soul, that I would have given anything for my written notes; yet God gave me to trust in Him for strength and assistance, and before I had done I was warm in heart, and strong enough in body to continue to offer Jesus Christ freely for a considerable time to all that would lay hold on Him by faith.' At this time we hear the sound of those peculiar Amens, which have distinguished the children of Methodism down to this late day. 'Many seemed to feel what was spoken, and said hearty and loud amens to my sentences.' The next day another keen attack struck him at Windsor. We shall see this weakness showing itself all through his life to the last; and if we keep in memory its existence, and not allow ourselves to think, as we follow him day and night through his ceaseless toils, that we are with a man who has no infirmities—who, as it has been expressed,[1] 'was gifted with an incapacity of fatiguing or of being fatigued'—we shall form a juster estimate of the heavenly fervour which triumphed first over his own frailness, and then over every outside difficulty. He was often fatigued beyond endurance; but the sight of his congregation, the delight he had in his work, and the strength which comes from above, quickened him to speak with freedom and power. 'Freedom and power'—these were the two qualities in his preaching which he prized before all others. If anything was present to gladden him these were his joy; if anything was absent and depressed him, these were the missing treasure. But not often was he without them; not often could he fear to appropriate the humble boast of St. Paul—'Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.'

[1] 'Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.' By Sir J. Stephen.

A short tour in the provinces gave him his first taste of direct hostility, the mob and the Church being of one mind in openly opposing him. It also gave him his first taste of the sweets of field preaching. There was truth in half of the exclamation which a not too devout observer uttered when Whitefield started from London: 'I believe the devil in hell is in you all'—that was the untrue half;—'Whitefield has set the town on fire, and now he is gone to kindle a flame in the country'—that was the true half. There was alarm among the powers of the Church in the cities of Bath and Bristol before his arrival there; and his application to preach in the Abbey church at Bath on behalf of the orphan-house was met with a positive refusal, although the bishop had given the Trustees of Georgia a promise, before Whitefield sailed for Georgia, that such a service might be held. The refusal came not, however, from the bishop. Similar treatment at Bristol, to which he at once withdrew, led to results so important, that we must devote another chapter to them.

CHAPTER VI.

February to April, 1739.

EXPELLED THE CHURCHES—OPEN AIR PREACHING.

'NEAR the city of Bristol is a tract of country called Kingswood. Formerly, as its name implies, it had been a royal chase, containing between three and four thousand acres; but it had been gradually appropriated by the several lords whose estates lay round about its borders; and their title, which for a long time was no better than what possession gave them, had been legalised. The deer had long since disappeared, and the greater part of the wood also; and coal mines having been discovered there, from which Bristol derives its chief supply of fuel, it was now inhabited by a race of people as lawless as the foresters their forefathers, but far more brutal, and differing as much from the people of the surrounding country in dialect as in appearance. They had at that time no place of worship, for Kingswood then belonged to the out-parish of St. Philip and Jacob; and if the colliers had been disposed to come from a distance of three or four miles, they would have found no room in the parish church of a populous suburb. When, upon his last visit to Bristol, before his embarkation, Whitefield spoke of converting the savages, many of his friends said to him, "What need of going abroad for this? Have we not Indians enough at home? If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood." '[1]

[1] Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' chap. vi.

And the colliers were still Indians when Whitefield revisited Bristol, the pious friends having, as is usual with those who dissuade from mission work, done nothing themselves to produce a change. Heathenism was at their doors, and they left it alone in its sin and misery, till the young clergyman should return from the Georgian Creeks and grapple with it; and even he might have failed in this gracious task had not opposition confronted him. When clergymen were cold, and the chancellor of the diocese captious, and churches scarce, Whitefield had time and inducements to carry out those loving wishes towards the colliers, which had stirred his heart for a long time; nor was the desire to attempt open-air preaching without its weight on the same side.

Understanding that the minister of St. Mary Redcliffe was willing to lend his church for sermons to be preached on behalf of the orphan-house, Whitefield applied first of all to him, and the answer was a civil refusal; the church could not be lent without a special order from the chancellor. To the chancellor Whitefield went. The reply from him was, 'that he would not give any positive leave, neither would he prohibit any one that should lend Whitefield a church; but he would advise him to withdraw to some other place till he had heard from the bishop, and not preach on that or any other occasion soon.' Whitefield asked him his reasons. He answered, 'Why will you press so hard upon me? The thing has given a general dislike.' Whitefield replied, 'Not the design of the orphan-house. Even those that disagree with me in other particulars approve of that. And as for the gospel, when was it preached without dislike?' The dean, when called upon soon after the interview with the chancellor, gave the same ambiguous replies with the same plain meaning: 'Mr. Whitefield, we would rather not say yea or nay to you; but we mean nay, and greatly wish that you would understand us so.'

The societies were still open, so was Newgate, and then there were the colliers. These last were visited on a Saturday afternoon for the first time. Whitefield took his stand on Hannan Mount, and spoke upon Matt. v. 1, 2, and 3, to as many as came to hear; upwards of two hundred attended. He does not say what were his feelings in his novel situation, nor what were the impressions upon his audience. His only remark in his journal is, 'Blessed be God that the ice is now broke, and I have now taken the field! Some may censure me. But is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge.' As this act was taken on the day after his interviews with the chancellor and the dean, he had lost no time in breaking the ice. Now he was the owner of a pulpit that no man could take from him, and his heart rejoiced in this great gift. But all in Bristol was not so dark on Sunday morning as it had been on Friday night and Saturday. Three pulpits were placed at his disposal, and from two of them he preached, one being that of St. Mary Redcliffe: there he had such a congregation as his eyes had never yet seen, and he preached with 'liberty.' But the most enjoyable part of the day was its close, which was spent with two of the societies. Monday opened the parish church of St. Philip and Jacob, and gave him a noble congregation, and a collection of eighteen pounds for his orphan-house.

Perhaps these quick, decisive movements put the chancellor on his mettle; for, on the Monday, a summons came from the apparitor commanding Whitefield's appearance before the chancellor. With this document in his pocket, Whitefield spent a joyful night among his friends in Baldwin Street; and on Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, he waited upon the chancellor, who plainly told him that he intended to stop his proceedings. 'I have sent for the register here, sir,' said he, 'to take

down your answer.' The first question was, by what authority Whitefield preached in the diocese of Bristol without a licence. Whitefield replied, that he thought that custom was grown obsolete. And then becoming questioner in turn, he asked the chancellor, 'And why, pray sir, did not you ask the clergyman this question who preached for you last Thursday?' He said that was nothing to Whitefield. He then read over part of the ordination office, and those canons that forbid any minister's preaching in a private house, &c.; and asked what Whitefield had to say to them. He answered, that he apprehended that those canons did not belong to professed ministers of the Church of England. The chancellor replied that they did. Again Whitefield resorted to the *ad hominem* method: 'There is also a canon, said I, sir, forbidding all clergymen to frequent taverns and play at cards; why is not that put in execution?' Said the chancellor—'Why does not some one complain of them, and then it would?' That is the old church scandal; doctrine and form are put before common morality; for not seldom has it been safer to break all the laws of God, while swearing to articles, or pronouncing party words, than to be undecided about an article, or unable to shape the words, yet loving to do the will of God. The chancellor next accused Whitefield of false doctrine, whereupon he received a proper answer: 'I cannot but speak the things I know; and I am resolved to proceed as usual.' 'Observe his answer, then, Mr. Register,' said he. Then, turning to Whitefield, he added, 'I am resolved, sir, if you preach or expound anywhere in this diocese, till you have a licence, I will first suspend, and then excommunicate you. And what I do is in the name of the clergy and laity of the city of Bristol.' How much truth there was in the whole statement appeared on the afternoon of the day that it was made. The laity of Bristol, who were said to want the silencing of

Whitefield, congregated in thousands around St. Nicholas' Church, hoping to hear him preach; but the lecturer sent word that orders were given by the clergyman that he should not preach in his church. The societies remained open, and the laity crowded their meetings that night.

The second interview with the chancellor was followed by the same action as the first, and with more encouraging results. On the following day the journal relates, 'All the church doors being now shut, and if open not able to contain half that came to hear, at three in the afternoon I went to Kingswood among the colliers. God highly favoured us in sending us a fine day, and near two thousand people were assembled on that occasion. I preached and enlarged on John iii. 3 for near an hour, and, I hope, to the comfort and edification of those that heard me.' Two days afterwards he stood upon the same spot, and preached to a congregation of four or five thousand with great freedom. The bright sun overhead and the immense throng standing around him in awful silence formed a picture which filled him with 'holy admiration.'

He kept up this double conflict with ecclesiastics and with the devil with surprising ease. From a sermon to Kingswood heathen, or an exposition to Newgate prisoners, to an interview with the chancellor, or a letter to the bishop, he could turn himself without discomfort; and the two kinds of engagements come up in his journal with an amusing regularity of sequence. In the following letter he told his case to the bishop:

'Bristol, Feb. 24, 1739.

'My Lord,—I humbly thank your lordship for the favour of your lordship's letter. It gave abundant satisfaction to me and many others, who have not failed to pray in a particular manner for your lordship's temporal and eternal welfare. To-day I showed your lordship's letter to the chancellor, who

(notwithstanding he promised not to prohibit my preaching for the orphan-house, if your lordship was only neuter in the affair) has influenced most of the clergy to deny me their pulpits, either on that or any other occasion. Last week he was pleased to charge me with false doctrine. To-day he has forgot that he said so. He also threatened to excommunicate me for preaching in your lordship's diocese. I offered to take a licence, but was denied. If your lordship should ask what evil I have done? I answer none, save that I visit the religious societies, preach to the prisoners in Newgate, and to the poor colliers in Kingswood, who, they tell me, are little better than heathens. I am charged with being a Dissenter, though many are brought to the Church by my preaching, not one taken from it. Indeed, the chancellor is pleased to tell me my conduct is contrary to canons; but I told him those canons which he produced were not intended against such meetings as mine are, where his majesty is constantly prayed for, and every one is free to see what is done. I am sorry to give your lordship this trouble, but I thought proper to mention these particulars, that I might know of your lordship wherein my conduct is exceptionable. I heartily thank your lordship for your intended benefaction. I think the design is truly good, and will meet with success, because so much opposed. God knows my heart, I desire only to promote His glory. If I am spoken evil of for His sake, I rejoice in it. My Master was long since spoken evil of before me. But I intrude on your lordship's patience. I am; with all possible thanks, my lord,

'Your lordship's dutiful son and servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

To the chancellor he wrote as follows:—

'Reverend Sir,—The enclosed is a letter I sent on Saturday to the Bishop of Bristol; be pleased to peruse, and see if anything contrary to truth is there related by,

'Reverend sir, your very humble servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

'Bristol, Feb. 26, $173\frac{8}{9}$.'

Of course the intervening day, Sunday, was devoted to preaching. Bussleton, a village two miles from Bristol,

opened its church to him, and a numerous congregation coming together, he first read prayers in the church and then preached in the churchyard. At four he hastened to Kingswood. Though the month was February the weather was unusually open and mild; the setting sun shone with his fullest power; the trees and hedges were crowded with hearers who wanted to see the preacher as well as hear him. For an hour he spoke with a voice loud enough to be heard by every one, and his heart was not without joy in his own message. Calling to mind the observation made on his setting out for the country, he wrote in his journal: 'Blessed be God, Mr. —— spoke right. The fire is kindled in the country; may the gates of hell never be able to prevail against it!' The day was closed by visits to two societies. At nine he came home rejoicing to find how all things turn out for the furtherance of the gospel. He began his day's work at six in the morning, and so weary as to think he could do nothing: fifteen hours' work out of a weary body! What a tale does that one Sunday tell of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh!

It is important to know what were his feelings when he met these immense field congregations, whose numbers had grown from two hundred to twenty thousand, and what were the effects of his preaching upon his audience. His own words are, 'Having no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was, to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which (as the event proved) happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to im-

pute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say, either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and was frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience, what our Lord meant by saying, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and, at times, all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame, me.'

The overpowering emotion of which he speaks, and the tears which made white gutters on the begrimed faces of the colliers, were the answer to his own passionate feelings. Seldom did he preach without drenching his audience in tears, and the effect was due quite as much to his unrestrained manifestation of strong feeling as to his words. Especially must this characteristic have struck the hearts of rough men, who, after having been long uncared for, at last saw a clergyman willing to endure fatigue and shame for the sake of preaching to them. He spoke as having nothing to keep back from them, as having nothing to be ashamed of, least of all of those tender yearnings of divine compassion which had constrained him to come to them, and instead of assuming a placid composure which he did not feel he let his whole manner express what was in him. 'I hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping more or less,' said his friend Cornelius Winter, 'and I truly believe his were the tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted

by his affection; and I have heard him say in the pulpit, "You blame me for weeping, but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught you know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you." His freedom in the use of his passions often put my pride to the trial. I could hardly bear such unreserved use of tears, and the scope he gave to his feelings, for sometimes he exceedingly wept, stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome, that, for a few seconds, you would suspect he never could recover; and when he did, nature required some little time to compose herself.'

The visit to Bristol was interrupted for a few days to make an excursion into Wales; but, although this was the first appearance of a famous, avowed Methodist among the Welsh, Methodism was already among them, both in mode and spirit. Clergymen had gone beyond parish boundaries, preaching to large congregations in churches, in churchyards, and in fields; religious societies, founded upon the rules which Dr. Woodward had laid down for the societies in London, were scattered here and there to the number of thirty; the great doctrines and holy commandments of the Gospel were taught with power which fell little, if at all, below that which marked the ministrations of Whitefield. The two prime movers in the work were Griffith Jones and Howel Harris.

Griffith Jones, rector of Llanddowror, Caermarthenshire, was a man of ardent piety and noble courage, and the greatest preacher in the principality in his day. His fame extended far beyond the limits of his own cure; and congregations not favoured with so popular and useful a ministry as was his, would send him pressing invitations to come and preach to them. Nor, in spite of constitutional weakness, was he unwilling to accept the calls. He

so arranged his tours as to take several places at the same time, and generally in Easter or Whitsun-week, when he knew that wakes, fairs, and other riotous gatherings of the people would be doing their destructive work. In this irregular work he preceded all the English Methodists; and it is not unlikely that Whitefield had his example in his mind when he stood up at Kingswood and in Moorfields. But there was not always unanimity between the parishioners and their clergy about these invitations and visits. Idle and irreligious clergymen did not like to be placed in contrast with the diligent rector; and so, after the churchwarden had announced the coming visitor, the incumbent would often make sure of the church-key, and compel both his people and their favourite preacher to take their stand in the open air. The next act of brotherly charity was to lodge an accusation in the Ecclesiastical Court, and torment the rector with law. He had twenty years of litigation.

But Griffith Jones's 'Welsh Circulating Schools' eclipsed his labours as a preacher. He conceived the idea of settling a schoolmaster in a locality where the people had requested to be taught—of his continuing there until all who wished for instruction had received it, and then of his passing on to the next place where he was wanted. The instruction was not, of course, very elaborate: it consisted in reading the Bible in the Welsh tongue, in psalmody, and in knowing the catechism. Its object was eminently religious. Jones wanted the people to be able to follow him intelligently in the service of the Church, and to help themselves when he was not with them. As helpers in his work he was obliged, on account of the bad state of the Established Church, to fall back upon Nonconformists, who supplied him with most of his teachers. These he trained in a seminary at Llanddowror. Staunch churchman as he was, he had to turn from his own communion, and unwillingly seek the co-operation of men whose eccle-

siastical views were disagreeable to him. His benevolence, his zeal, his foresight, and his charity were amply justified and rewarded by the results of his work. Within ten years of the establishment of the schools, or two years after Whitefield paid his first visit to Wales, there were one hundred and twenty-eight schools, and seven thousand five hundred and ninety-five persons instructed in them. Twenty years later, ten thousand persons were taught to read in one year.[1]

The testimony of this true churchman and devoted Christian as to the religious condition of his country may be taken as of some account. He says: 'I must also do justice to the Dissenters in Wales, and will appeal for the truth of it to all competent judges, and to all those themselves who separate from us (except only such who have hardly any more charity for those they differ from than the Church of Rome), that it was not any scruple of conscience about the principles or orders of the Established Church that gave occasion to scarce one in ten of the Dissenters in this country to separate from us at first, whatever objections they may afterwards imbibe against conforming. No, sir; they generally dissent at first for no other reason than for want of plain, practical, pressing, and zealous preaching, in a language and dialect they are able to understand; and freedom of friendly access to advise about their spiritual state. When they come (some way or other) to be pricked in their hearts for their sins, and find perhaps no seriousness in those about them, none to unbosom their griefs to, none that will patiently hear their complaints, and deal tenderly by their souls, and dress their wounds, they flee to other people for relief, as dispossessed demoniacs will no longer frequent the tombs of the dead. For, though the Church of England is allowed to be as sound and healthful a part of the catholic church as any in the world, yet when people are

[1] 'History of Nonconformity in Wales,' by Thomas Rees, p. 351.

awakened from their lethargy and begin to perceive their danger, they will not believe that there is anything in reason, law, or gospel that should oblige them to starve their souls to death for the sake of conforming, if their pastor (whose voice, perhaps, they do not know, or who resides a great way from them) will not vouchsafe to deal out unto them the Bread of Life.'[1]

If for Dissenters, in the above extract, we read Methodists, from the time of Whitefield's labours, we shall have a sound explanation of the causes why Methodism gained such a footing among the Welsh. An idle, incapable, irreligious clergy will not be tolerated for ever, even by the most abject of nations; and only one result can follow. When anyone, whether clergyman, Dissenter, or Churchman, with religious life in his soul, speaks the things he knows and believes, the people will go and hear him.

Howel Harris was born in January, 1714, thirty years after Griffith Jones, and eleven months before Whitefield. The Welsh and the English preachers were very similar in disposition. When youths, they both were sprightly and fond of a jest. When men and ministers, they both were irresistibly earnest, vehement, solemn, exciting rage or subduing their audiences like children, Harris perhaps being the sterner of the two. Underneath all his lightness of manner there had lain, as in the case of Whitefield, much religious seriousness from the days of his childhood to the time of his becoming a new man, which was in 1735, about the same time that Whitefield passed through his memorable change. A sharp, incisive sentence, spoken by his vicar, struck into his conscience, and made him resolve to live a new life. It was this, 'If you are not fit to come to the Lord's table, you are not fit to come to church; you are neither fit to live nor die.' His mind was filled with alarm when he discovered how vast were the

[1] Welsh piety for 1741 (quoted from Rees' 'History of Nonconformity in Wales,' p. 356).

claims of the divine law, and how imperfect had been his acknowledgment of them. Then he fasted, and denied himself every temporal comfort, in order to subdue his depravity; but all was of no avail, until he believed that Christ had died for him, and that all his sins had been laid on Him. Ignorant of all the disputed points of religion, he lived in the simple faith that God loved him, and would, for His own name's sake, love him freely to the end.

His tender, earnest, pure mind was much shocked by the prevailing wickedness of his native land, its neglect of family worship, its swearing, lying, and reviling, its drunkenness, fighting, and gaming. He also expresses his concern about the neglect of the people by their pastors, which, considering how his own religious life had been quickened, strikes one as somewhat strange, and leads us to conclude either that he must have been very unfair to his own vicar, or that the vicar must have been addicted to good preaching, when he did preach, and yet have been an unfaithful shepherd. His zeal found work among some poor people who went every Sunday night to hear him preach in his mother's house; and he soon became 'the talk of the country.'

In November, 1735, he went to Oxford, and entered at St. Mary's Hall; but Oxford had nothing congenial, or he failed to find it; and, instead of continuing there, as Whitefield and the Wesleys had done, and as other devout men were doing at the time he was there, at the end of the term he returned to Wales, weary of the place, because, as he says, of 'the irregularities and wickedness which surrounded him.'

'After my return, I was occupied in going from house to house, until I had visited nearly the whole of the parish in which I was born'—Talgarth, in Brecon—'together with some of the neighbouring ones. The people began now to assemble in vast numbers, so that the houses in

which I addressed them were too small for the congregations. The word was attended with such power, that many cried out on the spot for the pardon of their sins. Such as lived in malice acknowledged their faults, made peace with one another, and appeared concerned about their eternal state. The parish churches were now better attended, and family worship was set up in many houses.'[1]

Opposition from the clergy, the magistrates, and the populace checked the enterprise a little. He next opened a school; and, at the end of 1736, a novel method of employing his gift suggested itself. He accompanied from parish to parish a young man who went about to instruct young people in psalmody; and, at the close of the music lesson, offered 'a word of exhortation.' Then he set on foot the religious societies to which I have referred. He went on teaching his school in the day, and preaching at night and on the Sunday, until his school was taken from him, which only gave him the greater opportunity to accept every invitation to preach; instead of the odd night services he preached now to crowded auditories from three to six times a day.

A fiercer storm answered his larger devotion. He says, 'Now I was loaded with all manner of calumnies, from all quarters. The magistrates threatened me, and the clergy preached against me, branding me with the character of a false prophet and deceiver. The mob was also active, lying in wait for me in many places, with mischievous intentions. Yet during all this I was carried as on wings of an eagle triumphantly over all. I took no particular texts, but discoursed freely, as the Lord gave utterance. The gift I had received was to convince the conscience of sin. There appeared now a general reformation in several counties. Public diversions were

[1] Morgan's 'Life and Times of Howel Harris,' in Rees' 'Welsh Nonconformity,' p. 362.

laid aside, religion became a common subject of conversation, and places of worship were everywhere crowded. The Welsh Charity Schools, by the exertions of the Rev. Griffith Jones, began to spread; people in general expressed a willingness to receive instruction; and societies were formed in many places.'[1]

About this time a friend brought him news of Whitefield's labours in London, immediately before sailing for Georgia; and at once the young Welshman felt his heart united to Whitefield 'in such a manner as he had never felt the like with anyone before.' He longed to see him, but that was impossible. To his great joy, however, a letter came to him from Whitefield, soon after his return from Georgia.

'London, December, 1738.

'My dear brother,—Though I am unknown to you in person, yet I have long been united to you in spirit; and have been rejoiced to hear how the good pleasure of the Lord prospered in your hands. Go on, go on! He that sent you will assist, comfort, and protect you, and make you more than conqueror through His great love. I am a living monument of this truth. I love you, and wish you may be the spiritual father of thousands, and shine as the sun in the kingdom of your heavenly Father. Oh, how shall I joy to meet you at the judgment seat! How you would honour me if you would send a line to your affectionate though unworthy brother,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

To this letter Harris replied the day after its reception. The following are extracts from it:—

'Glamorgan, Jan. 8, 1739.

'Dear brother,—I was most agreeably surprised last night by a letter from you. The character you bear, the spirit I see and feel in your work, and the close union of my soul and spirit to

[1] Morgan's 'Life and Times of Howel Harris,' in Rees' 'Welsh Nonconformity,' p. 369.

yours, will not allow me to use any apology in my return to you. Though this is the first time of our correspondence, yet I can assure you I am no stranger to you. When I first heard of you and your labours and success, my soul was united to you, and engaged to send addresses to heaven on your behalf. When I read your diary, I had some uncommon influence of the Divine presence shining upon my poor soul almost continually. And my soul was, in an uncommon manner, drawn out on your account; but I little thought our good Lord and Master intended I should ever see your handwriting. Sure, no person is under such obligations to advance the glory of free goodness and grace as this poor prodigal. Oh, how ravishing it is to hear of the Divine love and favour to London! And, to make your joy greater still, I have some more good news to send you from Wales. There is a great revival in Cardiganshire through one Mr. D. Rowlands, a Church clergyman, who has been much owned and blessed in Caermarthenshire also. We have also a sweet prospect in Breconshire and part of Monmouthshire. I hint this in general, as I could not testify my love any way more agreeably to your soul, than to let you know how the interest of our good, gracious, and dear Saviour prospers hereabouts. Were you to come to Wales it would not be labour in vain. I hope the faithful account I have given you will excite you to send again a line to him that would be sincerely yours, in Christ Jesus, whilst H. H.'

Though it was of no small use to Harris, who was greatly distressed about his own irregular mode of preaching, to hear Whitefield's encouraging 'Go on, go on!' he yet was not completely satisfied. His fear of not being right made him halt in his step; but the importunity of the people, the visible good tendency of his labours, the approbation of many whom he regarded as good ministers, and the continual power he felt helping him in his work, at length overcame every scruple. Besides, he had several times offered himself for holy orders, and been refused, because he preached as a layman, and so he was shut up to this way, or to total silence.

It will be seen from these sketches of Griffith Jones

and Howel Harris what was the state of things in the Church of England in Wales, and to some extent in Nonconformity. The preaching of the godly clergy was frowned upon by their own brethren, and supported, as well as welcomed, by the Dissenters.

We can also understand why Whitefield broke away for a few days from the thousands of Bristol and Kingswood. His soul and the soul of Harris leaped to each other like flames of fire.

An incident of the short passage to Wales is much too characteristic of the times to be omitted. Contrary winds delayed Whitefield at the New Passage, and he says, 'At the inn there was an unhappy clergyman, who would not go over in the passage-boat because I was in it. Alas! thought I, this very temper would make heaven itself unpleasant to that man, if he saw me there. I was told that he charged me with being a Dissenter. I saw him, soon after, shaking his elbows over a gaming table.' How inevitably the figure of this priest recalls the 'young fellow in a rusty gown and cassock, who,' as Roderick Random 'afterwards understood, was curate of a neighbouring parish.' 'However,' according to the testimony of the exciseman who helped Parson Shuffle to cheat the two farmers, and who therefore ought to have known his own friend, 'the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity in making a comfortable livelihood in spite of such a small allowance. You hear he plays a good stick, and is really diverting company; these qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes; and, as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him. . . He can shift a card with such address that it is impossible to discover him.' Some parsons in the north and some in the west do not seem to have been much unlike in the days of Smollett and Whitefield.

The Welsh visit was very short, and was marked with those experiences which Whitefield was to know as com-

mon things for the rest of his life. First of all, the church at Cardiff was denied him, and he had to resort to the town-hall, where he preached from the judge's seat to a small audience of four hundred people. No outrage was attempted in the building, but some of the baser sort amused themselves by trailing a dead fox around it outside —a very trifling annoyance to a preacher with such lung power, and who could make himself heard in spite of the shouting and noise. Then there were 'melting' meetings of a more private sort with the religious societies; and on the whole he had reason, as he says, to think that there was 'a most comfortable prospect of the spreading of the gospel in Wales.'

On his return to Bristol he had to suffer meaner opposition than any he had met with before. Newgate, where he had delighted to preach to the prisoners, and where, by his gifts, he had relieved much distress, was closed against him. Unwilling to lose their friend and teacher, many of the prisoners sent a petition to the mayor, praying that he might be allowed to come among them as usual; but the mayor would not grant them their request. Mr. Dagge, the keeper, a convert and friend of Whitefield, remonstrated, and urged that Whitefield preached agreeably to Scripture; but the only answer was, to appoint another clergyman to the post of chaplain—for shame forbade his denying the poor unfortunates all religious aid. This disappointment was cause for great rejoicing to the expelled Methodist, who, taking up St. Paul's language, wrote in his journal, 'Some preach Christ out of contention, and others of good will: however, Christ is preached.'

His persecution had ample compensation in the new power of which he had become conscious, and in the new field of labour which he had found since his arrival in the west, the fields giving him room enough for any congregation, and the people delighting to meet him there in

all weathers, even the cold and snow of March not being able to keep them away. At Bath, at Bristol, and in the neighbouring villages, he was daily engaged in preaching to thousands,—in the churches if he could gain admission to them, and if not, then under the May-pole or in the fields, or in any open space where the people had a right to assemble. Then it was that he felt the wonderful influence which pervades mighty audiences, possessed with one concern, bending their attention to one subject, and engaged in one common service. His favourite congregation was the Kingswood one, which met on the Sunday. The crowds standing in awful silence, and the echo of their singing running from side to side, was, he says, very solemn and striking. Weariness and sickness often oppressed him, yet he always found strength when the task faced him, and probably he ended feeling vigorous and well. He was already beginning to learn the curative properties of effort, and to trust for invigoration to what exhausted him. Then, too, there was popular sympathy on his side. He had but to take his stand anywhere, and an audience was before him. When Newgate was closed, and his sister's room, where he had been accustomed to address a congregation as early as six o'clock on Sunday morning, could not accommodate a fourth of the people who came, some gentlemen gave him the use of a bowling-green; and his first congregation in that novel church was five thousand. This was his first attempt at preaching in the open air early in the morning. Its success, and the kindness of friends who had come to his rescue, cheered and encouraged him; his heart was full to breaking of grateful emotion. Sympathy, and, more and better than that, deep religious concern, displayed themselves in a striking manner when he came to the bowling-green for his second service, which was only thirty-four hours after his first, and on a Monday afternoon. His hearers crowded the windows and balconies

of the adjoining houses as well as occupied the green, and great was their excitement when the preacher's heart flowed forth in fervent prayer for them, and his tongue began to enlarge on a theme which never failed to command all his powers—the love and free grace of Jesus Christ.

Pressed by repeated invitations, he next presented himself in a very different part of the city, where many dwelt who neither feared God nor regarded man, and preached to thousands in a yard of the glass-houses, declaring both the threatenings and promises of the Almighty, so that none might either presume or despair.

At this service Whitefield was called upon to show his wisdom and firmness in managing the unruly mob which he had called together. While he was preaching, he heard the holloaing which only an English crowd can raise when excited; and thinking that it came from some troublers, he gave no heed to it, but went on, depending on the strength of his voice, the importance of his subject, and the blessing of God, to hold his audience together, and win their hearts to truth. His sermon finished, he inquired about the noise, and was told that a drunk 'gentleman' had taken the liberty to call him a dog, and to say that he ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, at the same time offering money to anyone who would pelt him. The hint was at once taken; only, to the 'gentleman's' surprise, the boys and people near him, thinking that it would be better justice to pelt the drunkard than the preacher, poured a shower of stones and dirt on him. On hearing the story Whitefield condemned the behaviour of his champions in strong terms, and finished with a moral drawn from the 'gentleman's' experience—'What sorry wages the devil gives his servants.'

His courage and tact were sometimes severely tried, but more at Bath than Bristol, by the scoffing which he heard as he passed through the crowd, and by the

laughter which greeted him when he mounted a table for his pulpit. The merriment never lasted long; for that true love and unusual zeal which carried him to such congregations bore him strongly and patiently on with his work, and it was not in human nature to continue trifling with one so superior to the passions of his audience. Whoever came to annoy must either submit to the spell which soon caught the most of the audience, and stay, either a willing or an unwilling hearer, or go away disappointed of his sport. To the last we shall find that Whitefield was never beaten, hazardous and questionable as some of his efforts afterwards were. His convictions on the power of preaching, penned after he had hushed and awed a jeering crowd at Bath, give in part the secret of his confidence: 'Men may say what they please, but there is something in this foolishness of preaching which, when attended with a Divine energy, will make the most stubborn heart bend or break. "Is not my word like fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"'

The picture of his life at Bristol would not be complete without some mention of his kind and fraternal intercourse with Quakers, which may be said to have begun in that city. The fiery, vehement, weeping clergyman had as great attractions for them as for any body of men, and he was often invited to enjoy their hospitality. Always willing to hear what good men had to say for their particular views, he discussed with them their arguments for discarding all outward signs, for omitting baptism and the Lord's Supper, for denying an outward call to the ministry, and for insisting so much upon an inward life, and told them that he thought their omissions were not satisfactory, while their positive view, the holding to an inward life, placed religion too much in the non-use of externals. He thought it was good that they should desire an internal Christ; but, for his part, he

wanted an external Christ as well; so marvellously did he fail, on account of the scholastic way in which he had been taught to look upon theological truth, to apprehend the true oneness between much of his own teaching and theirs. When he preached he insisted as much as George Fox himself upon the necessity of having Christ in the heart, of being spiritually minded, of following a 'Light which never was on sea or shore,' and of attaching more value to the hidden life of the soul than to the outward life of forms. He was almost a Quaker in an Anglican's gown. But when he chatted with the Quaker by the fireside, he was the gownsman of Oxford, jealous for his orders, his calling, and the sacraments that he had to administer. However, he cared little for the differences when he considered the sincerity and simplicity among his friends, thought that their catholic spirit was beautiful, and prayed God to keep him from extremes.

The time when he must leave the city was near; and that his work might not fall to the ground, or come to a stand after his departure, he again and again requested Wesley to come from London, and carry it on; but Wesley could not be sure that he ought to go. His inclination was not towards Bristol; and, on resorting to his practice of bibliomancy, many passages of Scripture had a sinister meaning. They were these, 'Get thee up into this mountain; and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people.' 'And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days.' 'I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.' 'And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.' His journey was next proposed to the society in Fetter Lane. Charles could not bear the mention of it; but an appeal to a Bible, opened at haphazard, brought him under the power of these strong words: 'Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire

of thine eyes with a stroke: yet thou shalt not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down;' and thinking that they were a voice from heaven, he held his peace. Still the brethren were not satisfied, and, to settle the difficulty, an appeal was made to the lot. This said he must go. Many wanted a divine confirmation of this supposed divine announcement, and the rest consenting to the suggestion, a Bible was opened thrice, and these were the Scriptures hit upon: 'Now there was long war between the house of Saul and the house of David; but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker.' 'When wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed, shall I not now require his blood at your hands, and take you away from the earth?' 'And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem.'

The journal of Whitefield contains the following entry for Saturday, March 31:—'Went this morning and visited the poor man who was misused at the glass-houses. He seemed much concerned for what he had done, and confessed he knew not what he did; upon which I took occasion to dissuade him from the sin of drunkenness, and parted from him very friendly. At eleven, I went and gave the prisoners a farewell private exhortation, and left orders concerning the distribution of the money that had been collected for them. At four, I preached as usual at the poor-house, where was a greater congregation than ever, and, at my return home, I was much refreshed with the sight of my honoured friend, Mr. John Wesley, whom I had desired to come hither, and whom I had now the pleasure of introducing to my friends, he having never before been at Bristol. Help him, Lord Jesus, to water what thy own right hand hath planted, for thy mercy's sake.' Wesley writes in his journal, 'Saturday, 31. In the evening, I reached Bristol, and

met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church.' The freer and more impetuous nature of Whitefield stands out in all distinctness from the statesmanlike nature of the founder of Wesleyan Methodism, as the two friends begin the work of Sunday. Whitefield had seen, more by the instinct of his quick emotions than by the reasoning of his mind, the value of his irregular work, and already had its fruits approved it to him as acceptable to God; and that day he went out confident and joyful, while Wesley was bewildered and half inclined to turn away. True to his cautious, practical mind, Wesley adopted field preaching only when he had seen its worth, just as he took up the class-meeting idea from others, and only consented to lay preaching because it had been started by men more headlong than himself, and then supported by the wisdom and piety of his mother, who warned him not to hinder a work of God. Others moved, he quickly followed; and, if it was found practicable, passed on and took the lead.

Whitefield took him the round of his work on April 1, and any heart less bold and less devoted than Wesley's must have quailed when he saw what was expected of him. They began at the bowling-green with the usual Sunday morning service, which was attended by a larger audience than ever. They went to Hannam Mount, where the colliers and others came in unusually great numbers. They passed on to Rose Green, and here the congregation was more enlarged than either of the other two. Twenty-four coaches and many horsemen mingled with the crowd, and though the wind was not so favourable as usual, 'I was strengthened,' White-

field says, 'to cry aloud, and take my last farewell.' Prayers, blessings, and good wishes were showered on him as they returned to the city. At seven, Whitefield went to take his leave of one of the societies, and found the room and the way to it so crowded that he had to mount a ladder, and come at the door by climbing over the tiling of an adjoining house.

The morning of the following day was spent in talking with those who came to take their leave, and tears were freely shed on both sides. Crowds were hanging about the door when he left, and a company of twenty friends accompanied him out of the city on horseback; and if he was leaving no small gifts behind, he also was carrying away a substantial gift of two hundred pounds for his orphan-house.

He travelled by way of Kingswood; for his collier friends, who had always been kind and hospitable, wanted to receive a last service at his hand, and to show him a last kindness. He says, 'Having taken a most sorrowful leave, and passed through the people of Bristol, who poured out many blessings upon me, I came, about two, to Kingswood, where the colliers, unknown to me, had prepared an hospitable entertainment, and were very forward for me to lay the first stone of their school. At length I complied, and a man giving me a piece of ground, in case Mr. C. should refuse to grant them any, I laid a stone, and then kneeled down, and prayed God that the gates of hell might not prevail against our design. The colliers said a hearty Amen; and after I had given them a word of exhortation suitable to the occasion, I took my leave, promising that I would come amongst them again, if ever God should bring me back from Georgia to England. Fiat! Fiat!'

Whitefield had not been gone three hours from Bristol, when his friend Wesley submitted, as he says, to make himself more vile than he had been on the preceding day,

when he preached to one of the societies, by proclaiming in the highways the glad tidings of salvation to about three thousand people; and, on the following Sunday, he stepped fearlessly into the severe path that Whitefield had shown him a week before. Within three weeks of Wesley's assuming the lead of the Methodist movement, scenes such as Whitefield's preaching had not yet created became common: some of the hearers were seized with fearful agony and cried out; then they as suddenly shouted for joy.

On April 9, Whitefield, after having paid a second visit to Wales, reached his native city. A great packet of letters awaited him, giving him an account of the success of the gospel in different parts; and after reading them he writes in his journal, 'God grant I may see some such fruit amongst my own countrymen.' His prayer was speedily answered. Twice he was permitted the use of St. Michael's, but some were offended at the greatness of the congregations, and others complained that business was hindered; hence the clergyman was obliged to deny his pulpit for any more week-day services. He then resorted to the Boothall, the place where the judges sat, and to his brother's field; and thousands came to hear him. Early friends who took an interest in him and his work must have been peculiarly gratified, both with his vast and extending influence, and with the humble manner in which he bore his successes; and there was also one who had not been counted of that number, who had as much joy, perhaps more, than any of them. It was 'old Cole,' the dissenting minister. Some one had told the old man of the smart saying of the youth of thirteen about stories in the pulpit, and when he heard Whitefield tell one in one of the city pulpits, he quietly remarked, 'I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories as well as old Cole.' He used to subscribe himself Whitefield's curate, and follow him in his excursions into

the country to preach after him. 'These are days of the Son of Man, indeed,' he would exclaim, as he followed up the younger man's work. He had an end beautifully in keeping with his zeal and the simplicity of his character. One evening, while preaching, he was struck with death; he then asked for a chair to lean on till he concluded his sermon. That finished, they carried him upstairs, and he died. 'O blessed God,' exclaims Whitefield, when telling the story, 'if it be Thy holy will, may my exit be like his!' It was not unlike.

Chafford, Painswick, Stroud, Stonehouse—where three thousand people waited for him in the rain, and not one of them moved away until the sermon was done, though it rained the whole time—and Orwell were places which he visited during his Gloucester trip.

He performed a notable ceremony on the last morning of his stay. It was the baptism, by permission of the bishop, in St. Mary de Crypt, of a professed Quaker, of sixty years of age, who had become 'convinced of the necessity of being born again of water as well as of the Spirit.' The officiating clergyman not only exhorted the goodly number present, but took occasion to reflect, before the font where he himself was baptized, upon his frequent breaches of his baptismal vow.

Passing through Cheltenham, Badsey, Evesham, and Bengeworth, and preaching in bowling-greens, in town-halls, and in fields, as he went, he came to Oxford. Here, through his going to exhort one of the societies, the vice-chancellor fell foul of him. The society had before been threatened, if they continued to meet for exhortation; and when they all were upstairs, and on the point of bidding Whitefield good-bye before he started for London, the vice-chancellor sent for him to come down. The vice-chancellor was in a passion, and demanded to know whether Whitefield had his name in any book there. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; 'but I intend to take it out

soon.' The vice-chancellor said, 'Yes; and you had best take yourself out too, or otherwise I will lay you by the heels. What do you mean by going about, and alienating the people's affections from their proper pastors? Your works are full of vanity and nonsense; you pretend to inspiration. If you ever come again in this manner among these people, I will lay you first by the heels, and these shall follow.' Then he turned his back, and went away. Whitefield turned, and having prayed with his friends, set out for London. Letters from Savannah, containing good news, met him at Uxbridge, and made him desire an early departure to the people of his charge.

His eleven weeks' labour in the country had kindled a fire which is not extinguished to this day.

CHAPTER VII.

May to August, 1739.

IN MOORFIELDS; ON COMMONS; AT FAIRS AND RACES.

MR. STONEHOUSE, vicar of Islington, was favourable to Methodism, but his churchwarden was of another mind. To which of the two posterity ought to feel the most grateful it would be hard to say—perhaps to the churchwarden. As soon as Whitefield arrived in London, the vicar gave him the use of his pulpit for a week-day service. The churchwarden would dispute Whitefield's right. In the midst of the prayers he entered the church, demanded Whitefield's licence, and forbade his preaching without one. No licence was forthcoming, nor was the preacher sorry for that, though by being in priest's orders and holding the living of Savannah, which was in the diocese of London, he felt that he had legal standing ground. For peace sake he determined not to preach in the church. When the communion service was over he withdrew to the churchyard, and preached there, feeling assured that his Master now called him out in London, as well as in Bristol. In a letter, written to a friend that day, he said that his Master had, by His providence and Spirit, compelled him to preach in the churchyard at Islington. 'To-morrow I am to repeat that mad trick, and on Sunday to go out into Moorfields. The word of the Lord runs and is glorified. People's hearts seem quite broken. God strengthens me exceedingly. I preach till I sweat through and through.' He evidently was well satisfied with being driven to adopt

his country practices, or he would not have announced his intention to preach at Moorfields on the second day after his expulsion, or withdrawal, whichever it may be called, from Islington Church.

The news of his going to Moorfields soon spread through the city; and many, on hearing it, said that if he ventured into that domain of the rabble he would never come out alive. Moorfields, which had been the first brickyard of London, next the exercise ground of the city archers, then the site of Bedlam, and afterwards the City Mall, where fashion took its daily stroll, had fallen into the possession of the roughest part of the population, simply by this part's presenting itself in the presence of fashion, and desiring to share, in its peculiar way, the shade of the trees and the smoothness of the paths. The partnership was quietly declined. To this place and to this people Whitefield felt himself called to take his message of love and peace. On Sunday morning, April 29, an 'exceeding great multitude' assembled in the 'fields' to hear him; but, to while away the time before his arrival, there was a little preliminary sport in breaking to pieces a table which had been placed for his pulpit. In due time he drove up in a coach, accompanied by some friends, and, with one of them on either side, attempted to force his way to the place where the table ought to have been found. His bodyguard was soon detached from him, and he was left at the mercy of the congregation, which at once parted, and made an open way for him to the middle of the 'fields,' and thence—for there was no pulpit there—to the wall which divided the upper and lower 'fields,' upon which he took his stand. It was a novel sight to the preacher—that mass of London rabble—as his eye ranged over it; it was a more novel sight to the people—that young clergyman in gown, bands, and cassock, as he lifted himself up before them. His tall, graceful figure; his manly and com-

manding bearing; his clear blue eyes, that melted with tenderness and kindness; his raised hand, which called for attention—everything about him declared him a man who was capable of ruling them; and they were willing to listen to him. When he spoke, and they heard his strong but sweet voice, exquisitely modulated to express the deepest, strongest passion, or the soberest instruction, or the most indignant remonstrance, they stood charmed and subdued. Then his message was so solemn and so gracious, something in which every one was interested both for time and eternity; and he delivered it as if it were all real to him, as indeed it was; as if he believed it and loved it, and wanted them also to accept it, as indeed he did. No scoffer durst raise his shout, no disturber durst meddle with his neighbour, as the thrilling text flew all around, every one hearing it, 'Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man cometh;' and as the preacher, with finger pointed upwards, cried, 'There shall be a day wherein these heavens shall be wrapt up like a scroll—the elements melt with fervent heat—this earth and all things therein be burnt up, and every soul of every nation summoned to appear before the dreadful tribunal of the righteous Judge of quick and dead, to receive rewards or punishments according to the deeds done in their bodies.' Quietness and attention reigned through all the host while, for perhaps an hour and a half, he spoke of the wise and the foolish virgins, and then—for he had a pleasant egotism, which for a moment turned men's minds to himself only to direct them onward to the Master—entreated them, with a last entreaty, not to reject his message because he was young. 'Oh! do not turn a deaf ear to me,' he begged; 'do not reject the message on account of the meanness of the messenger! I am a child, a youth of uncircumcised lips, but the Lord has chosen me, that the glory might be all His own. Had He sent

to invite you by a learned Rabbi, you might have been tempted to think the man had done something. But now God has sent a child that cannot speak, that the excellency of the power may be seen to be not of man, but of God. Let letter-learned Pharisees, then, despise my youth; I care not how vile I appear in the sight of such men, I glory in it; and I am persuaded, if any of you should be set upon your watch by this preaching, you will have no reason to repent that God sent a child to cry, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!" O my brethren! the thought of being instrumental in bringing some of you to glory fills me with fresh zeal. Once more, therefore, I entreat you—"Watch, watch and pray;" for the Lord Jesus will receive all that call upon Him faithfully. Let that cry, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!" be continually sounding in your ears; and begin now to live as though you were assured this was the night in which you were to be summoned to go forth to Him.'

At five o'clock in the evening of the same day he met, on Kennington Common, an audience computed at twenty thousand, and of a higher class of people than he had addressed in the morning. The wind, which was favourable, carried his words to the farthest hearer; the whole company listened with as much decorum as a congregation in a church, joined in the psalm and the Lord's prayer, and dispersed, evidently touched and moved by what they had heard.

All his time was now devoted to preparation for the voyage to Georgia, and to open-air preaching. All went well between him and the Trustees, who received him with much 'civility;' agreed to everything he asked; and gave him a grant of five hundred acres of land, to him and his successors for ever, for the use of the orphan-house. The liberality of the Trustees was rivalled by that of the congregations at Moorfields and Kennington

Common, for in nine days he collected from them almost two hundred pounds. The Common was his church on the Sunday evening and during the week, and at the close of the services he stood on the eminence from which he had preached, to receive the gifts of the people, who crowded to him from below. Moorfields was his church on the Sunday morning, and, after his third service there, he collected fifty-two pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, more than twenty pounds of which was in halfpence. He declares that he was nearly weary of receiving their mites, and that one man could not carry the load home. The evident emotion of the people while he preached, their awe, their silence, their tears, and the generosity with which, evening after evening, they responded to his appeals for his orphan-house, showed that he had their faith and sympathy, and that his word was bringing forth fruit. Letters came telling him how useful his preaching had been to the writers; and many persons waited on him to receive further private instruction. He even says that he could mark an alteration for the better in the congregation at Kennington Common, which had from the first been exemplary. No doubt many came from anything but religious motives, as where is the congregation which is without the idle, the curious, the formal, the foolish, who do not come to be made any better, and who would be greatly startled if they were? The second congregation at Moorfields, which was composed of about twenty thousand people, most likely had many sightseers; and so, most likely, had the congregation on the Common, on the evening of the same day—a congregation which was reckoned to consist of between thirty and forty thousand persons on foot, besides many horsemen, and about eighty coaches. The sight that evening was such as surprised even Whitefield, well accustomed as he had become to look down upon vast crowds.

Quick, enterprising men, who perhaps would have had

as much pleasure, if not a little more, in erecting stands on a racecourse, or stalls at a wake, saw that a sunshiny day for trade had come, and soon provided accommodation in the shape of waggons, scaffolds, and other contrivances; and the audience gladly paid for it. There was a pew-rent and a collection at every service; but with this advantage, that no official brought the collecting-box round, and no hearer was compelled to occupy a stand, or go without the privilege of hearing.

It is said that the singing of these congregations could be heard two miles off, and Whitefield's voice nearly a mile.[1]

Much as Whitefield felt the importance of his work, deeply persuaded as he was that God had called him to it, and encouraging as were the sympathy and help of the people, he was not able to throw off some sense of discomfort arising from his being an outcast from the sanctuaries and pulpits of his Church, and from his having to gather his money for the orphan-house in such an irregular way. Something of this feeling manifests itself in an entry in his journal, while he was in the first flush of his out-door popularity: 'I doubt not,' he says, 'but many self-righteous bigots, when they see me spreading out my hands to offer Jesus Christ freely to all, are ready to cry out, "How glorious did the Rev. Mr. Whitefield look to-day, when, neglecting the dignity of a clergyman, he stood venting his enthusiastic ravings in a gown and cassock upon a common, and collecting mites from the poor people." But if this is to be vile, Lord grant that I may be more vile. I know this foolishness of preaching is made instrumental to the conversion and edification of numbers. Ye scoffers, mock on; I rejoice, yea, and will

[1] 'It is recorded that when preaching at Monimail, in Fife, in the open air, his (Irving's) sermon was heard distinctly by a lady seated at her own window a quarter of a mile off; and his voice was audible, though not distinctly, at double that distance.'—Oliphant's 'Life of Irving,' p. 265 (note).

rejoice.' The intenseness of his feeling while writing those words was not the calm satisfaction of one who could afford to let others scoff or praise as they might please; it was the struggle of a man who felt acutely the disadvantages of his new position, and who was determined to accept them only because they were associated with duty and heavenly privilege; there was a conflict between the flesh and the Spirit.

It is not an unwelcome release to get disengaged from these eager, excited congregations, to follow the preacher, and mark how he attempted to fulfil the precepts he had publicly taught. He does not appear to disadvantage when seen nearer at hand. One day he received a letter dated from Bethlehem Hospital, No. 50, which read thus:—

'*To the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, these.*

'Dear Sir,—I have read your sermon upon the New Birth, and hope I shall always have a due sense of my dear Redeemer's goodness to me, that He has so infinitely extended His mercy to me, which sense be pleased to confirm in me by your prayers; and may Almighty God bless and preserve you, and prosper your ministerial function. I wish, sir, I could have some explanatory notes upon the New Testament, to enlighten the darkness of my understanding, to make me capable of becoming a good soldier of Jesus Christ; but, above all, should be glad to see you.

'I am, dear sir, yours affectionately, with my whole heart,

'JOSEPH PERIAM.'

Periam was supposed to be mad, but in a new way; he was 'Methodically mad;' and his tender relations, father and sister, had sent him to Bethlehem Hospital, until the fit should leave him. The officials of the hospital treated him, on his reception, with the gross cruelty which one-while was practised towards all who were of weak mind. They thought he ought to have a huge dose of physic, but Periam, knowing that he was quite well, declined it,

when four or five attendants 'took hold of him, cursed him most heartily, put a key into his mouth, threw him upon the bed, and said (though Whitefield had not then either seen him or heard of him), "You are one of Whitefield's gang," and so drenched him.' Orders were given that neither Whitefield, nor any of Whitefield's friends, should see him; but Whitefield and his friend Seward were both admitted, when, in answer to Periam's request, they went to the hospital. They thought him sound, both in body and mind. His sister was of a different opinion, and cited three symptoms of his madness. First, that he fasted for near a fortnight. Secondly, that he prayed so as to be heard four story high. Thirdly, that he had sold his clothes, and given them to the poor. The fact is, he was a literalist. In his first religious anxiety, reading one day about the young man whom our Lord commanded to sell all, and give it to the poor, he thought that the words must be taken literally—so he sold his clothes, and gave the money to the poor. If poor Periam was mad for his close adhesion to the letter, it would take a large asylum to hold those who have his poor wits without his honest conscience.

A second letter came to Whitefield; it contained a string of queries:—

'Query 1. If repentance does not include a cessation from sin, and turning to virtue; and though, notwithstanding, I want that deep contrition mentioned by some divines, yet as I live not wilfully in any known sin, and firmly believe the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, may I not thereby be entitled to the benefits of Christ's death and resurrection, in the perseverance of knowledge, and practice of my duty?

'Query 2. If I am in prison, whether I may not, without offence to God, make use of endeavours to be discharged, by which I may be enabled to get into a pious Christian family, and consequently be grounded and firmly settled in the love of God, it being my desire; for I am surrounded by nothing but profaneness and wickedness?

'Query 3. If my objections to being imprisoned are inconsistent or wicked, which are, that I am obliged to submit to the rules of the house, in going to my cell at seven or eight of the clock at night, and not let out till six or seven in the morning, by which I am debarred the use of candle, and consequently books; so that all that time, except what is spent in prayer and meditation, is lost; which exercises, though good, are, by so constant repetition, and for want of change, deadened?

'Query 4. If I should, by the goodness of God, be discharged, whether I may, without offence to the gospel of Jesus Christ, follow the business of an attorney-at-law, to which I was put as a clerk; and by a conscientious discharge of my duty, be thereby entitled to a heavenly inheritance; my fear on this point arising from our Lord's advice about going to law, Matthew v. 40?

'Query 5. If I cannot be discharged by proper application (which application pray be pleased to let me have), how can I best spend my time to the glory of God, myself, and brethren's welfare? And please to give me rules for the same.

'Worthy Sir,—These questions, whether momentary or not, I leave to your judgment. If you think they deserve an answer, should be glad to have them solved; for as I am sensible of the power of my adversary the devil, surely I cannot but act with the utmost circumspection, which gives me occasion to trouble you herewith; and I hope, sir, the circumstance of the place I am in, may excuse the manner in which I have wrote to you, and count it not an affront; for God is witness how I love and esteem the ministers of Jesus Christ, for whose dear sake may the God of infinite love and goodness establish and confirm you in the daily success of your ministerial labours, which are the daily prayers of

'Your most unworthy, but faithful humble servant,

'JOSEPH PERIAM.

'Bethlehem, No. 50.
'May 5, 1739.'

'PS. I am afraid, sir, I misbehaved myself when you so kindly came to see me; but if I did in any measure, your Christian love and charity will excuse it; for not being warned

of your coming, the surprise, though pleasant, so fluttered my spirits that I was overburdened with joy.

'O how pleased should I be to see you!'

Whitefield replied as follows:—

'May 7, 1739.

'Dear Sir,—The way to salvation is by Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. The way to Christ is by faith. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me," says our Lord, "though he were dead, yet shall he live." But this faith, if it is a saving faith, will work by love. Come then to Jesus Christ as a poor sinner, and He will make you a rich saint. This, I think, serves as an answer to your first query.

'It is no doubt your duty, whilst you are in the house, to submit to the rules of it; but then you may use all lawful means to get yourself out. I have just now been with your sister, and will see what can be done further. "Watch and pray."

'I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

'G. W.'

A day or two after, Whitefield received a third letter:—

'Worthy Sir,—I received your letter, which was a full answer to my queries, and give you my hearty thanks for the trouble you have taken upon you (the only gratitude I can at present pay; but He whom I have perfectly at heart will supply the deficiency to you, and will not suffer a meritorious act to go unrewarded). Oh, how do I daily experience the love of Christ towards me, who am so vile, base, and unworthy! I pray God I may always be thankful, and both ready to do and suffer His most gracious will, which I trust, through your prayers and God's grace, I shall at all times submit to.

'My father was with me last night, when I showed him your letter. He was pleased to say he thought me not mad, but very well in my senses, and would take me out, on condition Dr. Monro and the Committee were of his opinions. Then he varied again, and thought it convenient for me to stay the summer, and so to take physic twice a week, fearing a relapse. I told him, as a father, he should be wholly obeyed; but when at parting he mentioned my leaving religion (or words to that

purpose, at which I was somewhat stirred in my spirit), I told him nothing should prevail upon me to leave Jesus Christ; upon which he left me. This is the substance of what passed between us, which I hope is not amiss to let you know of, as you have been so kind as to plead for my liberty.

'Upon the whole of the matter, sir, God gives me perfect resignation, and I trust, when He shall see fit, will discharge me; and as I find His love daily more and more shed abroad in my heart, all things will work together for my good. Pray, sir, be thankful for me, and if opportunity will let you, I should be sincerely glad to see you before you set out for America. And may Almighty God, in His infinite goodness, prosper, guide, and protect you through this transitory life, and hereafter receive you triumphantly into the heavenly Jerusalem, there to converse with and see the ever-blessed Jesus, that dear Lamb of God, to which that you may attain are the hearty and fervent wishes of

'Your loving and sincere friend,

'JOSEPH PERIAM.

'Wednesday, May 9, 1739.'

He adds a postscript, which is as touching for its feeling as the letter is amusing for its grave simplicity, 'I am ashamed to trouble you thus, but my heart is full.' It must have been that short line which so deeply touched Whitefield with a fellow-feeling of the poor man's misery, that he asked and prevailed on Mr. Seward and two other friends to wait upon the Committee. 'Alas!' exclaims Whitefield, 'the Committee esteemed my friends as much mad as the young man, and frankly told them both I and my followers, in their opinion, were really beside themselves.' Mr. Seward attempted to rebut this charge, and seriously instanced the examples of the young persons who called the prophet that was sent to anoint Jehu king a mad fellow; of our Lord, whom His own relations, and the Scribes and Pharisees took to be mad, and beside Himself; and Festus' opinion of St. Paul. He next remarked that young people, when they are under

first religious impressions, are usually tempted by the devil into some extremes. This only confirmed the Committee in the opinion that the speaker was a fit subject for the treatment of their 'hospital.' And as to the madness of Periam, how could that be denied when one of the attendants came forward to testify that, on his first admission to the place, he stripped himself to the shirt and prayed? History does not say which of these two vagaries—the stripping or the praying—was held to be the surest sign of madness; but, at any rate, it is evident that the Committee had read neither the 'Lives of the Saints,' in which the barest sinners are the holiest saints, nor the Acts of the Apostles, in which praying is occasionally mentioned. But Periam, who always had a good literal reason for everything he did, said that he had dispensed with clothes in order to inure himself to the hardships of his new home—a cold place without windows and above a damp cellar—a very contrast to Bethnal Green, where he had been taken care of! He wanted to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ! Fortunately for every one concerned, the word Georgia was dropped in the midst of the discussion; the Committee would engage that his father should give leave for his release, if Whitefield would take him there. The father, when waited upon, gave his son an excellent character—much as some masters do when they want to get rid of a servant—and consented to his going abroad. The doctor, when waited upon, pronounced him well. The Committee saw him, and also thought him well, and gave him a discharge.

He went with Whitefield to America, and married one of the orphan-house mistresses. After a few years both of them died, and two of their sons, very promising boys, became inmates of the institution.

The ship 'Elizabeth,' in which Whitefield had taken

berths for himself and eleven others, was detained by an embargo until August, and during the odd weeks thus accidentally thrown into his hands he laboured with tremendous energy, and abundantly fulfilled the animated charge which Charles Wesley addressed to him in the following verses :—

'Brother in Christ, and well-beloved,
Attend, and add thy prayer to mine ;
As Aaron called, yet inly moved,
To minister in things divine.

Faithful, and often owned of God,
Vessel of grace, by Jesus used ;
Stir up the gift on thee bestowed,
The gift by hallowed hands transfused.[1]

Fully thy heavenly mission prove,
And make thy own election sure ;
Rooted in faith, and hope, and love,
Active to work, and firm t'endure.

Scorn to contend with flesh and blood,
And trample on so mean a foe ;
By stronger fiends in vain withstood,
Dauntless to nobler conquests go.

Go where the darkest tempest lowers,
Thy foes' triumphant wrestler foil ;
Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Engage, o'ercome, and take the spoil.

The weapons of thy warfare take,
With truth and meekness armed ride on ;
Mighty, through God, hell's kingdom shake,
Satan's strongholds, through God, pull down.

[1] It is not strange to come upon so strong a statement concerning sacramental efficacy, in the poem of a man who was such a high churchman that he made careful arrangements to be buried in consecrated ground ; but, alas for human ignorance ! that piece of St. Mary-le-Bone churchyard in which he is laid is said to be the only piece not consecrated.

Humble each vain, aspiring boast;
Intensely for God's glory burn;
Strongly declare the sinner lost;
Self-righteousness o'erturn, o'erturn.

Tear the bright idol from his shrine,
Nor suffer him on earth to dwell,
T' usurp the place of blood divine,
But chase him to his native hell.

Be all into subjection brought,
The pride of man let faith abase;
And captivate his every thought,
And force him to be saved by grace.'

Not to follow him step by step, we may still single out some experiences which will illustrate his own mode of action, the spirit that impelled him, the opposition he met with, and the encouragements that cheered him. It was at Northampton, the third place at which he stayed for preaching on one of his short excursions from London, that he met with the pious, able, and accomplished Dr. Doddridge, who was striving with unwearied industry to keep the lamps of learning and religion burning among the Dissenters. The doctor, whose attention to those 'forms of civility and complaisance which are usual among well-bred people' is duly noted by his biographer, received Whitefield most courteously—perhaps more courteously than joyfully, for some of his brethren were not so well inclined as himself to the new sect, and in due time sent him 'several angry letters,' reproaching him for his 'civility' to the Methodist leaders. At any rate, the chapel pulpit was not offered, and Whitefield had to take his stand at the starting-post on the common.

Bedford had a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Rogers, who had adopted Whitefield's plan of open-air preaching; his pulpit was the steps of a windmill; and there Whitefield preached to three thousand people. Good news came to

him from Scotland. Ebenezer Erskine, the father of United Presbyterianism, wrote to say that he had preached to fourteen thousand people. Yet Whitefield was ill at ease, even when other ministers were moving in the path he had chosen. The great need of the country called for more help, and he prayed, 'Lord, do Thou spirit up more of my dear friends and fellow-labourers to go out into the highways and hedges, to compel poor sinners to come in. Amen.' His soul was also stirred within him to testify 'against those vile teachers'—'so he calls them —'and only those, who say we are not now to receive the Holy Ghost, and who count the doctrine of the new birth enthusiasm. Out of your own mouths I will condemn you, you blind guides. Did you not, at the time of ordination, tell the bishop that you were inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon you the administration of the church? Surely, at that time, you acted the crime of Ananias and Sapphira over again. "Surely," says Bishop Burnet, "you lied not only unto man, but unto God."' These words might have had reference to a pastoral letter written about this time by the Bishop of London, on 'Lukewarmness and Enthusiasm,' in which the people of London and Westminster were specially warned against the enthusiast, George Whitefield; but from the 'civil' reception which the bishop gave him two days after he penned them, I infer that there was peace thus far. But count Whitefield wrong, or count him right, in assailing other clergymen, the heart warms to him as he is seen going out, sick and weak, to preach in the rain or the sunshine; his eyes overflowing with tears, while to his weeping congregations he explains his favourite doctrines of the new birth and justification by faith; his heart so moved when he gets upon the love and free grace of Jesus Christ, that, though an hour and a half has passed by, he would fain continue till midnight. A hint from him to the congregation at Moorfields, that

he must soon leave the country, makes it weep as for a brother, and ejaculations and prayers for him are poured out on every side. The numbers who flocked to hear him increased, and at Kennington Common one Sunday their weeping was so loud as almost to drown his voice.

In the early part of June he preached mostly at Blendon, Bexley, and Blackheath; and had great enjoyment in the fellowship of many friends (among whom was the vicar of Bexley), who were of the same mind as himself. It was on a Thursday evening that 'he introduced,' he says, 'his honoured and reverend friend, Mr. John Wesley, to preach at Blackheath.' Wesley says in his journal, 'I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me, by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled) on my favourite subject, "Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher.' Whitefield continues in his journal, 'The Lord give him ten thousand times more success than He has given me! After sermon we spent the evening most agreeably together, with many Christian friends, at the Green Man. About ten we admitted all to come that would. The room was soon filled. I exhorted and prayed for near an hour, and then went to bed, rejoicing that another fresh inroad was made upon Satan's territories, by Mr. Wesley's following me in field preaching in London as well as in Bristol. Lord, speak the word, and great shall the company of such preachers be. Amen. Amen.'

Towards the end of the month his enemies devised a new scheme for hindering him. Whenever he journeyed reports were circulated that he was wounded, or killed,

or had died suddenly. Coming to Blackheath one evening, after an excursion into the country, he found, not his usual twenty thousand, but one thousand, and the rest had stayed at home because of a report that he was dead. Wherever he went he found the people much surprised and rejoiced to see him alive. Another blow fell on him at the same time. His friend, the Vicar of Bexley, was forbidden to allow him his pulpit. That night he preached on Blackheath to as large a congregation as ever from the text, 'And they cast him out,' and recommended the people to prepare for a gathering storm.

That storm was what he had been expecting for some time, yet not always for any good reason; indeed, his letters read as if he courted persecution, and saw signs of it where there were none. His excited mind thought that the glory of apostolical times was not returned unless, along with apostolical preaching, and labours, and successes, there were also prisons and chains for a reward. 'Perhaps,' he writes in April, 'you may hear of your friend's (his own) imprisonment. I expect no other preferment. God grant I may behave so, that, when I suffer, it may not be for any imprudences, but for righteousness' sake; and then I am sure the spirit of Christ and of glory will rest on me.' In May he sees less probability of imprisonment; 'I am not fit as yet to be so highly honoured.'

Matters were a little threatening when he visited Tewkesbury on July 2. He had created great excitement at Gloucester, at Randwick, and at Hampton Common. The bailiffs of Tewkesbury had raised much opposition to his coming thither also, and had him, on his arrival at his inn, attended by four constables. These were quickly sent off by a lawyer, a friend of Whitefield, who demanded their warrant, and found that they had none. Three thousand people attended an evening service outside the liberties of the town.

The next morning he waited upon one of the bailiffs to ask his reason for sending the constables. The bailiff replied that it was the determination of the whole council, and that the people had been noisy, and reflected upon the bailiffs. 'The noise,' Whitefield answered, 'was owing to their sending the constables with their staves to apprehend me when I should come into the town.' The bailiff retorted in anger, that a certain judge had declared his determination to take Whitefield up as a vagrant if he preached near him. 'He is very welcome,' said Whitefield, 'to do as he pleases; but I apprehend no magistrate has power to stop my preaching, even in the streets, if I think proper.' 'No, sir,' said the bailiff; 'if you preach here to-morrow, you shall have the constable to attend you.' Whitefield went away, telling him first that he thought it his duty as a minister to inform him that magistrates were intended to be a terror to evil-doers, and not to those who do well; he desired him to be as careful to appoint constables to attend at the next horse-race, balls, assemblies, &c. Whitefield and his friends then left for Evesham, where he met with sympathising friends, and a threat from the magistrates, that, if he preached within their liberties, they would apprehend him. Next morning, however, he did preach; and the magistrates were quiet. Passing on to Pershore, he was kindly welcomed by the incumbent, and, apparently, from him procured the loan of a field in Tewkesbury; then at five in the evening he turned, with a company of a hundred and twenty horsemen, towards Tewkesbury, which he found much alarmed, people from all parts crowding the streets. He rode right through the town to the field, and preached to about six thousand hearers; the bailiffs wisely refrained from keeping their threat, and no constable came within sight. Immediately after the sermon he took horse, and reached Gloucester near midnight. The exciting day's work had

begun at seven o'clock at Evesham, and he was preaching next morning at ten, with a 'heart full of love to his dear countrymen.'

What trials he had were counterbalanced by the happy effects of his labours, visible in the places he had visited. Kingswood had put on a different appearance; the colliers, who had formerly been the terror of the neighbourhood, were to be heard singing hymns in the woods, instead of pouring out blasphemy; the school had been carried on so successfully by Wesley, that in July, when Whitefield visited the place, the roof was ready to be put up. Methodism was yielding its first fruits of purity, of honesty, of quietness, and of godliness, among the humbler classes. It would have been gratifying had any record been kept of particular cases, which might have served as examples of the rest. This, however, is wanting, and we are mainly guided by general statements about the spirit and behaviour of the congregations where he had preached somewhat continuously. Curious hearers were dropping off, and the vast number that remained may be fairly supposed to have had a profound interest in what they heard. The numbers were countless who came after the services to ask for counsel as to how they might leave the 'city of destruction,' which they had too long inhabited. One incident, related in the letter of a Quaker to Whitefield, may serve to show what thoughts were finding their way into humble homes throughout all the land. The old clerk at Breferton could get no rest in his spirit, after hearing Whitefield preach at Badsey; he set to work to compare what he had heard with the Church homilies and articles, and found a singular agreement between them. The landlord of Contercup, with whom he got into conversation upon the subject, informed him that he too had found Whitefield's doctrines set forth in some old books which he possessed, the refuse of a clergyman's library. This fact

was remembered when, shortly afterwards, the clerk, who was a tailor by trade, went to work at the landlord's; he borrowed the last book that was left, all the rest having been lent; and did not read above a page or two before 'the truth broke in upon his soul like lightning.' His fingers itched for the book more than for his work, and he was allowed to take it home with him. A second of the books which he borrowed so strengthened him in his new faith, that he felt as if he could die for it. Always well esteemed before, he was now threatened by his neighbours with the loss of custom and livelihood.

This wandering life which Whitefield was living, acceptable as it was to the people (who on one occasion, at least, rung the bells and received him 'as an angel of God'), and satisfactory to his own conscience, was viewed with much displeasure by others. Even Bishop Benson sent him an affectionate admonition to exercise the authority he had received, in the manner it was given him, by preaching the gospel only to the congregation to which he was lawfully appointed. Whitefield replied within four days, and said—

'My Lord,—I thank your lordship for your lordship's kind letter. My frequent removes from place to place prevented my answering it sooner. I am greatly obliged to your lordship in that you are pleased to watch over my soul, and to caution me against acting contrary to the commission given me at ordination. But if the commission we then receive obliges us to preach nowhere but in that parish which is committed to our care, then all persons act contrary to their commission when they preach occasionally in any strange place; and, consequently, your lordship equally offends when you preach out of your own diocese.

'As for inveighing against the clergy without a cause, I deny the charge. What I say I am ready to make good whenever your lordship pleases. Let those that bring reports to your lordship about my preaching be brought face to face, and I am ready to give them an answer. St. Paul exhorts Timothy

"not to receive an accusation against an elder under two or three witnesses." And even Nicodemus could say, "the law suffered no man to be condemned unheard." I shall only add, that I hope your lordship will inspect into the lives of your other clergy, and censure them for being over-remiss, as much as you censure me for being over-righteous. It is their falling from their articles, and not preaching the truth as it is in Jesus, that has excited the present zeal of—whom they call in derision—"the Methodist preachers." Dr. Stebbing's sermon (for which I thank your lordship) confirms me more and more in my opinion, that I ought to be instant in season and out of season. For, to me, he seems to know no more of the true nature of regeneration than Nicodemus did when he came to Jesus by night.

. . . . . .

'But the doctor and the rest of my reverend brethren are welcome to judge me as they please. Yet a little while, and we shall all appear before the Great Shepherd of our souls. There, there, my lord, shall it be determined who are His true ministers, and who are only wolves in sheep's clothing. Our Lord, I believe, will not be ashamed to confess us publicly in that day. I pray God we may all approve ourselves such faithful ministers of the New Testament, that we may be able to lift up our heads with boldness.

'As for declining the work in which I am engaged, my blood runs chill at the very thoughts of it. I am as much convinced it is my duty to act as I do, as that the sun shines at noon-day. I can foresee the consequences very well. They have already, in one sense, thrust us out of the synagogues. By and by they will think it is doing God service to kill us. But, my lord, if you and the rest of the bishops cast us out, our great and common Master will take us up. Though all men should deny us, yet will not He; and however you may censure us as evildoers and disturbers of the peace, yet if we do suffer for our present way of acting, your lordship at the great day will find that we suffer only for righteousness' sake. In patience, therefore, do I possess my soul. I willingly tarry the Lord's leisure. In the meanwhile, I shall continually bear your lordship's favours upon my heart, and endeavour to behave so as to subscribe myself,

'My lord, your lordship's obedient son, and obliged servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

So much excitement and such strong feeling had been raised, that it was not always commercially wise for inn-keepers to admit Whitefield to their houses; and at Abingdon he was 'genteelly told' by one of them, that there was no room for him and his party. Matters were worse at Basingstoke the next evening. Whitefield had just thrown himself, languid and weary, upon the bed, when—to use his own odd expression—he was 'refreshed with the news that the landlord would not let them stay under his roof.' Probably resentment was the occasion of the expulsion; for one of the landlord's children had been touched by Whitefield's preaching the last time he visited Basingtoke. He and his friends went out, amid the mockery and gibing of the crowd, to seek for another inn; and when they got one, the crowd amused itself by throwing fire rockets around the door. It was too late to preach, and Whitefield sought his own room: he had been there about an hour when the constable handed him this letter from the mayor:—

'Sir,—Being a civil magistrate in this town, I thought it my duty, for the preservation of peace, to forbid you, or at least dissuade you, from preaching here. If you persist in it, in all probability it may occasion a disturbance, which I think is your duty as a clergyman, as well as mine, to prevent. If any mischief should ensue (whatever pretence you may afterwards make in your own behalf), I am satisfied it will fall on your own head, being timely cautioned by me, who am,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'JOHN ABBOTT.

'Basingstoke, July 19, 1739.

'PS. The legislature has wisely made laws for the preservation of the peace, therefore I hope no clergyman lives in defiance of them.'

Whitefield immediately sent the following answer:—

'Honoured Sir,—I thank you for your kind letter, and I humbly hope a sense of your duty, not a fear of man, caused

you to write it. If so, give me leave to remind you, honoured sir, as a clergyman, you ought to be a terror to evildoers, but a praise to them that do well. I know of no law against such meetings as mine. If any such law be existing, I believe you will think it your duty to apprise me of it, that I may not offend against it. If no law can be produced, as a clergyman, I think it my duty to inform you, that you ought to protect, and not anyways to discourage, or permit others to disturb, an assembly of people meeting together purely to worship God. To-morrow, I hear, there is to be an assembly of another nature; be pleased to be as careful to have the public peace preserved at that, and to prevent profane cursing and swearing, and persons breaking the sixth commandment, by bruising each other's bodies by cudgelling and wrestling; and if you do not this, I shall rise up against you at the great day, and be a swift witness against your partiality.

'I am, honoured sir, your very humble servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

Whitefield followed his letter next morning, and had an interview with the mayor, which must have endangered his gravity much more than his temper. His object was to see this prohibitory law, but the mayor broke out—'Sir, you sneered me in the letter you sent last night; though I am a butcher, yet sir, I . . .' Whitefield interposed—'I honour you as a magistrate, and only desire to know what law could be produced against my preaching: in my opinion there is none.' 'Sir,' said the mayor, 'you ought to preach in a church.' 'And so I would,' replied Whitefield, 'if your minister would give me leave.' The mayor said, 'Sir, I believe you have some sinister ends in view: why do you go about making a disturbance?' More of the same sort followed, and the mayor, who found himself a poor match for the ready preacher, and had a fair to attend, cut short the interview by saying that he 'had wrote' Whitefield another letter, which he would send him yet, if he pleased. Whitefield

thanked him, paid him the respect due to a magistrate, and took his leave.

The letter which followed was very much in the 'though-I-am-a-butcher' style. It was this:—

'Basingstoke, July 20, 1730.

'Rev. Sir,—I received your extraordinary letter, and could expect no other from so uncommon a genius.

'I apprehend your meetings to be unlawful, having no toleration to protect you in it. My apprehensions of religion always was, and I hope always will be, that God is to be worshipped in places consecrated and set apart for His service, and not in brothels and places where all manner of debauchery may have been committed; but how far this is consistent with your actions, I leave you to judge.

'As for the other assembly you are pleased to mention, 'tis contrary to my will, having never given my consent to it, nor approved of it, but discouraged it before your reverendship came to this town; and if these cudgellers persist in it, I shall set them upon the same level with you, and think you all breakers of the public peace. You very well know there are penal laws against cursing and swearing, and I could wish there were the same against deceit and hypocrisy. Your appearing against me as a swift witness at the day of judgment is a most terrible thing, and may serve as a bugbear for children or people of weak minds; but believe me, reverend sir, those disguises will have but little weight amongst men of common understanding.

'Yours,

'JOHN ABBOTT.

'I told you I had a letter wrote: I made bold to send it.'

* * *

Whitefield replied in his most serious manner, and had less success than he would probably have gained had he tried, what he could so well use when he chose, humour and geniality. But he could not keep down his tremendous earnestness, or, rather, he could not bring into action along with it the lighter qualities which have their part to play in the intercourse of life. His soul was

absorbed in the one thought of winning the crowds for his Saviour. The crowds which were to assemble at the revel the next day were resolved to have their coarse pleasures and sins; nor do the authorities seem to have had any serious intention, except that of hindering the preacher, and sheltering them. There seems reason to believe that Whitefield had purposely come on the day of the revel, and if he did, his wisdom cannot be commended; for the people had time to become exasperated before his arrival, and that conquering influence which he generally threw over his audiences had no fair chance to exert itself. Landlords, showmen, cudgellers, wrestlers, and their attendant rabble, were sure to be active on the side of their interests; and thus the whole town had been set against him before he entered it. However, being resolved to go on with his work, he went at eight o'clock in the morning into a field to preach. One had said that he should never come out alive, and another that the drum should beat close by him, but nothing occurred to hinder him from speaking freely against revelling. Only in going to and from the field did he meet with any unpleasantness; the rabble and the boys saluted him, and called him 'strange names.'

He mounted to take his departure, but, 'as I passed by on horseback,' he says, 'I saw a stage; and, as I rode further, I met divers coming to the revel; which affected me so much, that I had no rest in my spirit. And therefore, having asked counsel of God, and perceiving an unusual warmth and power enter into my soul, though I was gone above a mile, I could not bear to see so many dear souls, for whom Christ had died, ready to perish, and no minister or magistrate interpose. Upon this I told my dear fellow-travellers, that I was resolved to follow the example of Howel Harris in Wales, and to bear my testimony against such lying vanities; let the consequences, as to my own private person, be what they

would. They immediately consenting, I rode back to town, got upon the stage erected for the wrestlers, and began to show them the error of their ways. Many seemed ready to hear what I had to say; but one, more zealous than the rest for his master, and fearing conviction every time I attempted to speak, set the boys on repeating their huzzahs.

'My soul, I perceived, was in a sweet frame, willing to be offered up, so that I might save some of those to whom I was about to speak; but all in vain! While I was on the stage, one struck me with his cudgel, which I received with the utmost love. At last, finding the devil would not permit them to give me audience, I got off; and after much pushing and thronging me, I got on my horse with unspeakable satisfaction within myself, that I had now begun to attack the devil in his strongest holds, and had borne my testimony against the detestable diversions of this generation.'

There had been more danger in Basingstoke than he saw, and it was well that he went to an inn and not to a friend's house, as had been expected. A band of twelve ruffians had been lying in wait in that quarter of the town where he was expected to sleep, determined to give him 'a secret blow and prevent his making disturbances;' and one of them had the audacity to confess their intention to a Quaker friend of Whitefield, J. Portsmouth, the day after Whitefield left the town.

Nothing daunted by his late peril, full particulars of which were sent after him, he, within a week, made another experiment, almost as bold, which was more successful. He announced that he would preach at Hackney Marsh, on the day of a horserace, and ten thousand gathered around him, hardly any of whom left him for the race. Some who left returned very quickly, and to them he addressed a few words specially.

Before any censure for rashness or recklessness is pro-

nounced upon him for these efforts, it should be well understood that he did not boast of them; that he did not covet notoriety; and that he did not act without either prayer or consideration. He both feared that his faith might fail him before he went to Hackney Marsh, and entreated a friend to pray that his zeal might be tempered with knowledge. 'It would grieve me,' he said, 'should I bring sufferings causelessly upon myself.'

His time in England was now very short. He must pay a farewell visit to each of his congregations, and reply to the Bishop of London, who had just made an attack upon him in a pastoral letter. At Kennington Common he preached from St. Paul's parting speech to the elders at Ephesus, and, as was certain to be the case, so moved the people's feelings that he could scarce make his application. His last sermon at Blackheath was of the same kind, and had like effect; his own heart was so full that he knew not when to leave off, and darkness was stealing over them as he said, Amen. It is almost needless to say a word about the state of mind in which such labours were carried on. They bear their own testimony to secret joy and peace, to a clear hope of everlasting glory, and an unquestioning belief of the gospel; they could come only from one who had much of the mind of Him who, 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.' Yet one or two sentences from his letters well deserve to be linked to the story of his toils and sufferings. 'As for my own soul, God mightily strengthens me in the inward man, and gives me often such foretastes of His love, that I am almost continually wishing to be dissolved that I may be with Christ. But I am only beginning to begin to be a Christian.' 'The harvest is very great. I am ashamed I can do no more for Him, who hath done so much for me; not by way of retaliation, but gratitude. Fain would I love my Master, and will

not go from Him; His service is perfect freedom; His yoke is easy, His burden light.'

Controversy always attends deep religious movements, and, its abuses apart, it may be hailed as a blessing. It tempers the assumptions of the proud, gives clearness to the dim conceptions of both parties, and helps to hold the religious world in equipoise. Neither Whitefield nor his views were the worse for the assaults they sustained, any more than the formal party of the Church was damaged by the arousing calls which rung in their ears like the shout of the hosts of God. Methodist wildfire—for there was wildfire flashing in those strange congregations which assembled in Fetter Lane, on Kennington Common, and in Bristol—needed regulating and subduing, and bishops and clergy were soon at hand to help.

The first shaft was shot at Whitefield soon after his arrival from Savannah, by a brother clergyman; but no notice was taken of it, except in one sentence in the journal, 'Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord.' The Bishop of London next entered the lists, with a pastoral letter on 'Lukewarmness and Enthusiasm.' The latter was evidently a greater sin in his eyes than the former; and, but for the new enthusiasm, the old lukewarmness would probably have been allowed its ancient comfort and ease. The appeal addressed to it was not very arousing; it was dignified, proper, and paternal, after the ecclesiastical fashion. To cope with the Methodists was more stimulating, and the bishop braced himself for his task as one who relished it. He opened his 'Caution' with a definition of enthusiasm: 'A strong persuasion on the mind of persons that they are guided, in an extraordinary manner, by immediate impressions and impulses of the Spirit of God. And this is owing chiefly to the want of distinguishing aright between the ordinary and extraordinary operations of the Holy Spirit.' Extraordinary

operations were the miracles and speaking with tongues, with which the Apostles were favoured as a witness to their mission and doctrine. Ordinary operations are—he does not say what; but they are 'not discernible otherwise than by their fruits and effects, as these appear in the lives of Christians.' He protests that the Church of England teaches the 'truth and reality of a regeneration and new birth, and of the influence of the Holy Spirit in our Christian course,' and makes ample quotations from the Prayer Book to prove it. The key to his position is this sentence: 'It is one thing to pray for the Spirit, and another thing to pray by the Spirit.' In general we may be sure that we have the Spirit to help us to live a godly life, but we may not call any single emotion, or conviction, or desire, the effect of His inworking. The first is humble, sound piety; the second is dangerous enthusiasm. After discussing the subject generally, he culled from such parts of Whitefield's journal as were then published—the parts which have formed the principal foundation of this life up to the point we have reached—illustrations of eight dangerous phases of the new teaching. 'God forbid,' he says, 'that, in this profane and degenerate age, everything that has an appearance of piety and devotion should not be considered in the most favourable light that it is capable of. But, at the same time, it is surely very proper that men should be called upon for some reasonable evidences of a divine commission:

'I. When they tell us of extraordinary communications they have with God, and more than ordinary assurances of a special Presence with them.

'II. When they talk in the language of those who have a special and immediate mission from God.

'III. When they profess to think and act under the immediate guidance of a divine inspiration.

'IV. When they speak of their preaching and expounding, and the effects of them, as the sole work of a divine power.

'V. When they boast of sudden and surprising effects as wrought by the Holy Ghost, in consequence of their preaching.

'VI. When they claim the spirit of prophecy.

'VII. When they speak of themselves in the language and under the character of Apostles of Christ, and even of Christ Himself.

'VIII. When they profess to plant and propagate a new gospel, as unknown to the generality of ministers and people in a Christian country.'

'The Rev. Mr. Whitefield's answer' appeared twelve days after the 'Pastoral Letter.' It opens with some remarks on the first part of the letter, which are feeble and wide of the mark, and would have been better omitted. He is strongest and safest on his own ground, and has little difficulty in defending positions which, in these days of subjective religious thought, would have been little questioned. He rejects, of course, the idea of having extraordinary operations of the Spirit in the working of miracles, or the speaking with tongues; but lays claim to the ordinary gifts and influences which still continue. He contends that he can know, by his own joy and peace and satisfaction in any particular work, whether the Holy Ghost is with him, graciously and effectually moving his heart; that a general influence or operation of the Spirit must imply a particular operation; that the Holy Ghost may direct and rule our hearts in the minutest circumstance. He claims for himself a divine commission in his work, and forces the bishop to sit upon one of two horns of a dilemma—deny the priest's divine commission, and thus his own divine right and

authority as bishop; or contend for his own commission, and thus admit the validity of the priest's, who is ordained by his hands. The charge of boasting that he spoke of his preaching and expounding, and the effects of them, as the sole work of a divine power, he rebuts by asking whether his lordship would have the preacher ascribe anything to himself? The fifth count against him gets an animated answer, which may well make any preacher of truth feel serious, 'Where, my Lord, is the enthusiasm of such a pretension? Has your lordship been a preacher in the Church of England for so many years, and have you never seen any sudden or surprising effects consequent upon your lordship's preaching? Was this my case, should I not have reason to doubt, my lord, whether I had any more than a bare human commission?' In the sixth count the bishop had laid his finger on a very weak place in Whitefield's creed; nor can Whitefield do more than appeal to his own sincere persuasion that he is right. He had gone so far astray as to prophesy (for it was nothing short of that) in his journal, that there certainly would be a fulfilling of those things which God by His Spirit had spoken to his soul; that he should see greater things than these; and that there were many promises to be fulfilled in him, many souls to be called, and many sufferings to be endured before he should go hence. In his answer he declares that God has in part fulfilled his hopes of success; that his enemies are fulfilling his expectations of suffering; and that some passages of scripture are so powerfully impressed upon his mind, that he really believes God will fulfil them in him in due time. Whitefield himself came to see that he was wrong in these views; and he expunged most, if not all, the obnoxious passages from his revised journal, as well as declared his mistake frankly and fully. He also did the same thing with the grounds of the seventh count, which were a thoughtless use of scriptural lan-

guage. But on the question of the last charge, which related principally to the doctrine of justification, he not only boldly announced Solifidianism, but adhered to it to the last. He was as impatient as Luther of any mention of good works in connection with justification. Works ought to come as the fruits and evidences of justification; but were not, even in the most limited sense, to be called a condition of it.

A host of pens became busy upon the contested points. Bate, the rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, answered Whitefield in 'Methodism Displayed.' It contains but two things which can help to illustrate Whitefield's work and the kind of views entertained of him by a large section of society. It asserts that numbers of poor tradesmen daily left their families to starve, while they rambled after Whitefield from place to place; and Bate asks whether he has ever rebuked any of them for doing so; his question being intended to mean, that the practice existed, and was encouraged by the preacher's vainglory, who liked to see a crowd around him. That the practice of neglecting common duties for the sake of religious excitement did exist to some extent is no more than anyone might have expected; but that it was so common as to be a crying reproach is only an enemy's falsity, and to whatever degree it prevailed, the fault was only with the hearers, who were often told by their faithful guide, that it was being righteous over-much to spend so much time in religious assemblies as to neglect family duties.

'Methodism Displayed' contains the following complimentary comparison between the regular clergy and the new itinerant brethren: it is supposed to be part of a clergyman's address to his flock:—'You, my brethren, have the happiness of being baptized into the Christian faith; and though you ought indeed to tremble with a

piteous awe for fear you tread awry, yet you are not to think yourselves out of the path to heaven when you really are in it. And the way to keep in it is, not to forsake the altars of the living God to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and in Bethel, but to keep constantly to your churches on Sundays; there to hearken to the instructions, admonitions, and reproofs of your own parochial clergy (who are both able and willing to do their duty); and on those other six days, which God has given you chiefly for the work and business of this world, take care to behave yourselves in your several lawful callings with honesty, diligence, and sobriety.'

An amusing, racy, and forcible reply to Bate came from the pen of Thomas Cumming, whom I suppose to have been a Quaker.[1] It must have been cheering to the small sect, who have always exalted the 'inner light,' and defended its sufficiency to teach the things of salvation to all who will hear, to find itself represented in one of its chief beliefs by a young, ardent, bold, useful clergyman, who trusted, as did every Quaker preacher, to divine illumination and divine impulse. Cumming came to the defence of such a man and his teaching with right good will; the 'Answer' was just the kind of letter he or any of his brethren might have penned, and he stood by it on every point. His pamphlet is soiled here and there with phrases which once were only too common in controversy, while he supports the reputation of his sect for shrewdness and humour. To Bates's taunt that Whitefield must lay in a greater stock of letter-learning, or die an enthusiast, Cumming mockingly replies, 'And then what must become of him? No doubt our rector would give over hopes of

[1] The tenor of his tractate is quite in harmony with the views of the Friends. He exults in showing the inefficiency of 'letter-learning,' in contending for the ability of illiterate men, when instructed by the Holy Ghost, to expound the lively oracles, and in pointing out the faults of paid priests.

ever seeing him in heaven along with him, and the rest of his letter-learned brethren!'

In closing the journal which contains an account of his first open-air preaching, Whitefield made a tender appeal to others who might be constrained to do as he had done. He says, 'I cannot but shut up this part of my journal with a word or two of exhortation to my dear fellow-labourers, whosoever they are, whom God shall stir up to go forth into the highways and hedges, into the lanes and streets, to compel poor sinners to come in. Great things God has already done. For it is unknown how many have come to me under strong convictions of their fallen state, desiring to be awakened to a sense of sin, and giving thanks for the benefits God has imparted to them by the ministry of His word. O my dear brethren! have compassion on our dear Lord's Church, which He has purchased with His own blood; and let them not perish for lack of knowledge. If you are found faithful you must undergo persecution. Oh, arm people against a suffering time; remind them again and again that our kingdom is not of this world, and that it does not become Christians to resist the powers that are ordained of God, but patiently to suffer for the truth's sake. Oh, let us strive together in our prayers, that we may fight the good fight of faith, that we may have that wisdom which cometh from above, and that we may never suffer for our own faults, but only for righteousness' sake: then will the Spirit of Christ and of glory rest upon our souls, and being made perfect by suffering here, we shall be qualified to reign eternally with Jesus Christ hereafter. Amen! Amen!'

Conscious of the difficulty of passing through popularity and applause without moral injury—and, by this time, competing engravers were multiplying his portrait as fast as they could, and rival publishers were contending

for his journals—anxious to subdue such pride and selfishness as still dwelt in him, longing to know himself better, and much worn down with the gigantic labours of the past seven months and a half, he went on board the 'Elizabeth,' saying, 'Blessed be God! I am much rejoiced at retiring from the world.'

CHAPTER VIII.

August, 1739, to March, 1741.

THIRD VOYAGE—ITINERATING IN AMERICA—FOURTH VOYAGE—BREACH WITH WESLEY.

'My family,' as Whitefield called the eight men, one boy, two children, and his friend Mr. Seward, who accompanied him, had characters in it worth a passing notice,—Periam, the methodical madman, whom we know; Seward, the rich layman; and Gladman, a ship-captain, whom Whitefield got to know at the end of his last visit to Georgia. Seward was a gentleman of Evesham, thoroughly inspired with Methodist enthusiasm, who, to his wife's mortification, became Whitefield's companion in travel to help the good work. He was a Boswell in his admiration and fussiness; and, but for his early death, would have preserved many interesting facts which are now lost. Gladman was a convert who followed Whitefield from a double motive—love to the man and love to his Master. Distress brought him under Whitefield's notice. His ship had been wrecked on a sand-bank near the Gulf of Florida. After ten days spent in that situation by him and his crew, they sighted a vessel, and hoisted a signal of distress, which she answered. Gladman and part of his men pulled to her in a boat, and begged a passage for the whole number, which was promised them; but, as soon as they put off for the sandbank, the vessel made sail, and left them. Thirty days more were spent in their confinement; then they built a boat, into which he and five others stepped with the determination to make their

escape or perish; the rest were fearful of such a frail craft, and stayed behind. Boat and crew came safe to Tybee island, ten miles off Savannah, whither Gladman was brought, and where Whitefield invited him to breakfast. A deliverance so great prepared him to receive the kindly counsels which were given him over the breakfast table, and, as host and guest soon afterwards returned to England in the same vessel, Gladman became, through further instruction, a Christian of deep conviction and firm faith. Nothing would satisfy him but to return with Whitefield on his second voyage to Georgia.

The versatile preacher, who was well gifted with ability to become all things to all men, and to make himself contented in all places, had been on board ship but two days when he felt almost as forgetful of what he had passed through as if he had never been out in the world. Present duty was the only thing that ever pressed hard upon him; past bitternesses he quickly forgot; future troubles he left with God. He lived one day at a time, and lived it thoroughly. He framed regulations for his 'family,' instituted public prayer morning and evening, took to letter-writing and the reading of some very strongly-flavoured divinity; and, at the same time, indulged his favourite gift and passion of exhorting every one around him to follow his Lord and Master. In this last mentioned work he had the occasional help of a Quaker, to whom he would now and again lend his cabin. The only grief was, that the Quaker was not explicit enough upon justification by faith, and upon the objective work of the Saviour; for, much as Whitefield insisted upon the inward work of the Holy Ghost, his views of the mediatorial work of our Lord were objective to the degree of grossness. But doctrinal questions by-and-by.

Letter-writing was a great pastime of the Methodists, yet none of them have written any letters worth

preserving, either for their literary merit, or their theological grasp. All that was attempted was to comfort and cheer each other in the conflict with earth and hell; and hence their letters abound in 'experiences;' every doubt, every fear, every temptation is told to another believer, who can understand its meaning, and give sympathy and the help of prayer. For all who have a desire to trace the wanderings of the human spirit, when it is driven into darkness and anguish by the strivings of the evil and the good which dwell within it, nothing can be more curious and entertaining than a batch of early Methodist letters. It was natural that minds similarly affected should commune in this way; and for preachers, who by their very calling were unable to stay in any one place, it was especially natural to send exhortations and counsels to their converts, lest labour should be spent in vain. As at the beginning, so now, epistles followed sermons. But the work which was begun with zest sometimes became a burden, and a hindrance to more useful effort. Cornelius Winter complained bitterly in his old age of the time lost in writing letters, which might, if it had been devoted to reading, have yielded him more advantage, both mental and spiritual. Whitefield wrote sixty-five letters—none of them long, some of them mere notes—during his three months' voyage; they were addressed to converts who wanted encouragement, to backsliders who wanted reproof, to students who wanted cheering in their espousal of the cause of Christ, to ministers who wanted words of brotherly love. A magistrate, at Gloucester, gets a letter to tell him that for the future he must not show such partiality for balls, assemblies, and wakes, and such prejudice against Methodist congregations; and Periam's father is informed that his son is 'diligent and pious, his mind settled and composed—a partaker, by reading the Bible, of that peace which the world cannot give.' The burden and the spirit

are the same in all. 'Show them,' he says to Howel Harris about his congregations, 'show them in the map of the word the kingdoms of the upper world, and the transcendent glories of them; and assure them that all shall be theirs, if they believe on Jesus Christ with their whole hearts. Press on them to believe on Him immediately. Intersperse prayers with your exhortations, and thereby call down fire from heaven, even the fire of the Holy Ghost,

"To soften, sweeten, and refine,
And melt them into love."

Speak every time, my dear brother, as if it was your last; weep out, if possible, every argument, and, as it were, compel them to cry—"Behold how he loveth us!"' He discovers, in one of them, the full extent of his mistake about impressions—'I have had great intimations from above concerning Georgia. Who knows but we may have a college of pious youths at Savannah! I do not despair thereof. Professor Francks' undertaking in Germany has been much pressed upon my heart. I really believe that my present undertaking will succeed.' The school did succeed; but the 'great intimations' were never fulfilled, and no college was ever built. As America is approached, he begins to show that greater things than building a college are shaping themselves in his mind, his world-wide work suggests itself; and with his usual promptitude he writes to a friend—'I intend resigning the parsonage of Savannah. The orphan-house I can take care of, supposing I should be kept at a distance; besides, when I have resigned the parish, I shall be more at liberty to take a tour round America, if God should ever call me to such a work. However, I determine nothing; I wait on the Lord.'

The voyage was useful both to his body and soul—to his soul, however, in a very distressing way. His journal

from August to November is almost as dismal and painful as the early parts of Brainerd's.[1] 'Tears were his meat day and night.' One extract will suffice to show what was his state of mind until towards the end of the voyage: 'I underwent inexpressible agonies of soul for two or three days at the remembrance of my sins, and the bitter consequences of them. Surely my sorrows were so great that, had not God in the midst of them comforted my soul, the load would have been insupportable! All the while I was assured God had forgiven me; but I could not forgive myself for sinning against so much light and love. Surely I felt something of that which Adam felt when turned out of Paradise; David, when he was convicted of his adultery; and Peter, when with oaths and curses he had thrice denied his Master. I then, if ever, did truly smite upon my ungrateful breast, and cry —God be merciful to me a sinner! I ate but very little, and went mourning all the day long. At length my Lord

[1] 'Tuesday, October 26, 1742 (at West Suffield), underwent the most dreadful distresses under a sense of my own unworthiness; it seemed to me I deserved rather to be driven out of the place than to have anybody treat me with any kindness, or come to hear me preach. And verily my spirits were so depressed at this time, as well as at many others, that it was impossible I should treat immortal souls with faithfulness; I could not deal closely and faithfully with them, I felt so infinitely vile in myself. Oh, what dust and ashes I am, to think of preaching the gospel to others! . . . In the evening I went to the meeting-house, and it looked to me near as easy for one to rise out of the grave and preach as for me. However, God afforded me some life and power, both in prayer and sermon; God was pleased to lift me up, and show me that He could enable me to preach.' Few, however, would shrink from such depression and consciousness of sin, if they might come out upon the sunny plains where Brainerd rested in his last days. 'Saturday, Sep. 19, 1747.—Near night, while I attempted to walk a little, my thoughts turned thus: How infinitely sweet it is to love God, and be all for Him! Upon which it was suggested to me, you are not an angel, not lively and active. To which my whole soul immediately replied: I as sincerely desire to love and glorify God as any angel in heaven. . . . I thought of dignity in heaven, but instantly the thought returned: I do not go to heaven to get honour, but to give all possible glory and praise. Oh, how I longed that God should be glorified on earth also!' —'Life of Brainerd,' by Jonathan Edwards.

looked upon me, and with that look broke my rocky heart, and floods of contrite tears gushed out before my whole family, and indeed I wept most bitterly. When in this condition I wondered not at Peter's running so slowly to the sepulchre, when loaded with the sense of his sin. Alas! a consideration of aggravated guilt quite took off my chariot wheels, and I drove so exceeding heavily, that was I always to see myself such a sinner as I am, and as I did then, without seeing the Saviour of sinners, I should not so much as be able to look up. Lord, what is man!'

The old Puritan theology, of which he had been a student from the time of his conversion, began, during this voyage, to affect his views in a very decided way. Until this time the broad, plain statements of Scripture had sufficed for a foundation for his teaching. The calls to repentance and faith, the assurances of pardon and eternal life for as many as will turn to God, the commandments binding every man to purity of heart and life, the simple declarations of the unspeakable love wherewith the Saviour has loved us, and His power and willingness to help all who look to Him, constituted the message he had delighted to proclaim, and which, indeed, in spite of the views he was presently to embrace, he proclaimed to the last. Now he must have a system of theology; he must hold with the free grace men, or with the predestinarians; he must believe in freewill, or deny it; he must accept the dogma of imputed righteousness, or reject it. A book written by Jonathan Warn, called 'The Church of England-Man turned Dissenter, and Arminianism the Backdoor to Popery,' which contained extracts from 'The Preacher,' by Dr. Edwards, of Cambridge, 'strengthened him much.' He tells Harris that, since he saw him, God had been pleased to enlighten him more in that comfortable doctrine of election, and now their principles agree, as face answers to face in the water. When

he returns to Wales he will be more explicit than he had been; for, 'God forbid, my dear brother, that we should shun to declare the whole counsel of God.' His Calvinism was not (as it never is in the purest hearts) a cold system of divinity, but a strong persuasion that, only by the acceptance of such dogmas, and an earnest proclamation of them, could the glory and the honour be given to the God of our salvation. Whitefield was won over to Puritanism by the truth which has been the salt of that system —man must in no sense be a saviour to himself; he may watch and read and pray; he may practise good works—the more the better; he may—nay, he must—seek to perfect holiness in the fear of God; for every consideration of gratitude and love, every holy and tender tie which binds him to his Father in heaven, demands it; but he must not say a word about these being conditions for the reception of any favour from above. All is retrospective; all is of God. He 'provided'—as the phrase is—a Saviour; He also determined who should be saved by the Saviour. He gave His people to the Redeemer, and the Redeemer to His people, in a covenant that should never be broken. But for the centering of everything in God, Whitefield would have cared nothing for his favourite theories. So he exclaims in a letter to a brother clergyman: 'I hope we shall catch fire from each other, and that there will be an holy emulation amongst us who shall most debase man and exalt the Lord Jesus. Nothing but the doctrines of the Reformation can do this. All others leave freewill in man, and make him, in part at least, a saviour to himself. My soul, come not near the secret of those who teach such things; mine honour be not thou united to them. I know Christ is all in all. Man is nothing; he hath a free-will to go to hell, but none to go to heaven, till God worketh in him to will and to do after His good pleasure. It is God must prevent, God must accompany, God must follow with His grace, or Jesus Christ will bleed in vain.'

While he was plunging into Calvinism, and determining to be more outspoken on the five points—happily he was slow at fulfilling this purpose—another mind, not less resolute, not less bold, and much more acute than his own, was as swiftly and irrevocably rushing into the opposite system of Arminianism. A separation between himself and Wesley was already inevitable, if each adhered, as he was sure to do, to his own convictions. That determination 'to speak out, and hide none of the counsel of God,' was an extension of a crack already made in the foundations of Methodism, which was to grow wider and longer for many a day to come, though never so wide that divided friends could not shake hands across it.

Thankful for his voyage, and timid about facing the difficulties of public life on shore—the responsibility of preaching to large congregations, the temptations of popularity, and the opposition of such as differed from him—yet again joyful and fearless because he knew that many prayers were being offered for him, he landed at Lewis Town, about one hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia. The ship's provisions had run out, as they used to do in those days, and the kind thoughtfulness of Whitefield's English friends, who had sent a good stock on board for him and his family, saved both crew and passengers from possible starvation, or a very lean dietary.

Whitefield, accompanied by his friend Seward, had a pleasant ride through the woods to the Quaker town, Philadelphia, which then numbered probably eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, one-third of whom were Quakers (half the inhabitants of the state of Pennsylvania were of the same faith). It was a long, straggling place, the houses pleasantly built in the midst of orchards; the market-place unpaved; the stocks, the pillory,' and the whipping-post still standing. The last-named instrument

of justice was in active operation, two women a month being whipped at it. Benjamin Franklin had his printing-office opposite the market-place, and within sight of the whipping-post. The 'Pennsylvania Gazette' was rejoicing in great prosperity, through the shrewdness and industry of its famous proprietor and editor. 'Poor Richard's Almanac' had but a few years before given its wit and wisdom to the good citizens for the sum of five-pence; and now some are willing to give twenty dollars for a single number of it! The people were quiet, peace-loving, tolerant, and not so intellectual as the Bostonians.[1] Their desire to hear the great Methodist was intense; for his immense fame had reached their town before him.

Whitefield's first duty was to deliver some letters committed to his charge, and then to go on board the 'Elizabeth,' which had arrived the night before him, to see his family. He next paid his respects to the proprietor and the Commissary, who received him 'very civilly.' The day following, which was Sunday, he preached to a large congregation, and took part in other services. The churchwardens treated him better than their brethren in England had done; and the clergy of all denominations showed him great courtesy. Feeling was so different from that which he had left behind him, that whereas in England the only proper place for a sermon was thought to be a church, in Philadelphia the people preferred hearing it elsewhere, and asked him to gratify their taste, which he was not slow to do. The Quakers were very friendly, and their fellowship cheered him not a little. The atmosphere all around was peaceful, and balmy with brotherly love. Aged Mr. Tennent, who had an academy for training pious youths for the ministry, about twenty miles from the city, and was himself blessed with four sons of Christian reputation and influence, three of whom

[1] Parton's 'Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin,' vol. i. part 2, chap. iii.

were ministers, came into the city to speak to him. The week's stay which he made was as quiet and agreeable as any he ever made in any place. All places of worship were open to him, all ministers favourable to him; and, when he left the ordinary religious buildings to preach from the steps of the court-house to congregations which no building could hold, and which listened in solemn silence while the prolonged twilight of the late autumn days filled the sky, he must have felt an unusual joy in his work. Once when the night was far advanced, and lights were shining in the windows of most of the adjoining houses, he felt as if he could preach all night; and indeed, the night after, which was Saturday, the people, not feeling the pressure of a coming day's work, seemed so unwilling to go away after they had heard an hour's sermon, that he began to pray afresh, and afterwards they crowded his house to join in psalms and family prayer.

Franklin was a constant and delighted hearer. Calm and self-controlled under most circumstances, his temperament caught fire at the glowing words of Whitefield; and if he did not become a convert to his views, he became an attached and life-long personal friend. It seems to have been during this visit that Whitefield triumphed so signally over Poor Richard's prudence. The story is well known, but too good to be omitted here. Whitefield consulted Franklin about the orphan-house, for which he was still making collections wherever money could be obtained. Franklin approved the scheme, but urged that the house should be built in Philadelphia, and not in a colony which was thinly populated, where material and workmen were scarce, and which was not so prosperous as it had been. Unfortunately, Whitefield did not heed this sound counsel, but determined to follow his own plan; this made Franklin decide not to subscribe. 'I happened soon after,' he says, 'to attend one of his

sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all! At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses."' Anecdotes seldom bear dates, and I can only fit some of those which are told of Whitefield into the right part of space, the right locality, not heeding the right year of time. Most probably it was near about the time of this visit, that the observant Franklin tried to find out how far the preacher could be heard, when one night he was preaching near Franklin's shop. He says, 'I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backward down the street towards the river, and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front Street, when some noise in that street obscured it. Imagining then a semicircle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to each of whom I allowed two square feet, I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This

reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the history of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted.'

It has been said that Whitefield's visit 'threw a horrid gloom' over the town, and for a time put 'a stop to the dancing-schools, the assemblies, and every pleasant thing.' This judgment rests altogether on the assumption that, without dancing-schools, assemblies, and such 'pleasant things,' life can only be gloomy,—a conclusion which is not borne out by the facts of life as we see it. And if the innocent town was so oppressed by the 'terror-exciting' preacher, it showed a strange pleasure in always making him its welcome guest, and hanging upon his words. But the truth is, terror was not the power he wielded, but loving, urgent, yearning tenderness, which could not endure the thought of any man's perishing in his sins. Whatever fault may be found with some of his views—and they lie exposed on every side, unguarded by argument, unmasked by sophistry—it never can be honestly charged upon him that he pictured the torments of the great condemnation in flashy colours, or with morbid pleasure. His soul moved too much in the orbit of the Master's influence for that, and hence every allusion to the casting out was filled with a spirit which testified also of the joy of welcome. It is not meant that he was silent on the awful question of future punishment, for, seeing he believed in the generally accepted evangelical dogma, silence would in his case have been mental reservation, and his nature was too frank and too transparent to hold a doctrine without letting others know of it. All his beliefs had power over him, fashioning his character, and determining his ministry; but his soul lived mostly on the radiant side of his creed, and from his visions of love, and peace, and joy, he went forth to tell what he had seen. The tone of his addresses would

have been as congenial, in the main, to the minds of this generation as it was to the minds of that which heard him. It is not in man to turn a deaf ear to one who, after proving that future punishment will be eternal, cries out in the intenseness of his brotherly and Christ-like affection—'But I can no more. These thoughts are too melancholy for me to dwell on, as well as for you to hear; and God knows, as punishing is His strange work, so denouncing His threatening is mine.' And if the people of Philadelphia walked under a cloud while Whitefield enjoyed their free and generous hospitality, it was a cloud which 'burst in blessings on their head.' That silent night, when the houses all around the preaching-stand had lights in their windows, near which sat or stood some listener, was a night of penitence for one lost soul, of a class which used often to find their way to the 'Man of Sorrows,' but which seldom come now to any pastor. Next morning, before it was light, she came to Whitefield's house, and desired to join in prayer; and when devotions were over, left the following letter with him: 'Oh, what shall I say to express my thanks I owe to my good God, in and from you through Jesus Christ [for the good work] which you have been the instrument of beginning in my soul; and if you have any regard to a poor, miserable, blind, and naked wretch, that's not only dust but sin, as I am confident you have, you will in nowise reject my humble request, which is that I, even I, may lay hold of this blessed opportunity of forsaking all, in order to persevere in a virtuous course of life.' The trembling, hoping penitent had not long been gone when the 'terror-inspiring' man was approached by a child of seven, who came to request him to take her to Georgia, as she had heard that he was willing to take little children with him!

Three months before his arrival at Philadelphia, a letter had come from Mr. Noble, of New York, who

wrote in his own name, and the name of many others, inviting him to that place; a second letter came immediately after his arrival, repeating the request. He determined to go. Friends lent him and his party four horses; and they rode on through the woods, stopping at Burlington and Trent Town, at which places he preached with great freedom, and Brunswick, where they met with Gilbert Tennent, an eccentric Presbyterian minister, who imitated the rude dress of the Baptist, and preached with terrible power. Nothing that Whitefield could say could surpass the fiery sarcasm and thundering denunciation of Tennent; indeed, Whitefield's sermons must have been like refreshing showers after a prairie fire, when he came into the neighbourhood of Tennent's labours. The stern preacher had deliverd his soul of a faithful message in the spring of this year on 'The Danger of an Unconverted Ministry,' and had printed it for an abiding testimony amongst the people. It was based upon the pathetic words of the Evangelist—'And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.'

Tennent joined Whitefield's party, and rode off with them to New York, to join in the preaching campaign, the journey being shortened by each traveller's telling the rest what God had done for his soul. Mr. Noble received them 'most affectionately;' and that night Tennent preached at the meeting-house, 'but never before,' says Whitefield, 'heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bottom indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar. He convinced me more and more that we can preach the gospel of Christ no further than we have experienced the power of it in our own heart. Being deeply convicted of sin, and driven from time to time off his false bottoms and dependencies by God's Holy Spirit at his first conversion, he has learned expe-

rimentally to dissect the heart of the natural man. Hypocrites must either soon be converted or enraged at his preaching. He is a son of thunder, and I find doth not fear the faces of men.'

New York was not so tolerant as Philadelphia. The Commissary denied Whitefield the use of his pulpit before it was even asked for, and angrily informed him that his assistance was not wanted. Whitefield replied, that 'if they preached the gospel he wished them good luck in the name of the Lord, and that, as the church had been denied without being asked for, he should preach in the fields, for all places were alike to him.' To the fields he went that afternoon, and though some seemed inclined to mock, they soon grew more serious. An attempt to get the town hall was unsuccessful; but Pemberton, the Presbyterian minister, was glad to have him in his meeting-house, which was crowded night after night; and some who had been profligate learned to look upon their past lives with shame. That Whitefield, along with his fine indignation at the unfaithfulness of unworthy men, who held the sacred office of pastor and teacher, and his ardent zeal to save all men, had a touch of censoriousness, and perhaps peremptoriness, this latter quality growing upon him as he got older, cannot be denied; but his spirit must also have had rare reverence for age and goodness. He was no young upstart, who, thinking himself so much more competent to guide the people, delighted to treat old men and their views with neglect; he never looks more dignified and manly than when, with respect in his manner and diffidence in his heart, he meets some aged Samuel, like old Mr. Tennent, or old Mr. Pemberton, and takes his place as a listener and learner. After leaving New York, his sensitive mind, which cherished the memory of the least kindness with fond faithfulness, became uneasy about some fancied want of humility in the presence of Mr. Pemberton, and

he sought to make amends in a letter, which must have touched the good man's heart very deeply:—

'Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

'Rev. and dear Sir,—I have been much concerned since I saw you, lest I behaved not with that humility toward you which is due from a babe to a father in Christ; but you know, reverend sir, how difficult it is to meet with success and not be puffed up with it, and therefore, if any such thing was discernible in my conduct, oh! pity me, and pray to the Lord to heal my pride. All I can say is, that I desire to learn of Jesus Christ to be meek and lowly in heart; but my corruptions are so strong and my employ so dangerous, that sometimes I am afraid. But wherefore do I fear? He that hath given me Himself will He not freely give me all things? By His help, then, I am resolved to ask till I receive, to seek till I find, and to knock till I know myself. Blessed be God! I have had a sweet retirement to search out my spirit, and bewail the infirmities of my public ministrations. Alas! who can hope to be justified by his works? My preaching, praying, &c., are only *splendida peccata*. . . . I am a child, and must be tutored and made meet by sufferings to be a partaker of the heavenly inheritance with the saints in light.'

A letter written to his mother, when he reached New York, will show his relation to the old home circle, and how constantly the one absorbing topic of salvation by Christ was on his pen and his tongue:—

'New York, Nov. 16, 1739.

'Hon. Mother,—Last night, God brought me hither in health and safety. I must not omit informing you of it. Here is likely to be some opposition, and, consequently, a likelihood that some good will be done. New friends are raised up every day whithersoever we go; the people of Philadelphia have used me most courteously, and many, I believe, have been pricked to the heart. God willing! I leave this place next Monday, and in about a fortnight think to set out for Virginia by land. In about a twelvemonth I purpose returning to England: expect then to have the happiness of seeing me suffer

for my Master's sake. Oh that God may enable you to rejoice in it! If you have the spirit of Christ you will rejoice, if not, you will be sorrowful. Oh! my honoured mother, my soul is in distress for you: flee, flee, I beseech you, to Jesus Christ by faith. Lay hold on Him, and do not let Him go. God hath given you convictions. Arise, arise, and never rest till they end in a sound conversion. Dare to deny yourself. My honoured mother, I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, dare to take up your cross and follow Christ.

'I am, honoured mother, your ever dutiful, though unworthy son,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

The preservation of this letter by his mother, and its publication after his death may, very properly, encourage the hope that mother and son were not separated in faith, and that his pleadings must have been as effectual for her as for others, though it remains one of the saddest mysteries of this mysterious life, that parents and children are sometimes the most widely separated at a point where union is sweetest.

The return of the party from New York was a preaching tour, under the direction of Tennent, who in due time brought them to Neshamini, where his father lived, and where Whitefield was announced to preach. It may serve to keep alive an interest in his feelings amidst his labours, to mention that, in the early part of the service, the three thousand people who were assembled to hear him seemed unaffected, that this caused him to 'wrestle' much for them in himself, and that at night he had to withdraw for a while from the delightful conversation of the circle of holy men, to recover in private his composure and joy. Then they talked together of what plans would be the best for promoting the kingdom of our Lord. The best plan, however, was already in operation in that log-house which stood hard by, old Mr. Tennent's Academy, 'the College,' as it was contemptu-

ously called by such as thought that learning could not be nursed in such rude quarters, whatever might become of any piety which sought its shelter. Seven or eight good men had just gone forth from it to their work; more were almost ready to follow; and a foundation was being laid for the instruction of many others. The minister whose soul was so hot about the 'Pharisee-teachers' who knew nothing of the new birth, had here a work which thoroughly commanded his heart. They all felt sure that it was right. Whitefield says, 'The devil will certainly rage against them; but the work, I am persuaded, is of God, and therefore will not come to nought. Carnal ministers oppose them strongly; and because people, when awakened by Mr. Tennent or his brethren, see through, and therefore leave their ministry, the poor gentlemen are loaded with contempt, and looked upon (as all faithful preachers will be) as persons that turn the world upside down. A notable war, I believe, is commencing between Michael and the dragon. We can easily guess who will prevail.' Whitefield's guesses proved better than his prophecies; the dragon got the worst of it; and out of the log-house, which the dauntless, vehement, sarcastic Tennents built in faith, rose Princeton College.

The doctrine of imputed righteousness was not satisfactory to everyone in Philadelphia. On Whitefield's return to the city, one of its opposers took occasion to express his mind publicly in church after Whitefield had preached. He told the congregation, with a loud voice, that there was 'no such term as imputed righteousness in Holy Scripture; that such a doctrine put a stop to all goodness; that we were to be judged for our good works and obedience; and were commanded to do and live.' Whitefield denied his first proposition, and quoted a text to refute him; but thinking the church an improper place for discussion, he let the matter drop until the afternoon,

when he preached from the text, 'The Lord our righteousness,' and discussed the whole question. This time he had the field to himself.

His wandering life, the excitement which his presence always caused, and the curiosity of all to see and hear him, were sure to bring to his notice some of the oddest phases of life, and some of the saddest and tenderest too. One day he was taken to see an old hermit, who had lived a solitary life for forty years—a hermit, but not a misanthrope. The old man talked with much feeling of his inward trials, and when asked by Whitefield whether he had not many such in so close a retirement, he answered with pathos and beauty, 'No wonder that a single tree which stands alone is more exposed to storms than one that grows among others.' He rejoiced to hear of what was being done in England, and kissed his visitor when they parted—the old man to continue solitary, the young man to live and think and feel, with the eyes of thousands on him daily. A little hitch in life might once have made the preacher the hermit; for had not he also shunned human society, neglected all ordinary comforts, and wrestled with his troubles alone, as the single tree which has no fellows to shelter it contends with the storm?

The next day a German came to him as he was passing along the street, and said, 'Thou didst sow some good seed yesterday in German Town, and a grain of it fell into my daughter's heart. She wants to speak with thee, that she may know what she must do to keep and increase it.' The daughter, who was standing hard by, came at her father's call, and both stood weeping while Whitefield exhorted to watchfulness and prayer and closeness of fellowship with the Saviour. Wonderful gentleness and sympathy must have graced him whom repentant prodigals, little children, and women could approach without fear, and whom old men loved as a son.

The good people of Philadelphia showed their appreciation of their visitor, not only by crowding to his services but by sending him presents for his family, which was to proceed to Savannah by sea while he went by land, preaching wherever he could get a congregation. Butter, sugar, chocolate, pickles, cheese, and flour came for the 'poor orphans.' A sloop that was lent him Seward bought, and named it 'Savannah;' Gladman was to be its captain, and a recent young convert offered himself as mate. Society had been thoroughly awakened, both in New York and Philadelphia; many of the 'good sort of people had been unhinged,' said an opposer. Numbers of letters came to tell him how their writers had been led to consider his words. The printers were anxious for sermons, one of them having obtained two hundred subscriptions for printing his sermons and journals; another said that he could have sold a thousand sermons if he had had them; and, at the solicitation of his friends, he put two extempore ones—by which he probably means that they were written after delivery—into the printer's hands. The farewell sermon had to be preached in the open air, notwithstanding it was the end of November; for no building could hold the congregation of ten thousand which stood listening for an hour and a half. The people were in great grief as, accompanied by twenty horse, he passed through their town and left them. Seven miles from the town another company of horsemen joined them, and the cavalcade enlarged until about a hundred and fifty horse attended him. Franklin's newspaper for that month contained the intelligence that, 'on Thursday last, the Reverend Mr. Whitefield left this city, and was accompanied to Chester by about one hundred and fifty horse, and preached there to about seven thousand people. On Friday he preached twice at Willing's Town to about five thousand; on Saturday, at Newcastle, to about two thousand five hundred; and the same even-

ing, at Christiana Bridge, to about three thousand; on Sunday, at White Clay Creek, he preached twice, resting about half an hour between the sermons, to about eight thousand, of whom three thousand, it is computed, came on horseback. It rained most of the time, and yet they stood in the open air.'

Meanwhile his interest in other workers was not abated. His heart was in England with the Wesleys, in Wales with Harris, and in Scotland with the Erskines. A correspondence with the Scotch brothers was preparing the way for a trip over the border some day. He writes to Ralph—Ralph was the gentle, sensitive, poetical brother; Ebenezer, the bold, fearless, dignified one, who preached the truth in its majesty—'The cordial and tender love which I bear you will not permit me to neglect any opportunity of sending to you. I bless the Lord from my soul for raising you and several other burning and shining lights, to appear for Him in this midnight of the church. My heart has been warmed during my voyage, by reading some of your sermons, especially that preached before the Associate Presbytery. I long more and more to hear the rise and progress of your proceedings, and how far you would willingly carry the reformation of the Church of Scotland. There are some expressions which I suppose will be interpreted to your disadvantage, both by your domestic and foreign enemies. I should be glad to know who are those martyrs to which you refer, and of what nature those covenants were which you mention in your sermon. My ignorance of the constitution of the Scotch Church is the cause of my writing after this manner. I should be obliged to you, if you would be pleased to recommend to me some useful books, especially such which open the holy sacrament; for in God's law is my delight. "Boston's Fourfold State of Man," I like exceedingly. Under God it has been of much service to my soul. I believe I agree with you and him in the essential truths

of Christianity. I bless God His Spirit has convinced me of our eternal election by the Father through the Son, of our free justification through faith in His blood, of our sanctification as the consequence of that, and of our final perseverance and glorification as the result of all. These, I am persuaded, God has joined together; these neither men nor devils shall ever be able to put asunder. My only scruple at present is, "whether you approve of taking the sword in defence of your religious rights?" One of our English bishops, I remember, when I was with him, called you Cameronians. They, I think, took up arms, which I think to be contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ and His apostles. Some few passages in your sermon before the Presbytery, I thought, were a little suspicious of favouring that principle. I pray God your next may inform me that I am mistaken; for when zeal carries us to such a length, I think it ceases to be zeal according to knowledge. Dearest sir, be not angry at my writing thus freely.'

Another difficulty, besides the question of appealing to arms to decide religious belief, stood in the way of a union between the English priest and the Scotch presbyters. The latter held the divinity of their form of church government and the sacredness of their ordination in so exclusive a way as practically to excommunicate a minister of any other church. Whitefield refers to this in another letter to the same friend. He says, 'I think I have but one objection against your proceedings—your insisting only on Presbyterian government, exclusive of all other ways of worshipping God. Will not this, dear sir, necessarily lead you (whenever you get the upper hand) to oppose and persecute all that differ from you in their church government, or outward way of worshipping God? Our dear brother and fellow-labourer Mr. Gilbert Tennent thinks this will be the consequence, and said he would write to you about it. As for my own part

(though I profess myself a member of the Church of England), I am of a catholic spirit; and if I see a man who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, I am not very solicitous to what outward communion he belongs.' His fears about opposition, if not about persecution, proved only too true; he himself was to get no small share of it. The denominational spirit and the spirit catholic clashed as soon as ever they met.

To get again upon his track southwards. Once away from Whiteley Creek and William Tennent's hospitality, he had a ride through forest, swamp, and partially cleared country, seeing and sharing in the life of the sparse population which lay scattered along his route. Gentlemen were as glad to show kindness to travellers, where few human beings were to be seen, as travellers were to receive it; and thus the private house—generally that of a military man—was as often the resting-place for the night as the tavern. But taverns were a welcome lodge, though noisy guests might sleep in the next room, or the bed be made in the kitchen; for sometimes the way was dangerous enough to gratify anybody with a Robinson Crusoe nature—the evening wolves would come out and howl like a kennel of hounds round the travellers. Odd meetings with people who had some connexion with the old country, and whose talk could pleasantly recall the past, now and again happened. One day it was with a Welsh family, which had been at Cardiff when he preached there; and another day it was with two Oxford contemporaries, who had come out to manage one of the new colleges which were beginning to spring up, to foster learning by the side of labour. The congregations were like everything else; now a handful of forty, now a hundred in place of the usual twenty, now the family whose hospitality was being enjoyed, and now a stray visitor who came in nobody knew how, and in every case the Negroes of the house were got together. The great work was

never forgotten, never neglected, never despised; the preacher would talk earnestly and persuasively to one when he could not get more.

The account of crossing the Potomac—a name now familiar to the ear through 'the army of the Potomac,' which played so conspicuous a part in the war between North and South—helps one to realise the condition of the whole land through which they were passing. 'Potomac,' Whitefield says, 'is a river which parts the two provinces, Maryland and Virginia. It is six miles broad. We attempted to go over it; but, after we had rowed about a mile, the wind blew so violently, and night was coming on so fast, that we were obliged to go back and lie at the person's house who kept the ferry, where they brought out such things as they had.' These creeks and rivers formed no slight difficulty and danger; and, on one occasion, Whitefield's physical cowardice kept him in a constant tremble while his horse struggled with the rushing water, swimming with him from bank to bank. Christmas Day was spent very pleasantly at Newborn Town; public worship was attended, the sacrament was received, a congregation was gathered to hear the word, and heard it with tears; the hostess provided a Christmas dinner, and would take no fare from the traveller when he offered it. New Year's Day was spent in riding; and at sunset a tavern was reached, which stood just within South Carolina; but another kind of visitor than a parson, and especially a Methodist parson, would have been more welcome when the house had a goodly company of neighbours who had come together for a dance! Such a company, however, must have a word of exhortation. So the preacher stepped in among them, and all was silence while he discoursed on baptism, and the necessity of being born again, in order to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. The words took so much effect that he was asked to baptize a child of the house. At break of day

he started again, having first spoken a final word to the dancers. The morning proved as delightful as the night was to prove disagreeable. For twenty miles the travellers rode along the shore of a beautiful bay, as level as a terrace walk, the porpoises that were enjoying their pastime making sport for them all the way. Whitefield's heart rejoiced to hear shore resounding to shore, across the noble expanse, the praise of Him who hath set bounds to the sea that it cannot pass. Then they rode into the forest, and had to take their chance among the roads and by-roads. As night came on the moon was too beclouded to show them where the by-paths led from the main road, and thus the path to a house where they purposed seeking lodgings was missed. There was nothing for it but to push on till some resting-place could be reached, and they had not gone far before they saw a light. Two of them went up towards it, and saw a hut full of Negroes, of whom they inquired about the gentleman's house to which they had been directed. The Negroes seemed surprised, and said that they were but new comers, and knew no such man. This made one of the more timid hearts infer that these Negroes might be some of a company which had made an insurrection in the province, and had run away from their masters. All the rest adopted his suspicion, and therefore thought it best to mend their pace. Soon another great fire was seen near the roadside, and the travellers, imagining that there was a second nest of rebels, made a circuit into the woods, and one of them observed Negroes dancing round the fire. The moon now shone out clearly, and they soon found their way again into the main road, along which they rode for twelve miles, expecting at every step to come upon more fires and more Negroes, when they had the good fortune to see a large plantation, the master of which gave them lodging and their beasts provender. 'Upon our relating the circumstances of our travels,' says Whitefield, 'he

gave us satisfaction about the Negroes, informed us whose they were, and upon what occasion they were in those places in which we found them.' Then comes a sentence which takes all the flavour out of the story. 'This afforded us much comfort after we had rode near threescore miles, and, as we thought, in great perils of our lives.' Two short days more and a morning carried him safe into Charles Town (abbreviations in names had not begun at this time, and Charleston was still called by its full name), and a ride of seven hundred and fifty miles was over.

His absence from Charles Town had not been long, but still sufficiently so to allow of changes. He himself was changed into a field preacher; and, in consequence of this, Commissary Garden, who, on the preceding visit to America, had promised to defend him with life and fortune, was changed into a cold friend and then a hot enemy.

The devoted friend was absent from home, and his curate had no commission to lend the pulpit. Still it was pleasant to get near civilisation again. Letters and papers were received, informing him of the success of God's work in New York; the English papers told the same good news of home; and if the Commissary had shut the English church against him, and absented himself, there was the Independent meeting-house open to him, and its minister and several gentlemen very kindly disposed towards him. The congregation in the meeting-house was large and 'very polite,' rivalling in affected finery and gaiety of dress the court end of London,—a circumstance which looked ill in Whitefield's eyes, who remembered 'such divine judgments' as had lately been sent abroad among them. He did not forget to reprove them for it; but he seemed to them as one that mocked. However, there was more feeling underneath 'the light, airy, unthinking manner' in which they left than he had supposed, and next morning he found them desirous to

hear him a second time. He consented; and the French Church was crowded with a reverent congregation, many of whom were melted into tears, and departed with 'concern in their faces.' Again he was importuned to preach; again he consented; and, after half-an-hour's notice, a large congregation was assembled in the meeting-house. His quick and powerful word soon changed gaiety into seriousness, and made a whole town attend to the things of God.

The rest of the distance to Savannah was performed by water, in an open canoe, steered and rowed by five Negro slaves. 'The poor slaves,' he says, 'were very civil, diligent, and laborious.' The first night they slept on the water, and the second on the shore, with a large fire to keep away wild beasts. At noon on the second day they reached Savannah, and had a joyful meeting with the 'family,' which had been there three weeks. He looks more like a settled family man during the three months after his arrival, than during any other part of his life. The huge congregations, which would not allow of five minutes' leisure with him, are left behind; so too is the anger of opponents. The poor orphans are around him, and his humane heart thinks and feels for them with unwearied tenderness, as if they were the lambs of his own home. He busies himself about them daily, and watches the progress of the work which is to make them as good a home as they can have, now that the dear old places are silent and lonely, without father or mother. He will be a father to them all; he will feed and clothe them; instruct them and pray over them. On the second morning after his arrival he went to see a tract of land, consisting of five hundred acres, which Habersham, whom he had left schoolmaster of Savannah when he returned to England, had chosen as the site of the orphanage. 'The land,' he says, 'is situated on the northern part of the colony, about ten miles off Savannah, and has various

kinds of soil in it; a part of it very good. Some acres, through the diligence of my friends, are cleared. He has also stocked it with cattle and poultry. He has begun the fence, and built a hut; all which will greatly forward the work. I choose to have it so far off the town because the children will then be more free from bad examples, and can more conveniently go upon their lands to work; for it is my design to have each of the children taught to labour, so as to be qualified to get their own living. Lord, do Thou teach and excite them to labour also for that meat which endureth to everlasting life. Thursday, January 24.—Went this morning and took possession of my lot. I hope it is cast in a fair ground, and God, in answer to our prayers, will show that He has given us a goodly heritage. I called it Bethesda, that is, the house of mercy; for I hope many acts of mercy will be shown there, and that many will thereby be stirred up to praise the Lord, as a God whose mercy endureth for ever. Tuesday, January 29.—Took in three German orphans, the most pitiful objects, I think, that I ever saw. No new Negroes could possibly look more despicable, or require more pains to instruct them. Was all the money I have collected to be spent in freeing these three children from slavery, it would be well laid out. I have also in my house near twenty more, who, in all probability, if not taken in, would be as ignorant of God and Christ, comparatively speaking, as the Indians. Blessed be God they begin to live in order. Continue this and all other blessings to them, for Thy infinite mercy's sake, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer. Wednesday, January 30. —Went this day with the carpenter and surveyor, and laid out the ground whereon the orphan-house is to be built. It is to be sixty feet long and forty wide; a yard and garden before and behind. The foundation is to be brick, and is to be sunk four feet within, and raised three feet above the ground. The house is to be two story

high with a hip roof; the first ten, the second nine feet high. In all there will be nearly twenty commodious rooms. Behind are to be two small houses, the one for an infirmary, the other for a workhouse. There is also to be a still-house for the apothecary; and I trust, ere my return to England, I shall see the children and family quite settled in it. I find it will be an expensive work; but it is for the Lord Christ. He will take care to defray all charges. The money that will be spent on this occasion will keep many families from leaving the colony; there are near thirty working at the plantation already, and I would employ as many more if they were to be had. Whatsoever is done for God ought to be done speedily, as well as with all our might. Monday, February 4.—Met, according to appointment, with all the magistrates, and the former trustee of the orphans, who heard the recorder read over the grant given me by the Trustees, and took a minute of their approbation of the same. Lord, grant that I and my friends may carefully watch over every soul that is or shall be committed to our charge!'

Gladman, the converted captain, proved a wise helper in the management of the orphanage money. It was he who counselled Whitefield, before he left London, to invest the thousand pounds that had been collected, in goods which might be sold to advantage on their arrival in America; and it was he who managed to sell them so advantageously in Philadelphia as nearly to realise the expenses of the voyage for the whole family. Another of the family was a surgeon, who had come out on the same condition as the rest, that is, he was to have food and clothing—it was as much as Whitefield himself ever had. Acting upon the truth that, 'whatever is done for God ought to be done speedily,' Whitefield did not wait until the orphanage was ready before beginning his philanthropic work, but at once hired a large house, and took

in all the orphans he could find in the colony; and that he might get all, he went to several of the settlements, and brought them home himself. He says that 'a great many also of the town's children came to school gratis; and many poor people who could not maintain their children, upon application had leave given them to send their little ones for a month or two, or more, as they could spare them, till at length my family consisted of between sixty and seventy. Most of the orphans were in poor case, and three or four almost eaten up with lice. I likewise erected an infirmary, in which many sick people were cured and taken care of gratis. I have now by me (he writes this six years afterwards) a list of upwards of a hundred and thirty patients who were under the surgeon's hands, exclusive of my private family. This surgeon I furnished with all proper drugs and utensils, which put me to no small expense.'

The foundation-brick of the 'great house,' as he calls the orphanage, was laid by himself on Tuesday, March 25, without any parade—even without a silver trowel or a mahogany mallet—but with full assurance of faith. The workmen were the spectators, and knelt down with him to offer the dedication prayer. They sang a hymn together, and he gave them a word of exhortation, bidding them remember to work heartily, knowing that they worked for God. Forty children were then under his care, and nearly a hundred mouths had to be daily supplied with food. The expense was great, 'but,' he says, 'our great and good God, I am persuaded, will enable me to defray it. As yet I am kept from the least doubting. The more my family increases, the more enlargement and comfort I feel. Set thy fiat to it, O gracious Father, and for Thy own name's sake convince us more and more that Thou never wilt forsake those that put their trust in Thee!' He needed both his own comfortable faith and God's fiat upon that solitary little brick which he had

laid on the ground; for that day he was worth only one hundred and fifty pounds. The future justified his act before men; his loving heart justified it from the first before God.

But all was not at rest. His very friendships were to cause him his greatest troubles; and the first signs of them appeared while he was busy among his family; there a letter and a journal from John Wesley reached him. That Whitefield himself had been anxious about the respective views of Calvin and Arminius has been told already, and also that he had determined to speak out the conclusions he had come to. For once he was behind his friend, and it was an honourable slowness to contention. Wesley, while at Bristol, had been accused in a letter, apparently anonymous, of not preaching the gospel, because he did not preach up election. This led him to consult the lot as to whether he should preach and print his sermon on free grace, and the lot he drew said, 'preach and print;' and accordingly he did so; but at Whitefield's request, who was then in England, he desisted from publishing so long as his friend should remain in the country.

Soon after Whitefield sailed the sermon appeared. Wesley also adopted into his creed the doctrine of perfection; that is, 'free, full, and present salvation from all the guilt, all the power, and all the in-being of sin.' His letter to Whitefield at Savannah was upon their respective doctrines of election and perfection, asking him to give up the former and embrace the latter. To this Whitefield could not consent; he answered him, 'I could now send a particular answer to your last; but, my honoured friend and brother, for once hearken to a child, who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. To the

best of my knowledge at present no sin has dominion over me, yet I feel the strugglings of indwelling sin day by day. I can therefore by no means come into your interpretation of the passage mentioned in the letter, and as explained in your preface to Mr. Halyburton. The doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of those who are in Christ, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last. You think otherwise: why, then, should we dispute, when there is no probability of convincing? Will it not in the end destroy brotherly love, and insensibly take from us that cordial union and sweetness of soul which, I pray God, may always subsist between us? How glad would the enemies of the Lord be to see us divided! How many would rejoice, should I join and make a party against you! And, in one word, how would the cause of our common Master every way suffer by our raising disputes about particular points of doctrine! Honoured sir, let us offer salvation freely to all by the blood of Jesus; and whatever light God has communicated to us, let us freely communicate it to others. I have lately read the life of Luther, and think it nowise to his honour, that the last part of his life was so much taken up in disputing with Zuinglius and others, who in all probability equally loved the Lord Jesus, notwithstanding they might differ from him in other points. Let this, dear sir, be a caution to us; I hope it will be to me; for, by the blessing of God, provoke me to it as much as you please, I do not think ever to enter the lists of controversy with you on the points wherein we differ. Only I pray to God, that, the more you judge me, the more I may love you, and learn to desire no one's approbation but that of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ.' Unfortunately he did not abide by these truly Christian purposes, neither was Wesley so forbearing as he ought to have been.

Whitefield's kind heart was busy with another good work while he was gathering the orphans to his house. That month's ride through Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina had brought him near slavery and all its revolting accessories; and he was pained at the heart. It would not do to be silent about the wrongs of such as had no helper; he took pen in hand, and wrote to the inhabitants of those three states:—

'As I lately passed through your provinces' [he says] 'in my way hither, I was sensibly touched with a fellow feeling of the miseries of the poor Negroes. Could I have preached more frequently among you, I should have delivered my thoughts to you in my public discourses; but, as business here required me to stop as little as possible on the road, I have no other way to discharge the concern which at present lies upon my heart, than by sending you this letter. How you will receive it I know not. Whether you will accept it in love, or be offended with me, as the master of the damsel was with Paul for casting the evil spirit out of her, when he saw the hope of his gain was gone, is uncertain; but, whatever be the event, I must inform you, in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, that I think God has a quarrel with you for your abuse of and cruelty to the poor Negroes. Whether it be lawful for Christians to buy slaves, and thereby encourage the nations from whence they are brought to be at perpetual war with each other, I shall not take upon me to determine; but sure I am it is sinful, when bought, to use them as bad as, nay worse than, brutes; and whatever particular exceptions there may be (as I would certainly hope there are some), I fear the generality of you that own Negroes are liable to such a charge; for your slaves, I believe, work as hard, if not harder, than the horses whereon you ride. These, after they have done their work, are fed and taken proper care of; but many Negroes, when wearied with labour in your plantations, have been obliged to grind their own corn after they return home.

'Your dogs are caressed and fondled at your tables; but your slaves, who are frequently styled dogs or beasts, have not an equal privilege; they are scarce permitted to pick up the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables; nay, some, as I

have been informed by an eyewitness, have been, upon the most trifling provocation, cut with knives, and have had forks thrown into their flesh; not to mention what numbers have been given up to the inhuman usage of cruel taskmasters, who, by their unrelenting scourges, have ploughed upon their backs and made long furrows, and at length brought them even to death itself.

'Tis true, I hope, there are but few such monsters of barbarity suffered to subsist amongst you; some, I hear, have been lately executed in Virginia for killing slaves, and the laws are very severe against such who at any time murder them.

'And perhaps it might be better for the poor creatures themselves to be hurried out of life, than to be made so miserable as they generally are in it. And indeed, considering what usage they commonly meet with, I have wondered that we have not more instances of self-murder among the Negroes, or that they have not more frequently risen up in arms against their owners. Virginia has been once, and Charles Town more than once, threatened in this way.

'And though I heartily pray God they may never be permitted to get the upper hand, yet, should such a thing be permitted by Providence, all good men must acknowledge the judgment would be just. For is it not the highest ingratitude, as well as cruelty, not to let your poor slaves enjoy some fruits of their labour?

'When passing along, whilst I have viewed your plantations cleared and cultivated, many spacious houses built, and the owners of them faring sumptuously every day, my blood has frequently almost run cold within me, to consider how many of your slaves had neither convenient food to eat, nor proper raiment to put on, notwithstanding most of the comforts you enjoy were solely owing to their indefatigable labours. The Scripture says—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." Does God take care of oxen? And will He not take care of the Negroes also? Undoubtedly He will. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." Behold the provision of the poor Negroes which have reaped down your fields, which is by you denied them, crieth, and the cries of them who reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. We have a remarkable instance of God's taking cognisance, and avenging the quarrel of

poor slaves, 2 Sam. xxi. 1: "Then there was a famine in the days of David, three years, year after year; and David enquired of the Lord. And the Lord answered, It is for Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." Two things here are very remarkable; first, that these Gibeonites were only hewers of wood and drawers of water, or, in other words, slaves like yours. Secondly, that this plague was sent by God, many years after the injury, the cause of the plague, was committed. And for what end was this and such like examples recorded in Holy Scripture? Without doubt for our learning, upon whom the ends of the world are come; for God is the same to-day as He was yesterday, and will continue the same for ever. He does not reject the prayer of the poor and destitute, nor disregard the cry of the meanest Negroes. Their blood, which has been spilt for these many years in your respective provinces, will ascend up to heaven against you. I wish I could say it would speak better things than the blood of Abel. But this is not all. Enslaving or misusing their bodies, comparatively speaking, would be an inconsiderable evil, was proper care taken of their souls; but I have great reason to believe that most of you on purpose keep your Negroes ignorant of Christianity; or otherwire, why are they permitted through your provinces openly to profane the Lord's day by their dancing, piping, and such like? I know the general pretence for this neglect of their souls is, that teaching them Christianity would make them proud, and consequently unwilling to submit to slavery. But what a dreadful reflection is this upon your holy religion! What blasphemous notions must those have that make such an objection of the precepts of Christianity. Do you find any one command in the gospel that has the least tendency to make people forget their relative duties? Do you not read that servants, and as many as are under the yoke of bondage, are required to be subject in all lawful things to their masters, and that not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward? Nay, may I not appeal to your own hearts, whether deviating from the laws of Christ Jesus is not the cause of all the evils and miseries mankind now universally groan under, and of all the vices we find both in ourselves and others? But what Christianity were they taught? They were baptized, and taught to read and write; and this they may do, and much

more, and yet be far from the kingdom of God; for there is a vast difference between civilising and Christianising a Negro. A black as well as a white man may be civilised by outward restraints, and afterwards break through those restraints again; but I challenge the world to produce a single instance of a Negro's being made a thorough Christian, and thereby made a worse servant: it cannot be. But further, if the teaching slaves Christianity has such a bad influence upon their lives, why are you generally desirous of having your children taught? Think you they are any better by nature than the poor Negroes? No, in nowise. Blacks are just as much, and no more, conceived and born in sin as white men are: both, if born and bred up here, I am persuaded are naturally capable of the same improvement. And as for the grown Negroes, I am apt to think, whenever the gospel is preached with power amongst them, that many will be effectually brought home to God. Your present and bad usage of them, however ill-designed, may thus far do them good as to break their wills, increase the sense of their natural misery, and consequently better dispose their minds to accept the redemption wrought out for them by the death and obedience of Jesus Christ. Not long since God hath been pleased to make some of the Negroes in New England vessels of mercy, and some I hear have been brought to cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?" in the province of Pennsylvania. Doubtless there is a time when the fulness of the Gentiles will come in; and then, I believe, if not before, these despised slaves will find the gospel of Christ to be the power of God to their salvation, as well as we. But I know all arguments to prove the necessity of taking care of your Negroes' souls, though never so conclusive, will prove ineffectual till you are convinced of the necessity of securing the salvation of your own. That you yourselves are not effectually convinced of this, I think, is too notorious to want evidence. A general deadness as to divine things, and not to say a general profaneness, is discernible both in pastors and people.

'Most of you are without any teaching priest; and, whatever quantity of rum there may be, yet I fear but very few bibles are annually imported into your different provinces. God has already begun to visit for this as well as for other wicked things. For near two years last past He has been, in a remark-

able manner, contending with the people of South Carolina; their houses have been depopulated with the small-pox and fever, and their own slaves have risen up in arms against them. These judgments are undoubtedly sent abroad, not only that the inhabitants of that, but of other provinces should learn righteousness; and, unless you all repent, you all must in like manner expect to perish. God first generally corrects us with whips; if that will not do, He must chastise us with scorpions. A foreign enemy is now threatening to invade you; and nothing will more provoke God to give you up as a prey into their teeth than impenitence and unbelief. Let these be removed, and the sons of violence shall not be able to hurt you: no, your oxen shall be strong to labour; there shall be no decay of your people by epidemical sickness, no leading away into captivity from abroad, and no complaining in your streets at home. Your sons shall grow up as young plants, and your daughters be as the polished corners of the temple; and, to sum up all blessings in one, "Then shall the Lord be your God." That you may be the people who are in such a happy case is the earnest prayer of

'Your sincere well-wisher and servant in Christ,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

Whitefield was absolutely blind to the wickedness of slavery as slavery; it was only the brutal conduct of some of the masters that appeared wrong to him. At his first visit to Georgia he expressed his persuasion that the colony must always continue feeble, if the people were denied the use of rum and slaves; and he afterwards dishonoured himself by becoming a slave-owner, and working his slaves for the good of the orphanage. There is little or nothing to be said in extenuation of his conduct; for though it was a popular notion in his day, that slavery was permissible, it was not the notion of every one; and he might have come to a better understanding of the subject had he pondered it. Among his Quaker friends there were some who could have led him into the light, had he spent time enough in conferring with them; but

his incessant preaching gave him no opportunity for thinking and forming an independent conclusion. He had only one thought, and cared nothing for a second, because the first was paramount. It might have been impossible for him to preach, and at the same time plead for the freedom of the Negroes; but at least he might have kept his own hands clean, and have given a practical rebuke to his neighbours' sins. One sentence in his letter shows that his mind might have arrived at a just conclusion but for the hurry which called him away to other things, 'Whether it be lawful for Christians to buy slaves, and thereby encourage the nations from whence they are brought to be at perpetual war with each other, I shall not take upon me to determine.' But that was just the thing he was bound to determine; and, if his convictions on the unlawfulness of war for religious ends had any depth in them, which hardly appears to have been the case, he must have concluded that war for enslaving men who were of the same flesh as their captors and buyers, and of equal value in the sight of God, must be much less justifiable than religious wars. It may be safely affirmed that the lash was never used on the farm where the orphan-house stood; that the children were not brutalised by the sight of cruelty; and that the Negroes did not go home weary and sore to grind their corn for the evening meal. But there must have been some things to offend,—almost certainly, separation between husband and wife, between parents and children. Orphaned hearts must have toiled in the fields to support the orphans in the home.

On the day of the appearance of the letter to the slave-owners, Seward chronicled in his journal a story which well illustrates the quality of Negro human nature. He says, 'Heard of a drinking-club that had a Negro boy attending them, who used to mimic people for their diversion. The gentlemen bid him mimic our brother

Whitefield, which he was very unwilling to do; but they insisting upon it he stood up, and said, "I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not; unless you repent, you will all be damned." This unexpected speech broke up the club, which has not met since.'

Within six days of the ceremony at Bethesda, Whitefield was called northward by the claims of the orphans, who must be maintained; and nothing could be found for them in Georgia. He sailed in his sloop, and no sooner got on board than he devoted his time to the writing of as strange and loveless a love letter as ever came from the hand of the most witless boor. It was addressed to an English lady at Blendon:—

'*To Mr. and Mrs. D.*

'On board the "Savannah," bound to Philadelphia from Georgia. April 4, 1740.

'My dear friends,—Since I wrote last we have buried our Sister L. Rachel I left at Philadelphia, and Sister T. seems to be in a declining state; so that Sister A. alone is like to be left of all the women who came over with me from England. I find by experience that a mistress is absolutely necessary for the due management of my increasing family, and to take off some of that care which at present lies upon me. Besides, I shall in all probability, at my next return from England, bring more women with me; and I find, unless they are all truly gracious (or indeed if they are), without a superior matters cannot be carried on as becometh the gospel of Christ Jesus. It hath been, therefore, much impressed upon my heart that I should marry, in order to have a helpmeet for me in the work whereunto our dear Lord Jesus hath called me. This comes (like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations) to know whether you think your daughter, Miss E., is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking? If so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her? You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal. For, I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls Love. I write only because I

believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state; but your denial will fully convince me that your daughter is not the person appointed by God for me. He knows my heart. I would not marry but for Him, and in Him, for ten thousand worlds. But I have sometimes thought Miss E. would be my helpmate; for she has often been impressed upon my heart. I should think myself safer in your family, because so many of you love the Lord Jesus, and consequently would be more watchful over my precious and immortal soul. After strong crying and tears at the throne of grace for direction, and after unspeakable troubles with my own heart, I write this. Be pleased to spread the letter before the Lord, and if you think this motion to be of Him, be pleased to deliver the enclosed to your daughter. If not, say nothing, only let me know you disapprove of it, and that shall satisfy, dear sir and madam,

'Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

The enclosure ran thus:—

'*To Miss E.*

'On board the "Savannah," April 4, 1740.

'Be not surprised at the contents of this. The letter sent to your honoured father and mother will acquaint you with the reasons. Do you think you could undergo the fatigues that must necessarily attend being joined to one who is every day liable to be called out to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ? Can you bear to leave your father and kindred's house, and to trust on Him who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him for your own and children's support, supposing it should please Him to bless you with any? Can you undertake to help a husband in the charge of a family consisting of a hundred persons? Can you bear the inclemencies of the air, both as to cold and heat, in a foreign climate? Can you, when you have a husband, be as though you had none, and willingly part with him, even for a long season, when his Lord and Master shall call him forth to preach the gospel, and command him to leave you behind? If, after seeking to God for direction and searching your heart, you can say, "I can do all those things through Christ strengthening me," what if you and I were joined together

in the Lord, and you came with me at my return from England, to be a helpmeet for me in the management of the orphan-house? I have great reason to believe it is the Divine will that I should alter my condition, and have often thought you was the person appointed for me. I shall still wait on God for direction, and heartily entreat Him that, if this motion be not of Him, it may come to nought. I write thus plainly, because, I trust, I write not from any other principles but the love of God. I shall make it my business to call on the Lord Jesus, and would advise you to consult both Him and your friends. For, in order to attain a blessing, we should call both the Lord Jesus and His disciples to the marriage. I much like the manner of Isaac's marrying with Rebekah, and think no marriage can succeed well unless both parties are like-minded with Tobias and his wife. I think I can call the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to witness, that I desire to take you my sister to wife, not for lust, but "uprightly; and therefore I hope He will mercifully ordain, if it be His blessed will that we should be joined together, that we may walk as Zachary and Elizabeth did, in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless." I make no great profession to you, because I believe you think me sincere. The passionate expressions which carnal courtiers use, I think ought to be avoided by those that would marry in the Lord. I can only promise, by the help of God, "to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I can towards helping you forward in the great work of salvation." If you think marriage will be any way prejudicial to your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial. I would not be a snare to you for the world. You need not be afraid of speaking your mind. I trust I love you only for God, and desire to be joined to you only by His command, and for His sake. With fear and much trembling I write, and shall patiently tarry the Lord's leisure, till He is pleased to incline you, dear Miss E., to send an answer to

'Your affectionate brother, friend, and servant in Christ,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

'Dear Miss E.' did not care to be wooed for a housekeeper instead of a wife; and Whitefield stood a rejected suitor, but not a disappointed lover, for he subsequently

learned that at the time of his offer the lady was 'in a seeking state only;' besides, he was not in love.

The sloop made a quick passage to Newcastle, from whence Whitefield hastened his journey to Philadelphia by way of Willingtown. The truth had not been inactive during the absence of its eloquent preacher; some it had conquered, others it had hardened and driven into open hostility. All around Philadelphia, as well as in the city, there was much religious excitement; and many ministers, who had been of the 'Pharisee-teacher class,' had become earnest, active labourers, and were following up Whitefield's work. The minister of Abingdon passed through a very great trial before he entered into the spiritual peace enjoyed by Whitefield; and his honesty of conduct attests his sincerity of mind. He had been for some years a preacher of the doctrines of grace without knowing the power of what he taught, until Whitefield came and preached for him. After Whitefield's departure he attempted to preach, but failed. Humbly confessing to his congregation the deception he had practised on himself and them, he asked those of them who could pray to make intercession for him. Still anxious and unsettled, he again resumed his work; for he judged that in the way of duty he would be the most likely to find light and peace; nor was he left without the blessing he so earnestly desired. A congregation which had a pastor in such a state of mind could hardly fail to receive Whitefield's word with deep emotion; 'a great influence was observable' among them when he spoke, and 'the word came with a soul-convicting and comforting power to many.'

The Commissary of Philadelphia told Whitefield that he could lend him his pulpit no more. Thanking God that the fields were open, he betook himself to Society Hill next day, and preached in the morning to six thousand, and in the evening to eight thousand. On the fol-

lowing Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, ten thousand assembled to hear him, and gave him one hundred and ten pounds for his orphans. The same day he went morning and evening to church, and had the comfort of being treated as he treated others who did not think with him. The minister preached upon justification by works, and did his best to damage Whitefield's favourite doctrine of justification by faith, though with ill success; for many hearers who had entered church on seeing Whitefield go in, were more deeply persuaded than ever of the truth of evangelical doctrines. Besides, such attacks made him look like a persecuted man, and gave him something to answer; hence it was no wonder that, when he went from the church to preach in the open air, fifteen thousand people came together. A second collection of eighty pounds showed that more than curiosity, or a desire to hear a reply, had moved them to come.

From Franklin to tipplers there was one subject of conversation. The tipplers, Whitefield says, 'would mutter in coffee-houses, give a curse, drink a bowl of punch, and then cry out against me for not preaching up more morality. From such profane moralists may I always turn away.' Franklin was amazed at the way in which people of all denominations went to hear him: he speculated on the extraordinary influence of Whitefield's oratory on his hearers, and on their admiration and respect for him, notwithstanding they were often told that they were naturally half beasts and half devils. He wondered to see the change soon made in the manners of the inhabitants; how, from being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that no one could walk through the town of an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street.

The indiscreet zeal of Seward might, during this visit, have cost both him and Whitefield, whom he seems to

have fawned upon, very serious consequences. Excited at finding that a son of Penn was one of the proprietors of the assembly rooms, he obtained the key of the rooms from the keeper, under a promise that he would take the consequences, and then locked the door, to drive out all the people to hear Whitefield. This freak cost him a good deal of abuse, a threat that he should be caned, and the maintenance of the keeper's family; and, well as he deserved what he got, he mistook it for persecution! Another of his follies was to trumpet Whitefield's praises in the newspapers by writing both advertisements and paragraphs. He gave his own colouring in the New York papers to his exploit with the assembly rooms, and made it appear that the rooms had been closed by some one in authority. His disingenuous paragraph was as follows: 'We hear from Philadelphia, that, since Mr. Whitefield's preaching there, the dancing-school and concert-room have been shut up as inconsistent with the doctrines of the gospel; at which some gentlemen were so enraged that they broke open the door. It is most extraordinary that such devilish diversions should be supported in that city, and by some of that very sect whose first principles are an utter detestation of them, as appears from William Penn's "No Cross, no Crown," in which he says, "every step in a dance is a step to hell."' Circumstances called both Gladman and Seward away from Whitefield's side before New York was reached; and it cannot be regretted that the latter, much as Whitefield was attached to him, never returned.[1] They were des-

[1] Here is a scene in Benjamin Franklin's shop, occasioned by this paragraph. 'May 23, 1740.—Called at Mr. Franklin's the printer's, and met Mr. P. and several other gentlemen of the Assembly, who accosted me very roughly concerning a paragraph I had put in the papers, alleging it to be false. They much insisted that my paragraph insinuated as if the gentlemen were convicted of their error by Mr. Whitefield's preaching, which they abhorred. I told them I thought no one would construe it so; but if they did, it was an honour to them, for that I myself was formerly as fond of them as they could be, but, blessed be the Lord! that I was convinced to

patched to England to bring over some one to take charge of the orphanage in Whitefield's absence, to acquaint the Trustees of Georgia with the state of the colony, to procure an allowance of Negroes—that is, slaves; also a free title to the lands, an independent magistracy, and money for building the church at Savannah. Seward died in England before his work was done.

Sick and weary, Whitefield preached his way from Philadelphia to New York, where his friend Mr. Noble received him. A strong, healthy man might flatter himself that he had achieved marvels, could he say that he had done as much as Whitefield did there under weakness of body and much loneliness of heart. The services were early and late, numerous, sometimes in the fields, and attended by crowds which few speakers could have made hear. Brotherly kindness was there to cheer him, and the generosity of the people, who gave him three hundred pounds, stirred all his gratitude. It was here, too, that he received the first of those childish letters from his dear orphans, which were afterwards to reach him both in England and America. He does not say what they contained, but only that in a packet of letters from Charles Town and Savannah 'were two or three from my little orphans.'

Still feeble and low in spirits, he preached his way back from New York to Philadelphia, and was welcomed to the house of good Anthony Benezet;[1] but to tell how he

the contrary.'—'Journal of a Voyage from Savannah to Philadelphia, &c. By William Seward, Gent., companion in travel with the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield,' 1740.

[1] 'Anthony Benezet was the personal friend of Mr. Whitefield, who frequently lodged at his house whenever he visited Philadelphia. His father was one of the many Protestants who, in consequence of the persecutions which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sought an asylum in foreign countries. After serving an apprenticeship in an eminent mercantile house in London, he removed to Philadelphia, where he joined in profession the Quakers. He considered the accumulation of wealth as of no importance when compared with the enjoyment of doing good; and he chose the humble,

preached and was preached against—how he comforted the sin-stricken and cared for the Negroes, who came in large numbers to ask for his counsel, would be to repeat a tale already told. A new feature, however, was beginning to manifest itself in his congregations, though it was not very remarkable until he reached Nottingham, where the Tennents and other men of a similar spirit had been labouring with much success for some time, and to which he was invited in the strongest terms by some of the inhabitants. Thinly populated as the place was, nearly twelve thousand people were assembled, many of them having come from a great distance; indeed, it was common for a great number to go with him as far from their homes as they conveniently could; and, on the morning when he last left Philadelphia, two boats that plied the ferry near Derby were employed from three o'clock in the morning until ten, in ferrying passengers across who wanted to hear him as often as possible. He had not spoken long before he perceived numbers melting; as he proceeded the influence increased, till at last, both in the morning and afternoon, thousands cried out, so that they almost drowned his voice. 'Oh, what strong crying and tears,' he says, 'were shed and poured forth

despised, but beyond appreciation useful and honourable, situation of a schoolmaster, as according best with this notion, believing that, by endeavouring to train up youth in knowledge and virtue, he should become more extensively useful than in any other way to his fellow-creatures. His works on the calamitous state of the enslaved Negroes in the British dominions contained a clear and distinct development of the subject, and became eminently instrumental in disseminating a proper knowledge and detestation of the trade. He died at Philadelphia in the spring of 1784. The interment of his remains was attended by several thousands of all ranks, professions, and parties, including some hundreds of those poor Africans who had been personally benefited by his labours, and whose behaviour on the occasion showed the gratitude and affection they considered to be due to him as the benefactor of their whole race. It was at this amiable philanthropist's funeral, when hundreds of weeping Negroes stood round, that an American officer said, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than General Washington with all his fame."'—'The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,' vol. ii. p. 266.

after the dear Lord Jesus! Some fainted, and when they had got a little strength, they would hear and faint again. Others cried out in a manner almost as if they were in the sharpest agonies of death. And after I had finished my last discourse, I myself was so overpowered with a sense of God's love, that it almost took away my life. However, at length I revived, and having taken a little meat, was strengthened to go with Messrs. Blair, Tennent, and some other friends to Mr. Blair's house, about twenty miles from Nottingham. In the way we refreshed our souls by singing psalms and hymns. We got to our journey's end about midnight, where, after we had taken a little food, and recommended ourselves to God by prayer, we went to rest, and slept, I trust, in the favour as well as under the protection of our dear Lord Jesus. Oh Lord, was ever love like Thine?' The next day, at Fog's Manor, where Blair was minister, the congregation was as large as that at Nottingham, and as great, Whitefield says, 'if not a greater, commotion was in the hearts of the people. Look where I would, most were drowned in tears. The word was sharper than a two-edged sword, and their bitter cries and groans were enough to pierce the hardest heart. Oh, what different visages were then to be seen! Some were struck pale as death, others were wringing their hands, others lying on the ground, others sinking into the arms of their friends, and most lifting up their eyes towards heaven, and crying out to God for mercy! I could think of nothing, when I looked upon them, so much as the great day. They seemed like persons awakened by the last trump, and coming out of their graves to judgment.' The people, agitated and under violent convictions of guilt, and dread of the wrath of God, came many miles to seek his advice, followed him, indeed, as far as Newcastle, where his sloop, now under the charge of its former mate, lay ready to receive him and take him to Savannah.

His affectionate nature was beautifully shown in the many thoughtful letters and messages which he addressed to all kinds of friends during the time that the sloop waited for a fair wind. Always more prone to be too open than too reticent, he speaks without once thinking of the common safeguards which the timid place around themselves. He sends, in a letter to a Philadelphia friend, his 'love to Negro Peggy and all her black sisters,' and asks them to pray for him. All converts, all persons who had shown him kindness, all inquirers after truth, are regarded as personal friends. But the affection he was wont to inspire was strongest in the hearts of the orphans and his dependent family, and, on his return to Savannah with the five hundred pounds that he had collected among the northern churches, each in turn hung upon his neck, kissed him, and wept over him with tears of joy. Several of his parishioners came and joined the rejoicing family in weeping, praying, and giving of thanks.

Next day the house was a miniature Nottingham-Fog-Manor congregation. The excitement began with a man who had come with him from the scenes of his preaching triumphs, and who became much stirred up to pray for himself and others. Whitefield also went and prayed for half an hour with some of the women of the house and three girls, who seemed to be weary with the weight of their sins. At public worship, young and old were all dissolved in tears. After service, several of his parishioners, all his family, and the little children, returned home crying along the street, and some could not refrain from praying loudly as they went. Weak and exhausted he lay down for a little rest, but the condition of most in the house constrained him to rise again and pray; and had he not lifted his voice very high, the groans and cries of the children would have prevented his being heard. This lasted for nearly an hour, and the concern

increasing rather than abating, he wisely desired them to retire. They did so, and then began to pray in every corner of the house. A storm of thunder and lightning which burst over the town at this time added to the solemnity of the night, and reminded them the more vividly of the coming of the Son of Man. All were not quiet even the next day. And no marvel, when we consider how profoundly interested every one had been in the result of Whitefield's trip to the North. His success was their home, their comfort, their life; and his failure their return to want and misery. His coming opened the fountain of all hearts, and natural gratitude quickly rose into higher religious emotions under his influence, by whom God had wrought penitence, broken-heartedness, and reformation among total strangers, among rugged sailors, and among opposers, who owed him nothing until they owed him themselves.

His return to Savannah introduces us again to the Wesley trouble. His last day on board the sloop, May 24, was partly spent in writing to friends in England, John Wesley among the number. He said, 'Honoured sir, I cannot entertain prejudices against your principles and conduct any longer without informing you. The more I examine the writings of the most experienced men and the experiences of the most established Christians, the more I differ from your notion about not committing sin, and your denying the doctrines of election and final perseverance of the saints. I dread coming to England, unless you are resolved to oppose these truths with less warmth than when I was there last. I dread your coming over to America, because the work of God is carried on here, and that in a most glorious manner, by doctrines quite opposite to those you hold. Here are thousands of God's children who will not be persuaded out of the privileges purchased for them by the blood of Jesus. Here are many worthy experienced ministers who would oppose your principles to the utmost. God

direct me what to do! Sometimes I think it best to stay here, where we all think and speak the same thing: the work goes on without divisions, and with more success, because all employed in it are of one mind. I write not this, honoured sir, from heat of spirit, but out of love. At present I think you are entirely inconsistent with yourself, and therefore do not blame me if I do not approve of all that you say. God Himself, I find, teaches my friends the doctrine of election. Sister H. hath lately been convinced of it; and, if I mistake not, dear and honoured Mr. Wesley hereafter will be convinced also. From my soul I wish you abundant success in the name of the Lord. I long to hear of your being made a spiritual father to thousands. Perhaps I may never see you again till we meet in judgment; then, if not before, you will know that sovereign, distinguishing, irresistible grace brought you to heaven. Then you will know that God loved you with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness did He draw you. Honoured sir, farewell. My prayers constantly attend both you and your labours. I neglect no opportunity of writing. My next journal will acquaint you with new and surprising wonders. The Lord fills me both in body and soul. I am supported under the prospect of present and impending trials with an assurance of God's loving me to the end, yea, even to all eternity.' The brotherly spirit is still there, but in a more decided attitude towards the disputed question, and the treatment it should receive, his intercourse with the northern Presbyterians having made him change thus much. The counsel to moderation and to avoid teaching doctrines on which the Methodist leaders were divided was, notwithstanding his resolution, made during his last voyage, to speak out, honourably acted upon by himself. He wrote to a friend in London beseeching him 'to desire dear brother Wesley, for Christ's sake, to avoid disputing with him. I think I had

rather die than to see a division between us; and yet, how can we walk together if we oppose each other?' In another letter, which was written on June 25, he beseeches Wesley, for Christ's sake, never, if possible, to speak against election in his sermons. 'No one,' he asserts, 'can say that I ever mentioned it in public discourses, whatever my private sentiments may be. For Christ's sake let us not be divided among ourselves; nothing will so much prevent a division as your being silent on this head.' Then he runs into a pleasanter strain, where his heart was most at home. 'I should have rejoiced at the sight of your journal. I long to sing a hymn of praise for what God has done for your soul. May God bless you more and more every day, and cause you to triumph in every place.' His generous, trustful disposition made him think that his friend would take some interest in his work among the orphans, and so he added at the end of his letter, 'My family is well regulated; but I want some more gracious assistants. I have near an hundred and thirty to maintain daily without any fund. The Lord gives me a full undisturbed confidence in His power and goodness. Dear sir, adieu. I can write no more; my heart is full. I want to be a little child.'

Before these last words reached Wesley, he replied, in a very short but kindly letter, to the letter of May 24. 'The case is quite plain. There are bigots both for predestination and against it. God is sending a message to those on either side. But neither will receive it, unless from one who is of their own opinion. Therefore, for a time, you are suffered to be of one opinion, and I of another. But when His time is come, God will do what man cannot, namely, make us both of one mind. Then persecution will flame out, and it will be seen whether we count our lives dear unto ourselves, so that we may finish our course with joy.' We look in vain, however, for any

response to the entreaty not to follow a public course of hostility to his old friend.

The fashionable people of Charleston, now considerably changed in spirit and manner by the preaching of Whitefield, were anxious again to hear him before his intended visit to New England. He set sail, and came to them fresh from the excitement of Savannah, where, to use his own metaphor, 'the stately steps of our glorious Emmanuel often appeared.' He was glad to come; the orphanage was becoming so great a burden that he was almost tempted to wish he had never undertaken it. Charleston had been munificent in its gifts before, and he could be sure of help again; he loved change and travel; his mind would be relieved from the anxiety of whether he should marry or not, for now, knowing that the lady whose hand he had sought was not adapted to the work of caring for the children, he hesitated whether to abide as he was, or to look for another helpmeet. Every difficulty would seem less if he again itinerated. His former friend, and now virulent enemy, the Commissary of Charleston, gave him a warm reception on the first Sunday after his arrival, when Whitefield, as was often his custom, went to church as a hearer. The sermon was directed against Methodists in general, and in particular against the Arch-Methodist present in the church. The effect of it was to send away in disgust a large number of the congregation, who would not receive the sacrament at the hands of such a clergyman. Whitefield was waited upon in his pew by the clerk, and desired not to approach the table till the Commissary had spoken with him. He immediately retired to his lodgings, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer this degree of contempt for his Lord's sake. 'Blessed Jesus,' he exclaimed, 'lay it not to the minister's charge.' The meeting-house of his friend Smith, the Independent minister, was open to him, and there he preached the word with power. This exaspe-

rated Mr. Garden, who claimed jurisdiction over him, and cited him to appear before himself and some of his clergy, to answer for conducting divine worship in the meeting-house without reading the common prayer. Whitefield appeared thrice in open court, denied the Commissary's right to interfere with a clergyman of another province, and appealed home. It fell out to the furtherance of his work. The suit compelled Whitefield to prolong his stay in Charleston, and gave him better reasons for deciding to return to England in the following year.

Excursions were made to places near Charleston as opportunity offered. The work was carried on under great depression from the intense heat of the weather. On one of his excursions he was driven to seek repose in a public-house, where he lay for a considerable time almost breathless and dead; but that evening he preached in his appointed place both with freedom and power. To preach his last sermon to 'the dear people of Charleston,' he went from his bed, and was carried to the chapel. Many of the rich people all around showed him great respect and hospitality; and, on the day of his departure from Charleston, he rode to the house of Colonel Bee, of Ponpon, forty miles from town, which was reached at midnight. The next morning he was too weak to offer family prayer; but at noon he rode a mile, and preached under a great tree to an attentive auditory. Weakness hindered either a second sermon, or any further advance that day. 'Surely,' he said, 'it cannot be long ere this earthly tabernacle will be dissolved. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after the full enjoyment of Thee, my God.' The next day he travelled and preached, but the effort almost cost him his life. Sometimes he hoped that God would set his imprisoned soul at liberty. The thoughts of his Saviour's love to him, and that the Lord was his righteousness, melted him into tears. A dear friend and companion wept over him, and

seemed not unwilling to take his flight with him into 'the arms of the beloved Jesus.' The poor Negroes, who had learnt from their master that the sufferer was a friend of their race, crowded around the windows, expressing by their looks and attentions great concern. The master sat by and wept. 'But, alas!' says Whitefield, who hoped his time of departure was come; 'alas! in a short time, I perceived my body grow stronger, and I was enabled to walk about.' He got back among the beloved orphans in a very prostrate condition, and could hardly bear up under the joy and satisfaction which he felt. The arrival of some Charleston friends somewhat revived him; but again he was cast down by weakness of body and concern of mind; and one night, just as he began family prayer, he was struck, as he thought, with death. A few broken accents, a soft prayer—'Lord Jesus receive my spirit'—fell from his lips. Yet he was still appointed to life. The next day was Sunday, and feeble, indeed, must he have been to give up, as he did, the thought of officiating. More friends, however, had come in, and when he solicited a Baptist minister, who was among the visitors, to preach for him, that gentleman peremptorily refused, and urged (so great was his faith for another!) that God would strengthen him if he begun. And Whitefield stood rebuked. The willing heart mustered the body's broken powers for another effort; and hardly had his prayer begun when one of the visitors dropped, 'as though shot with a gun.' The power of God's word, as the visitor himself explained his conduct, had entered his heart. He soon arose, and sat attentively to hear the sermon. The influence quickly spread abroad, and the greatest part of the congregation was under great concern. When Whitefield and his friends returned home, the Baptist minister said, 'Did I not tell you God would strengthen you?' Whitefield bowed his head, feeling that he was justly reproved, and prayed, when he

recorded the events of the day in his journal—'Dearest Lord, for thy mercies' sake, never let me distrust thee again. O me of little faith!'

Pressing invitations to visit New England having come to him from the Rev. Dr. Colman and Mr. Cooper, ministers in Boston, and feeling desirous to see the descendants of the Puritans, he left his family again, and sailed first to Charleston and thence to Rhode Island, several Charleston friends accompanying him. By this time his frame had recovered something of its former vigour, through the cooler weather and the fresh sea breezes, yet he was not sanguine of recovery. Amid his numerous engagements in Charleston he found time to write to his mother, whom he loved and honoured more and more every day, and of whom he had heard from a sailor who had seen her early in the year, by whom she had sent a message to her son, should he ever see him. He tells her that although he is better than he has been, he cannot, without a miracle, 'think of being long below,' and that every day he is longing 'to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.' On the same day he wrote to Wesley: 'Last night I had the pleasure of receiving an extract of your journal. This morning I took a walk and read it. I pray God to give it His blessing. Many things, I trust, will prove beneficial, especially the account of yourself; only, give me leave with all humility to exhort you not to be strenuous in opposing the doctrines of election and final perseverance, when, by your own confession, "you have not the witness of the Spirit within yourself," and, consequently, are not a proper judge. I remember dear brother E. told me one day, that "he was convinced of the perseverance of the saints." I told him you was not. He replied, but he will be convinced when he hath got the Spirit himself. I am assured God has now for some years given me this living witness in my soul. When I have been nearest death, my evidences have been

the clearest. I can say I have been on the borders of Canaan, and do every day—nay, almost every moment—long for the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; not to evade sufferings, but with a single desire to see His blessed face. I feel His blessed Spirit daily filling my soul and body, as plain as I feel the air which I breathe, or the food I eat. Perhaps the doctrines of election and final perseverance have been abused (and what doctrine has not?); but, notwithstanding, it is children's bread, and ought not in my opinion to be withheld from them, supposing it is always mentioned with proper cautions against the abuse. Dear and honoured sir, I write not this to enter into disputation. I hope at this time I feel something of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. I cannot bear the thoughts of opposing; but how can I avoid it, if you go about, as your brother Charles once said, to drive John Calvin out of Bristol? Alas! I never read anything that Calvin wrote; my doctrines I had from Christ and His apostles; I was taught them of God. My business seems to be chiefly in planting; if God send you to water, I praise His name. I wish you a thousandfold increase. I find there is disputing among you about election and perfection. I pray God to put a stop to it; for what good end will it answer? I wish I knew your principles fully. Did you write oftener, and more frankly, it might have a better effect than silence and reserve.' Whitefield was thoroughly consistent in his pleadings for peace. His complaint that Wesley was silent and reserved came from his deep dislike of having anything hidden. To 'walk with naked hearts together' was his conception of brotherliness and friendship; and his patience was taxed by the cooler temperament of his friend. Longer consideration might have led him to believe that Wesley's silence was a sign of unwillingness to dispute; but an ardent nature like his cannot understand such profound self-possession. The day after he wrote to Wesley

he wrote to a friend in Bristol, and said: 'I hear there are divisions among you. Avoid them if possible. The doctrines of election and final perseverance I hold as well as you. But then they are not to be contended for with heat and passion. Such a proceeding will only prejudice the cause you would defend. Pray show this to your other friends. Exhort them to avoid all clamour and evil speaking, and with meekness receive the engrafted word which is able to save your soul.'

Rhode Island was expecting its visitor. He reached Newport just after the beginning of Sunday evening service, and sat in the church undiscovered, as he thought; but friendly eyes had marked him; and, after sermon, a gentleman asked him whether his name was not Whitefield. 'Yes, it was.' Then the unknown friend would provide lodgings for him and his party. Soon a number of gentlemen, chief of them all old Mr. Clap, an aged dissenting minister, who had held his charge for forty years and was much esteemed for his good works, came to pay their respects to him. The minister of the Church of England consented to Whitefield's preaching in his pulpit. The Assembly one day adjourned its sitting to attend divine worship. The people became so eager after the truth, that Whitefield could not move about the town, even in the darkness of the evening, without being noticed and followed. A thousand of them once crowded round a friend's house which he had thought to visit privately, and others came into the house until every room was filled. Taking his stand on the threshold, he preached for nearly an hour from the appropriate text, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' The same respect was shown him at Bristol; but his heart was cold in his work, and others seemed to feel little. When he had approached within four miles of Boston, he was met by the governor's son, several other gentlemen, and two ministers; the

brother-in-law of Dr. Colman received him to his house; the governor of Massachusetts, Jonathan Belcher, was gratified that he had come, and gave him his special friendship; the Commissary was polite, but declined to give him the use of the church. Once again were the meeting-houses and the fields to be his sanctuaries. But, before we mingle with the crowds which thronged them, it will be necessary to pay some attention to several packets of letters which came to him at Boston immediately after his arrival.

The friends from England wrote him strange things. The Methodist camp was distracted with the cries of two sections of theologians, holding respectively the views of Wesley and Whitefield. To have his favourite doctrine of election contested and spoken against, had troubled Whitefield; to see a new doctrine, that of perfection, exalted in its place, ruffled him still more; and the news which came to Boston made him offer his first words of expostulation. His letter to a friend in England shows that he was becoming disturbed by the news which again and again came to his ears. 'Sinless perfection,' he wrote, 'I think, is unattainable in this life. Show me a man that could ever justly say "I am perfect." It is enough if we can say so when we bow down our heads and give up the ghost. To affirm such a thing as perfection, and to deny final perseverance, what an absurdity is this! To be incapable of sinning, and capable of being damned, is a contradiction in terms. From such doctrine may I ever turn away! I pray my Lord to carry on His work in London, and to keep His church from errors; but there must be a sifting time as well as a gathering time.' To Howel Harris he expressed his fears for his place in the affection of his English converts. 'Some of Fetter Lane Society, I fear, are running into sad errors; but this happens for our trial, especially mine. Those that before, I suppose, would have plucked out their eyes for me,

now, I suspect, I shall see very shy, and avoiding me. My coming to England will try my fidelity to my Master.' His manner to Wesley was the impatience of an unheeded affection: 'Honoured sir,' he began, 'this is sent in answer to your letter dated March 25. I think I have for sometime known what it is to have righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. These, I believe, are the privileges of the sons of God; but I cannot say I am free from indwelling sin. I am sorry, honoured sir, to hear by many letters that you seem to own a sinless perfection in this life attainable. I think I cannot answer you better than a venerable old minister in these parts answered a Quaker: "Bring me a man that hath really arrived to this, and I will pay his expenses, let him come from where he will." I know not what you may think; I do not expect to say indwelling sin is finished and destroyed in me, till I bow down my head and give up the ghost. Besides, dear sir, what a fond conceit is it to cry up perfection, and yet cry down the doctrine of final perseverance! But this and many other absurdities you will run into, because you will not own election; and you will not own election, because you cannot own it without believing the doctrine of reprobation. What then is there in reprobation so horrid? I see no blasphemy in holding that doctrine, if rightly explained. If God might have passed by all, He may pass by some. Judge whether it is not a greater blasphemy to say, "Christ died for souls now in hell." Surely, dear sir, you do not believe there will be a general gaol delivery of damned souls hereafter. Oh that you would study the covenant of grace! Oh that you were truly convinced of sin and brought to the foot of sovereign grace! Elisha Cole, on "God's Sovereignty," and "Veritas Redux," written by Doctor Edwards, are well worth your reading. But I have done. If you think so meanly of Bunyan and the Puritan writers, I do not wonder that you think me wrong. I find your sermon

has had its expected success; it hath set the nation a disputing; you will have enough to do now to answer pamphlets; two I have already seen. Oh that you would be more cautious in casting lots! Oh that you would not be too rash and precipitant! If you go on thus, honoured sir, how can I concur with you? It is impossible; I must speak what I know.'

That 'great blasphemy,' if blasphemy it be, was not altogether avoided by Whitefield himself, who, in the most impassioned way, would call upon his hearers to tell him how he could let souls perish for whom Christ died: no phrase recurs with greater frequency in his tenderest passages. Neither need much emphasis be laid upon the doctrine of reprobation, which he seemed to regard with unruffled complacency and satisfaction. It was only in his letters and in his talk that it got such honourable mention. His sermon on 'The Potter and the Clay,' which might fairly have been supposed to be built upon this conception of election and reprobation, rests on a far different foundation—the old foundation of all theology. Every son of man is, in the sight of God, 'only as a piece of marred clay;' being marred, he must necessarily be renewed by the Holy Ghost: 'a short word of application' winds up the whole discourse. After declaring, in his own exultant way, that 'to deliver a multitude of souls of every nation, language, and tongue, from so many moral evils, and to reinstate them in an incomparably more excellent condition than that from whence they are fallen, is an end worthy the shedding of such precious blood' as the blood of the Lord Jesus, he asks whether this religion 'is not noble, rational, and truly divine?' 'And why then,' he continues, 'will not all that hitherto are strangers to this blessed restoration of their fallen natures (for my heart is too full to abstain any longer from an application), why will you any longer dispute, or stand out against it? Why will you not rather

bring your clay to this heavenly Potter, and say from your inmost souls, "Turn us, O good Lord! and so shall we be turned?" This you may and can do; and if you go thus far, who knows but this very day, yea this very hour, the heavenly Potter may take you in hand, and make you vessels of honour fit for the Redeemer's use?'

The Boston meeting-houses were filled to the utmost of their large dimensions by the congregations which crowded to hear the famous clergyman. A terrible and unaccountable panic seized one of the congregations as it was awaiting his appearance. Some threw themselves out of the gallery, others leaped from the windows, and some of the strong trampled upon the weak. When he came it was a scene of wild confusion. His invincible presence of mind did not forsake him, and he announced his intention to preach on the common. Many thousands followed him through the rain into the field, but there were five dead persons left behind in the meeting-house, and others were dangerously wounded. The calamity, which weighed heavily on his spirits, in nowise damaged his popularity; because, notwithstanding the painful selfishness shown by some of the people in the meeting-house, there was a real desire to know the truth.

Neighbouring towns were not forgotten. One of his excursions extended over one hundred and seventy-eight miles, and had sixteen preachings, yet he returned to Boston without being in the least fatigued. The students of Cambridge had several visits from him, and his language to them was, according to his after confession, made in the most public manner both from the pulpit and the press, both harsh and uncharitable. He suffered himself to be guided too much by hearsay; and there are always plenty of alarmists who can find nothing but heresy in tutors, and worldliness in students.

One of his greatest pleasures was to meet with the many aged, devout ministers who were in Boston and

its neighbourhood. Old Mr. Clap of Rhode Island, a bachelor, who gave away all his income to the poor and needy, and stood the constant friend of children, servants, and slaves through a ministry of forty years, the most venerable man Whitefield had ever seen, a very patriarch in the eyes of the young Puritan-worshipper—him we have seen among his own people. There was also old Mr. Walters, of Roxbury, whose ministry with that of his predecessor, Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, had lasted in the Roxbury congregation one hundred and six years. He complimented Whitefield at the governor's table by calling one of his sermons '*Puritanismus redivivus.*' Then there was 'the reverend Mr. Rogers, of Ipswich,' who lived to hear three of his sons and a grandson preach the gospel: they were all labouring in Whitefield's day. York was blessed with 'one Mr. Moody, a worthy, plain, and powerful minister of Jesus Christ, though now much impaired by old age,' says Whitefield. One who had lived by faith for many years, and had been much despised by bad men, and as much respected by 'the true lovers of the blessed Jesus,' was just the kind of man to attract Whitefield, and accordingly he went to York on purpose to see him. Puritan habits still obtained in New England; Whitefield relates with satisfaction that the 'Sabbath in New England begins on Saturday evening, and perhaps is better kept by the ministers and people than in any other place in the known (!) world.'[1]

The generosity of Boston was not behind that of any place. At Dr. Sewall's meeting-house an afternoon congregation gave five hundred and fifty-five pounds to the orphanage; and on the same day, at Dr. Colman's meeting-house, a second afternoon congregation gave four hundred and seventy pounds. The immense number of

[1] Forty years ago a much esteemed Dissenting minister and college tutor at Rotherham kept up this Puritan habit in his family. The name of Dr. Bennet is still mentioned with respect for miles around Rotherham.

people slowly, and as if unwilling to depart without giving, left the meeting-house; the minister said that it was the pleasantest time he had ever enjoyed in that place throughout the whole course of his life. There must have been something thoroughly good in these 'Lord Brethren.'

By what power of compression Whitefield contrived to press five different services into the Sunday when he got those noble collections is not clear, and the perplexity is increased on finding that three letters bear the date of that autumn day. Well might his animal spirits be almost exhausted, and his legs be almost ready to sink under him at night. One of the letters, the longest, relieved the day with a good humoured piece of banter, sent to a brother whose weak mind had been disturbed by Whitefield's neatness of dress; for things were very different from the Oxford days, when he neglected himself that he might be a good Christian. Now his dress and everything about him was kept in scrupulous order. Not a paper in his room was allowed to be out of its place, or put up irregularly: every chair and piece of furniture was properly arranged when he and his friends retired for the night. He thought he could not die easy if he had an impression that his gloves were mislaid. 'I could not but smile'—he wrote to his friend—'to find you wink at the decency of my dress. Alas! my brother, I have known long since what it is to be in that state you are, in my opinion, about to enter into. I myself thought once that Christianity required me to go nasty. I neglected myself as much as you would have me for above a twelvemonth: but when God gave me the spirit of adoption, I then dressed decently, as you call it, out of principle; and I am more and more convinced that the Lord would have me act in that respect as I do. But I am almost ashamed to mention any such thing.' The second letter of that day's date informed his friend,

that so many persons came to him under convictions and for advice that he scarce had time to eat bread. In the third letter he says:—

'Dear brother Wesley,—What mean you by disputing in all your letters? May God give you to know yourself, and then you will not plead for absolute perfection, or call the doctrine of election a "doctrine of devils." My dear brother, take heed; see you are in Christ a new creature. Beware of a false peace; strive to enter in at the strait gate; and give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Remember you are but a babe in Christ, if so much. Be humble, talk little, think and pray much. Let God teach you, and He will lead you into all truth. I love you heartily. I pray you may be kept from error, both in principle and practice. Salute all the brethren. If you must dispute, stay till you are master of the subject; otherwise you will hurt the cause you would defend. Study to adorn the gospel of our Lord in all things, and forget not to pray for

'Your affectionate friend and servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

The commotion caused in Boston by his presence and preaching was not diminished by a report which was very current during one of his excursions, that he had died suddenly, or had been poisoned; the people were all the more rejoiced to see him for their late fear that they had lost him. Everything fanned the flame of zeal, both in the people and in the preacher, and the end of the visit was more remarkable than the beginning. The touching words of a little boy, who died the day after he heard Whitefield preach, furnished the ground of one of Whitefield's strongest appeals to old and young; immediately before he died the child said, 'I shall go to Mr. Whitefield's God.' Old people bowed their heads in grief, not in anger, when the preacher, with a tenderness that desired the salvation of all, said, 'Little children, if your parents will not come to Christ, do you come, and

go to heaven without them.' Like a skilled fisher of men he knew that if the children were won, the salvation of their parents would be made more probable. The last congregation, which consisted of about twenty thousand, assembled on the common; and the myriad faces, thoughtful, eager, attentive, the great weeping, and the darkening shades of evening which, towards the close of the service, was coming on fast, recalled Blackheath scenes of a year before. His labours over, Governor Belcher, whose attentions had been most kind and uninterrupted, drove him, on the Monday morning, in his coach to Charleston Ferry, handed him into the boat, kissed him, and with tears bade him farewell. Whitefield returned with five hundred pounds for his orphans.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that all Boston yielded to his teaching. 'A small set of gentlemen' attributed his power over the people to the force of sound and gesture, and in this they agreed with the judgment of Dr. Johnson, pronounced towards the close of Whitefield's life. The misfortune of such theories was, that, when the sound had died away and the gesture could no longer be seen, many of those who had been so deeply moved by them continued to live a godly life. Nor did these converts object to attend the preaching of men who could boast no great histrionic talents. Ordinary congregations were increased in every place of worship. People of all classes and all ages were 'swift to hear.'

Whitefield's intention on leaving Boston was to proceed to Northampton to see Jonathan Edwards, whom he describes as a 'solid, excellent Christian, but at present weak in body.' He also gives Edwards a place in the regard of the church by saying that he was the 'grandson and successor to the great Stoddard,' an order of precedence which would be reversed were he writing to-day. A great revival had taken place at Northampton some

five or six years before; and Whitefield's ministrations quickened afresh all the feelings of that memorable season. Yet the two great men did not come very close together. Whitefield did not make a confidential friend of Edwards; and Edwards gave Whitefield very necessary cautions about his notions on impulses, and his habit of judging others to be unconverted. They, indeed, loved each other as servants of the same Lord, and rejoiced in each other's work. Edwards might be seen sitting weeping while his visitor preached.

From Northampton he passed on to other places. At New Haven he dined with the rector of the college, Mr. Clap. The aged governor of the town also received him with tears of joy. His preaching here was upon the subject of an unconverted ministry; and he did not altogether avoid his Cambridge fault of censuring too hastily and too severely. Riding through Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, and Newark, at each of which he preached, he came to Stanford, where his words smote with unusual effect. Many ministers hung upon his track; and at Stanford two of them confessed, with much sorrow, that they had laid hands on two young men without asking them whether they were born again of God or not. An old minister, who could not declare his heart publicly, called Whitefield and his friend Mr. Noble out, to beg, as well as his choking emotions would allow him, their prayers on his behalf. He said that although he had been a scholar, and had preached the doctrines of grace a long time, he believed that he had never felt the power of them in his own soul.

At this point Whitefield set up his 'Ebenezer,' and gave God thanks for sending him to New England. He entered his impressions of what he had seen in his journal, and his picture is worth a place on our page. 'I have now,' he says, 'had an opportunity of seeing the greatest and most populous part of it, and, take it altogether, it

certainly on many accounts exceeds all other provinces in America; and, for the establishment of religion, perhaps all other parts of the world. Never, surely, was a place so well settled in so short a time. The towns all through Connecticut and eastward towards York, in the province of Massachusetts, near the river-side, are large, well peopled, and exceeding pleasant to travel through. Every five miles, or perhaps less, you have a meeting-house, and, I believe, there is no such thing as a pluralist or non-resident minister in both provinces. God has remarkably, at sundry times and in divers manners, poured out His Spirit in several parts of both provinces; and it often refreshed my soul to hear of the faith of their good forefathers who first settled in these parts. Notwithstanding they had their foibles, surely they were a set of righteous men. They certainly followed our Lord's rule, sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and, behold! all other things God hath added unto them. Many glorious men of God have come out of their colleges, and many more, I trust, will be sent out from time to time, till time itself shall be no more. As for the civil government of New England, it seems to be well regulated; and I think, at opening all their courts, either the judge or a minister begins with a prayer. Family worship, I believe, is generally kept up; and the Negroes I think better used in respect both to soul and body than in any other province I have yet seen: in short, I like New England exceedingly well.'

It was with but a desponding heart, and not expecting any great movings of soul among his hearers, that he rode towards New York. His companion, Mr. Noble, tried to encourage him, by assuring him that his last visit had done good to many, and bade him look for great things from God. The first service was an earnest of things not looked for. Pemberton's meeting-house contained an anxious congregation on Friday morning,

some being hardly able to refrain from crying out; and at night the excitement was greater still. On Sunday his soul was down in the depths: before going to evening service he could only cast himself on the ground before God, confessing himself to be a miserable sinner, and wondering that Christ would be gracious to such a wretch. On his way to the meeting-house, he became weaker; and when he entered the pulpit he would rather have been silent than have spoken. The preparation for his work was such as only devoutest souls, who feel a constant need for the comfort and aid of an invisible Friend, can have; and the effect of the sermon was marvellous. Scarcely was it begun before the whole congregation was alarmed. Loud weeping and crying arose from every corner of the building. Many were so overcome with agitation that they fell into the arms of their friends. Whitefield himself was so carried away, that he spoke until he could hardly speak any longer.

Larger congregations came the next day, and the feeling was still intense. In the evening he bade them farewell, and carrying with him a hundred and ten pounds as their gift to his orphanage, passed across to Staten Island. At Newark the scenes of New York were renewed. The word fell like a hammer and like fire. Looking pale and sick as if ready to die, one cried as he staggered to the ground, 'What must I do to be saved?' Whitefield's host from Charleston, who seemed to be accompanying him because of a personal affection for him, and not because of thorough religious sympathy with him, was struck down and so overpowered that his strength quite left him: it was with difficulty he could move all the night after. From that time he became an exemplary Christian, and continued such to the last. Whitefield was now thoroughly spent, and could only throw himself upon the bed, and listen to his friend Tennent while he recounted a preaching excursion he had lately made. The

power of the Divine Presence passed on with them to Baskinridge, where weeping penitents and rejoicing believers prayed side by side. The apathy of many was changed into deep alarm, and the alarm passed into exultant joy. 'He is come! He is come!' shouted one of the hearers, while Whitefield was speaking, the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ to his soul having made self-restraint impossible. Most of them spent the rest of the night in praying and praising.

His departure was like that of an old and well-beloved friend; they crowded round his horse to shake hands with him: a poor Negro woman got leave from her master to join his company, and came prepared to go with him, but he advised her to go home, and serve her present master with a thankful heart.

Whitefield reached Philadelphia exactly a year after his first visit to that city. The season of the year, November, was too late for comfortable open-air services; and the Philadelphia people, having once suffered from inconvenience, had made provision against it for the future. Whitefield had not been long gone when they determined to build a house which should be at the disposal of any preacher who had anything to say to them, but his accommodation was their first object. Persons were appointed to receive subscriptions; land was bought; and the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, begun. When Whitefield returned, it was well advanced, though the roof was not up. The floor was boarded, and a pulpit raised; and he had the satisfaction of preaching the first sermon in it. It afterwards became, by common consent, an academy as well as a preaching place, and is now the Union Methodist Episcopal Church.

This visit was similar to the previous one; only a success and a failure were noticeable. Brockden, the recorder, a man of more than threescore years, came

under the power of Whitefield's words. In his youth he had had some religious thoughts, but the cares of business banished them, and he at length sunk almost into atheism. His avowed belief, however, was deism; on behalf of which he was a very zealous advocate. At Whitefield's first visit he did not so much as care to see what his oratory was like; and at the second visit he would not have gone to hear him but for the persuasion of a deistical friend. He went at night when Whitefield was preaching from the court-house steps, upon the conference which our Lord had with Nicodemus. Not many words were spoken before his interest was awakened by the conviction that what he was hearing tended to make people good. He returned home, reaching it before his wife or any of his family. First his wife entered, and expressed her hearty wish that he had heard the sermon; but he said nothing. Another member of the family came in, and made the same remark; still he said nothing. A third returned and repeated the remark again. 'Why,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'I have been hearing him.' The old man continued steadfast in the truth, and was privileged to have spiritual joys as deep as his teacher's.

It was news in Philadelphia one day that Whitefield had failed to make his congregation cry! He had been led to speak against unreasoning unbelievers—not a very pathetic subject—and the fountain of tears would not flow. 'What,' said one of these same unbelievers to a friend of Whitefield, 'what! Mr. Whitefield could not make the people cry this afternoon.' 'A good reason for it,' was the reply, 'he was preaching against deists, and you know they are a hardened generation.' His eagerly expected preaching tour closed at Reedy Island.

'Before I go on,' he said, 'stop, O my soul! and look back with gratitude on what the Lord hath done for thee during this excursion. I think it is now the seventy-fifth day since I arrived at Rhode Island. My body was then

weak, but the Lord has much renewed its strength. I have been enabled to preach, I think, one hundred and seventy-five times in public, besides exhorting frequently in private. I have travelled upwards of eight hundred miles, and gotten upwards of seven hundred pounds sterling in goods, provisions, and money for the Georgia orphans. Never did God vouchsafe me greater comforts. Never did I perform my journeys with so little fatigue, or see such a continuance of the Divine Presence in the congregations to whom I have preached. "Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me praise His holy name."'

A pleasant sail carried him to Charleston, where he preached a comforting sermon, to compose the minds of the people under heavy losses which they had sustained by a great fire, three hundred houses in the best part of the town having perished in three hours. He came next to Savannah, and learning that his family had been removed to their permanent house at Bethesda, he went thither. The great house, he found, would not be finished for two months longer, in consequence of the Spaniards having captured a schooner laden with bricks intended for it, and with provisions intended for the workmen and the children. He found also that a planter, who had learned of Christ at the orphanage, had sent the family rice and beef, and that the Indians had often brought in large supplies of venison when there was no food left. The work of religion, which was dearer to him than even feeding the orphan, prospered among the children, among the labourers, and among the people round about. His heart was contented with his work, although he was five hundred pounds in debt after all his exhausting labours and the generous gifts of his friends. He now appointed Mr. Barber to take care of the spiritual affairs of the institution, and intrusted to James Habersham the charge of its temporal affairs. The institution

anticipated, in its cheerful tone and wise management, those well-ordered schools which in later times have brightened childhood's years in thousands of instances. Religion was the great concern; but due weight was laid upon the connexion between its emotional and its practical parts. Praying might not exempt from working in the fields or at some trade, and spiritual delights might not supersede method in labour and humility of heart. The orphans often sang a hymn for their benefactors; daily they sang to the praise of their Redeemer; and always before going to work they joined in a hymn, intended to teach them that they must work for their own living.

Whitefield had carried about with him, and shown to several New England ministers, the draft of a letter which he had written in reply to Wesley's sermon on 'Free Grace;' and on Christmas Eve, 1740, he sat down at the orphan-house to finish the letter, and send it to his friend. The sermon was a noble specimen of eloquence; its thrilling denunciations of Calvinistic doctrines almost produce the persuasion that they are as horrible and blasphemous as Wesley believed them to be. The headlong zeal of the preacher allows no time, permits no disposition, to reason. You must go with him; you must check your questions, and listen to him. At the end it seems as if the hated doctrines were for ever consumed in a flame of argument and indignation. The letter in reply can boast no such fine qualities; it never rises above the level of commonplace.

Whitefield's letter was headed by a short preface touching the probable effect of its publication, and expressing the persuasion that the advocates of universal redemption would be offended; that those on the other side would be rejoiced; and that the lukewarm on both sides —such as were 'carried away with carnal reasoning'— would wish that the matter had never been brought under debate. The second were very properly, but very

unavailingly, asked not to triumph, nor to make a party, for he detested any such thing; and the first not to be too much concerned or offended. The letter itself opened with strong affirmations of his unwillingness to take pen in hand against his old friend: Jonah did not go with more reluctance against Nineveh; were nature to speak, he would rather die than do it; he had no alternative; he must be faithful to God, to his own soul, and to the souls of others; the children of God were in danger of falling into error—nay, numbers had been misled, many of his own converts being among them; a greater number were loudly calling upon him to show his opinion, as Wesley had shown his; he must know no man after the flesh. After giving an account of the publishing of Wesley's sermon in the manner already told, the letter proposed to answer some of its arguments. It explained the doctrine of reprobation to be the divine intention to give saving grace through Jesus Christ only to a limited number, and to leave the rest to themselves, and affirmed that such was the teaching of Scripture and of the Church of England. It offered the well-known and well-worn answers on behalf of the Calvinistic view to the equally well used objections which Arminians make to it. It held with unwavering firmness to the useful moral power of the Genevan doctrine; and, on this point, Whitefield had a clear right to speak with authority. To Wesley's objection that 'this doctrine tends to destroy the comforts of religion,' &c., the letter asked with force and pertinence, 'But how does Mr. Wesley know this, who never believed election?' Whitefield protested that, for his own part, the doctrine of election was his daily support, and that he should sink under a dread of impending trials, were he not firmly persuaded that God had chosen him in Christ from before the foundation of the world, and that the Almighty would suffer none to pluck him out of His hand. One paragraph was sadly illustrative of the

keenness with which men who have enjoyed each other's confidence can strike at weaknesses. 'I know,' Whitefield says, 'you think meanly of Abraham, though he was eminently called the friend of God; and, I believe, also of David, the man after God's own heart. No wonder, therefore, that in the letter you sent me not long since, you should tell me, "that no Baptist or Presbyterian writer whom you have read knew anything of the liberties of Christ." What! neither Bunyan, Henry, Flavel, Halyburton, nor any of the New England and Scots divines? See, dear sir, what narrow-spiritedness and want of charity arise from your principles, and then do not cry out against election any more on account of its being "destructive of meekness and love."' It was a small matter what Wesley might think about Abraham or David, but Whitefield should have abstained from alluding to opinions expressed in private. The last part of the letter was a wonderful compound of sense, love, and assumption. 'Dear, dear sir, O be not offended! For Christ's sake be not rash! Give yourself to reading. Study the covenant of grace. Down with your carnal reasoning. Be a little child; and then, instead of pawning your salvation, as you have done in a late hymn book, if the doctrine of universal redemption be not true; instead of talking of sinless perfection, as you have done in the preface to that hymn book, and making man's salvation to depend on his own free will, as you have in this sermon, you will compose an hymn in praise of sovereign, distinguishing love. You will caution believers against striving to work a perfection out of their own hearts, and print another sermon the reverse of this, and entitle it free grace indeed. Free, because not free to all; but free, because God may withhold or give it to whom and when He pleases. Till you do this, I must doubt whether or not you know yourself. In the meanwhile I cannot but blame you for censuring the clergy of our Church for

not keeping to their articles, when you yourself, by your principles, positively deny the ninth, tenth, and seventeenth. Dear sir, these things ought not so to be. God knows my heart; as I told you before so I declare again, nothing but a single regard to the honour of Christ has forced this letter from me. I love and honour you for his sake; and, when I come to judgment, will thank you before men and angels for what you have, under God, done for my soul. There, I am persuaded, I shall see dear Mr. Wesley convinced of election and everlasting love. And it often fills me with pleasure to think how I shall behold you casting your crown down at the feet of the Lamb, and as it were filled with a holy blushing for opposing the divine sovereignty in the manner you have done. But I hope the Lord will show you this before you go hence. Oh, how do I long for that day!'

The letter made a shorter passage across the Atlantic than its writer generally did; and having, in some unexplained way, fallen into the hands of the Calvinistic party in London, was instantly printed, and used for their ends, without either Whitefield's or Wesley's consent. A great many copies were given to Wesley's Foundry congregation, both at the door and in the Foundry itself. 'Having procured one of them,' says Wesley, 'I related (after preaching) the naked fact to the congregation, and told them, I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself. Upon which I tore it in pieces before them all. Everyone who had received it did the same; so that, in two minutes, there was not a whole copy left. Ah! poor Ahithophel! "*Ibi omnis effusus labor!*"'

At Charleston, whither Whitefield went to take ship for England, he had a writ served on him for revising and correcting a letter published by a friend, in which it was hinted that the clergy broke their canons. The warrant bore the plain mark of malevolence on its face;

it commanded the apprehension of Whitefield for 'making and composing a false, malicious, scandalous, and infamous libel against the clergy' of the province of South Carolina. He appeared in court, confessed to his share in the letter, and gave security to appear by his attorney at the next general quarter sessions, under a penalty of one hundred pounds proclamation money. He was now satisfied that he was a persecuted man. But that bold tongue of his could always inflict punishment for punishment; and he did not forget to declaim, before a sympathising audience, against the wickedness of persecuting under the pretence of religion.

Apprehensive of some difficulties that awaited him in England, he took ship, along with some friends, in the middle of January. During the whole voyage he was anxious for the future. One day he was yearning for a full restoration of friendship with the Wesleys; the next, he was meditating the publication of his answer to the sermon on 'Free Grace,' and consoling himself with the thought that it was written in much love and meekness; a third day he seemed to hear the Divine voice saying to him, 'Fear not, speak out, no one shall set upon thee to hurt thee;' another day he was writing to Charles Wesley deploring the impending separation, expostulating with him and John as if they could undo the past, and declaring that he would rather stay on the sea for ever than come to England to oppose him and his brother. He knew not what to do, though he knew perfectly well what he wanted—the old friendship to be what it had once been, and every dividing thing, whether raised by himself or the brothers, done utterly away. Nor were his longings for peace stronger than those of Charles Wesley. It is painful to observe the way in which the two friends strove, with unavailing effort, against a tide which they felt was hurrying them into trouble and sorrow. Four months before Whitefield wrote his reply

to the sermon on 'Free Grace,' Charles, just recovering from a severe illness, sent him a letter, 'labouring for peace,' in which he used the strongest and most affectionate language; he declared that he would rather Whitefield saw him dead at his feet than opposing him; that his soul was set upon peace, and drawn after Whitefield by love stronger than death. 'It faints, in this bodily weakness,' he wrote, 'with the desire I have of your happiness. You know not how dear you are to me.'[1] When Whitefield reached England, the meeting between them was most touching. 'It would have melted any heart,' says Whitefield, 'to have heard us weeping, after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented.' Soon afterwards, however, he submitted his letter, which he had had printed before leaving America, to the judgment of his friend, who returned it endorsed with these words, 'Put up again thy sword into its place.' But not so. That evil fortune which made Wesley preach and print a sermon on one of the profoundest subjects, under the provocation of an anonymous letter, and at the dictation of a lot; which prevailed over Charles' loving letter, and tempted Whitefield to pen and print his reply, still hovered near, and soon triumphed over the counsel of love and wisdom which was heeded only for awhile. At first he said that he would never preach against the brothers, whatever his private opinion might be. Then his doctrines seemed to him to be too important to be held back; and when he went to the Foundry, at the invitation of Charles, to preach there, he so far forgot himself, though Charles was sitting by him, as to preach them, according to the testimony of John, 'in the most peremptory and offensive manner.' When John, who had been summoned to London, met him, he was so far from listening to compromise as to say, that 'Wesley and

[1] 'The Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.' by Thomas Jackson, vol. ii. p. 167.

he preached two different gospels, and therefore he not only would not join with him, or give him the right hand of fellowship, but would publicly preach against him wheresoever he preached at all.' He next ungenerously accused Wesley of having mismanaged things at Bristol, and perverted the school at Kingswood to improper uses, foreign to the intention with which the school had been undertaken. It was easy for the accused to answer all that was alleged against him; but, unfortunately, he took occasion, at the same time, to indulge in most irritating language towards Whitefield. He assumed an air of superiority, of patronage and pity, which would have ruffled many a cooler man than his former friend. It was more taunting than kindly to write, 'How easy were it for me to hit many other palpable blots in that which you call an answer to my sermon! And how above measure contemptible would you then appear to all impartial men, either of sense or learning! But I spare you; mine hand shall not be upon you; the Lord be judge between thee and me. The general tenor, both of my public and private exhortations, when I touch thereon at all, as even my enemies know, if they would testify, is, "Spare the young man, even Absalom, for my sake!"'

It may be safely affirmed that the two friends would not have quarrelled had they been left to themselves. They were the unwilling heads of rival parties among their own converts. 'Many, I know,' said Charles Wesley in his letter to Whitefield, 'desire nothing so much as to see George Whitefield and John Wesley at the head of different parties, as is plain from their truly devilish plans to effect it; but, be assured, my dearest brother, our heart is as your heart.' Whitefield, as we have seen from his American letters, received embittering news from home; and on his arrival his ear was assailed by reports from brethren who were already openly opposed to Wesley and to those who held his views. True, there

was also the anger of Wesley on account of Whitefield's indefensible breach of confidence; and that and the meddling of partisans did more damage than the doctrines in dispute. The matter may be summed up thus: Wesley was wrong in the beginning: 1. In attacking Whitefield's views at the taunt of an anonymous enemy; he struck the first blow, and struck it without a sufficient cause. 2. In printing and publishing his sermon because of a lot. 3. In using irritating language to his opponent. Whitefield was wrong: 1. In yielding his mind to the influence of inflaming representations sent to him from England, and made to him when he returned home. 2. In exposing private opinions and deeds. 3. In preaching his peculiar views in the chapel of the Wesleys.

It is but a sad task to record these things, and the evident worth of the chief actors makes it all the more painful. Happily, the course of events soon took a different direction; and the shadow resting upon the close of this chapter and the opening of the next will soon be seen breaking and vanishing away.

CHAPTER IX.

March, 1741, to August, 1744.

LOSS OF POPULARITY—FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND—CONDUCT OF THE DISSENTERS.

It was a dark report which Whitefield had to send to his family; and no little anxiety would be felt at the orphan-house when the following letter, addressed to Habersham, arrived:—

'London, March 25, 1741.

'My dear Sir,—I wrote to you immediately on my coming on shore. We arrived at Falmouth last Wednesday was sevennight, and got here the Sunday following. Blessed be God we had a summer's passage. Many of our friends, I find, are sadly divided, and, as far as I am able to judge, have been sadly misled. Congregations at Moorfields and Kennington Common on Sunday were as large as usual. On the following week days, quite the contrary; twenty thousand dwindled down to two or three hundred. It has been a trying time with me. A large orphan family, consisting of near a hundred, to be maintained about four thousand miles off, without the least fund, and in the dearest part of his majesty's dominions: also, above a thousand pounds in debt for them, and not worth twenty pounds in the world of my own, and threatened to be arrested for three hundred and fifty pounds drawn for in favour of the orphan-house by my late dear deceased friend and fellow-traveller Mr. Seward. My bookseller, who, I believe, has got some hundreds by me, being drawn away by the Moravians, refuses to print for me; and many, very many of my spiritual children, who at my last departure from England would have plucked out their own eyes to have given to me, are so prejudiced by the dear Messrs. Wesleys' dressing up the doctrine of election in such horrible colours, that they will neither hear, see, nor give me the least assistance; yea, some of them send threatening letters that God will speedily

destroy me. As for the people of the world, they are so embittered by my injudicious and too severe expressions against Archbishop Tillotson and the author of the "Whole Duty of Man," that they fly from me as from a viper; and, what is most cutting of all, I am now constrained, on account of our differing in principles, publicly to separate from my dear, dear old friends, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, whom I still love as my own soul; but, through infinite mercy, I am enabled to strengthen myself in the Lord my God. I am cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair. A few days ago, in reading Beza's "Life of Calvin," these words were much pressed upon me—"Calvin is turned out of Geneva, but, behold, a new Church arises!" Jesus, the ever-loving, altogether lovely Jesus, pities and comforts me. My friends are erecting a place, which I have called a tabernacle, for morning's exposition. I have not, nor can I as yet make, any collections; but let us not fear. Our heavenly Father, with whom the fatherless find mercy, will yet provide; let us only seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other necessary things shall be added unto us. In about a fortnight, though I scarce know an oak from a hickory, or one kind of land from another, I am subpœnaed to appear before parliament, to give an account of the condition of the province of Georgia when I left it.'

The faith in which he began the orphanage did not fail him when he was threatened with arrest for debt. He one night cast himself on his knees before God, and with strong crying and tears entreated help and deliverance; he pleaded that it was not for himself that he asked anything, but only for the poor; he thought how Professor Franck obtained weekly help for his orphans, and that as his were four thousand miles from home he might run upon larger arrears. Then he could lie down to rest, satisfied that an answer would be given. Early next morning a friend came to inquire if he knew where a lady of his acquaintance might lend three or four hundred pounds. Whitefield replied, 'Let her lend it to me, and in a few months, God willing, she shall have it again.' All the circumstances were told her, and she cheerfully

put the money into his hands. He was an outcast for awhile. Every church was closed against him; the Wesleys could not have him in their pulpits, seeing he preached against them by name; there was no way of gathering a congregation but by taking his stand in the open air daily; and he determined to begin on the old battle-ground—Moorfields—on Good Friday. Twice a day he walked from Leadenhall to Moorfields, and preached under one of the trees. His own converts forsook him; some of them would not deign him a look as they passed by; others put their fingers into their ears, either to preserve them from the contamination of one Calvinistic word, or to ward off the witchery of that charming voice which never charmed in vain. Thus he held on his way amid contempt and hatred, not doubting that he must again win the hearts of the people for his Lord and Master. He called Cennick to his aid from Kingswood, and a few 'free grace Dissenters' stood firmly by him. It was decided by them to build a large wooden shed for the congregations, which would serve until he should return to America; and, accordingly, they borrowed a piece of ground in Moorfields, and set a carpenter to work upon the erection, which, by the name of the Tabernacle, was opened and filled within two months of Whitefield's landing in England. Crowds were gathered together in it to hear early morning lectures. But it had one drawback in standing so near the Foundry, and Whitefield abhorred the appearance of opposition to his old friends the Wesleys. However, a fresh awakening began immediately: the congregations grew rapidly; and, at the people's request, he called in the help of a number of laymen, necessity reconciling him to the idea. Here again, as in open air preaching, he was the forerunner of Wesley.

His experience at Bristol, to which he paid a visit before his Tabernacle in London was erected, was similar

to that at London. The house at Kingswood which he had founded, for which he had preached and begged, and which was associated with his first holy works among the colliers, was denied him. Busybodies on both sides carried tales and stirred up strife. He listened too much to them, and a breach ensued. Still there was something stronger in the hearts of these mistaken, angry Methodists on both sides, than abhorrence of their respective tenets; for Whitefield gratefully records that, though different in judgment, they were one in affection; that both aimed at promoting the glory of their common Lord; and that they agreed in endeavouring 'to convert souls to the ever blessed Mediator.' As for Whitefield himself, no part of his career displays his completeness of devotion to the Lord Jesus more perfectly than this, in which he took the ingratitude of his spiritual children with sorrowful meekness, in which he welcomed rebukes as 'a very little child,' in which he carried his burden of debt for the orphans without once regretting his responsibility, in which he found time to intercede with one friend to write to his 'dear little orphans, both boys and girls,' and to thank another for his kindness to them, in which the peace and comfort of his heart through the gospel never failed him for an hour. All his healthfulness of soul got free play when once the storm had discharged itself. It was with profound relief that he wrote to his friend the Independent Minister of Charleston, saying that he thought 'the heat of the battle was pretty well over,' and that the word of God was running and being glorified. That kind hand which had supported him through so many difficulties, and on which he leaned like a little child, cleared his way surprisingly. One day when he found himself forsaken and almost quite penniless, his suspense was broken by a stranger coming and putting a guinea into his hand; then something seemed to say, 'Cannot that God, who sent this person to give

thee this guinea, make it up fifteen hundred?' And the inward voice was not untrue; soon he was making his apostolic circuit in Wiltshire, Essex, and other counties, and everywhere his orphans found friends. 'Field-preaching,' he said, 'is my plan; in this I am carried as on eagles' wings. God makes way for me everywhere. The work of the Lord increases. I am comforted day and night.' In London he saw such triumphs of the gospel as he had never seen in England before. The whole kingdom also was opening its doors to him; and soon he was to have such a list of subscribers to his charity as perhaps no one else ever held in his hand: he could count on helpers in every county of England and Wales, in large districts of Scotland, and in America from Boston to Savannah, and their number was tens of thousands.

The friendly relation between Whitefield and the Erskines, begun by a brotherly letter from Whitefield in the first instance, which letter Ralph Erskine, with true Scottish caution, answered only after making inquiries about his open-hearted correspondent, now caused pressing invitations to be sent from Scotland. The Erskines and their friends had just seceded from the Church of Scotland, on the ground of its corruptness, and had the difficult task of founding and establishing a new church. In this task they were naturally anxious to get all possible help, and looked with high expectation to the mighty preacher who had achieved such wonders in England and America, and whose theological views harmonised perfectly with their own, and with those of their fellow-countrymen generally. He was more intimate with them than with anyone else in Scotland, and had often said how much pleasure it would afford him to visit them. Accordingly, Ralph wrote in very urgent terms: 'Come,' he said, 'if possible, dear Whitefield; come, and come to us also. There is no face on earth I would desire more earnestly

to see. Yet I would desire it only in a way that, I think, would tend most to the advancing of our Lord's kingdom, and the reformation work among our hands. Such is the situation of affairs among us, that unless you came with a design to meet and abide with us, particularly of the Associate Presbytery, and to make your public appearances in the places especially of their concern, I would dread the consequences of your coming, lest it should seem equally to countenance our persecutors. Your fame would occasion a flocking to you to whatever side you turn; and if it should be in their pulpits, as no doubt some of them would urge, we know how it would be improven against us. I know not with whom you could safely join yourself if not with us. You are still dearer and dearer to me. By your last journal I observed your growing zeal for the doctrine of grace.'

On the day of receiving this letter, Whitefield wrote to Ebenezer, and, referring to it, said, 'This morning I received a kind letter from your brother Ralph, who thinks it best for me wholly to join the Associate Presbytery, if it should please God to send me into Scotland. This I cannot altogether come into. I come only as an occasional preacher, to preach the simple gospel to all that are willing to hear me, of whatever denomination. It will be wrong in me to join a reformation as to church government, any further than I have light given me from above. If I am quite neuter as to that in my preaching, I cannot see how it can hinder or retard any design you may have on foot. My business seems to be to evangelise, to be a presbyter at large. I write this that there may not be the least misunderstanding between us. I love and honour the Associate Presbytery in the bowels of Jesus Christ. With this I send them my due respects, and most humbly beg their prayers. But let them not be offended, if in all things I cannot immediately fall in with them. Let them leave me to God.

Whatever light He is pleased to give me, I hope I shall be faithful to.' The answer of Ebenezer was creditable to his candour; after expressing his pleasure on hearing the good news of Whitefield's success, he said, 'How desirable would it be to all the sincere lovers of Jesus Christ in Scotland, to see Him "travelling in the greatness of His strength" among us also in your ministrations! Truth falls in our streets. Equity cannot enter into our ecclesiastical courts. As our Assembly did last year eject us from our churches, and exclude us from our ministry and legal maintenance, for lifting up our reformation testimony, so all I can hear they have done this year is to appoint several violent intrusions to be made upon Christian congregations, whereby the flock of Christ is scattered more and more upon the mountains; for a stranger will they not follow, who know the Shepherd's voice. The wandering sheep come with their bleatings to the Associate Presbytery, whereby our work is daily increasing in feeding and rallying our Master's flock, scattered and offended by the Established Church.

'From this short glimpse of the state of matters among us, you will easily see what reason the Associate Presbytery have to say, come over to Scotland and help us; come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We hear that God is with you of a truth, and therefore we wish for as intimate a connexion with you in the Lord as possible, for building up the fallen tabernacle of David in Britain; and particularly in Scotland, when you shall be sent to us. This, dear brother, and no party views, is at the bottom of any proposal made by my brother Ralph in his own name, and in the name of his Associate Brethren. It would be very unreasonable to propose or urge that you should incorporate as a member of our Presbytery, and wholly embark in every branch of our reformation, unless the Father of lights were clearing your way thereunto; which we pray He may enlighten

in His time, so as you and we may see eye to eye. All intended by us at present is, that when you come to Scotland, your way may be such as not to strengthen the hands of our corrupt clergy and judicatories, who are carrying on a course of defection, worming out a faithful ministry from the land, and the power of religion with it. Far be it from us to limit your great Master's commission to preach the gospel to every creature. We, ourselves, preach the gospel to all promiscuously who are willing to hear us. But we preach not upon the call and invitation of the ministers, but of the people, which, I suppose, is your own practice now in England; and should this also be your way when you come to Scotland, it could do the Associate Presbytery no manner of harm. But if, besides, you could find freedom to company with us and for us, and to accept of our advices in your work while in this country, it might contribute much to weaken the enemy's hand, and to strengthen ours in the work of the Lord, when the strength of the battle is against us.'[1]

Whitefield thought that the Associate Presbytery was 'a little too hard' upon him, and said that if he was neuter as to the particular reformation of church government till he had further light, it would be enough; he would come simply to preach the gospel, and not to enter into any particular connexion whatever. Had none but the Erskines sought a visit from him there can be no doubt that he would have gone to Scotland to preach only in connexion with them, while abstaining from all interference with the points in dispute between them and the Kirk; but Kirk people were as anxious as their rivals to see him. An opportunity was thus made for him to go to any party that would have him, only the Erskines had the first claim, and must have the first visit.

[1] 'The Life and Diary of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, A.M. &c.' By Donald Fraser, p. 424.

Full of cares he took his passage from London to Leith. Chief of all cares, and yet chief of all earthly joys, was that distant family. He hopes, when he gets aboard, to redeem time to answer his 'dear lambs' letters.' They had rejoiced him exceedingly. He begs Mr. Barber to be particular in the accounts—and not without reason, since slander was soon busy with a tale about personal ends which Whitefield was serving. He sends word that he has ordered hats and shoes for the children, and intends to send brother H.'s order, and other things, with some cash very shortly. 'But the arrears hang on me yet. My Lord bears my burden; may He bear all yours for you. I am persuaded He will.' When he sailed he found time to gratify his desire about the orphans, and ten of his short letters are preserved. They cannot compare with such charming letters as Irving wrote to his little daughter, and now and again the harshest parts of his creed appear in a most unpleasing form; but love keeps breaking through every line to lend its own gentle light to the hearts of the little ones.

Seven out of the ten letters were addressed to the boys. To one he said, 'Dear James, I do not forget you. I hope you will never forget the love of Christ, who died and hath given Himself for you. Does not the very thought of this make you even to weep? Do you not want some private place where to vent your heart? Away, then, I will detain you no longer. Retire into the woods.' It was in his best manner that he wrote to a child at Boston:—

'My dear child,—I thank you for your letter; I neither forgot you nor my promise. O that God may effectually work upon your heart betimes, for you cannot be good too soon, or too good. The little orphans at Georgia are crying out, "What shall we do to be saved?" How early was Jesus in the Temple, first hearing, and then asking questions! How did He love the little children, how did He take them up in His sacred arms

and bless them! And when He was just ascending to the highest heaven, how tenderly did He speak to Peter, and bid him "feed His lambs." Let all this encourage you to come to Him.'

Sifting the rest of the correspondence, we come upon a sentence in a letter to the students at Cambridge and New Haven in America, who had partaken of the religious influence so sedulously diffused by Whitefield during his American tour, which is worth a place in every student's room, 'Henceforward, therefore, I hope you will enter into your studies, not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints.'

The 'Mary and Ann,' after a pleasant passage, landed Whitefield at Leith on July 30, 1741. He was come to a 'generation' which Ebenezer Erskine described as 'being generally lifeless, lukewarm, and upsitten.' Yet there was no little warmth about the stranger whom the Associate Presbytery and the Kirk both struggled for. Persons of distinction welcomed him, and urged him to preach in Edinburgh on the day of his arrival. But he stayed in the city only an hour, and went thence, as Ralph Erskine phrases it, 'over the belly of vast opposition, and came to Ralph's house at Dunfermline at ten o'clock at night. Next morning guest and host conferred together alone upon Church matters, when Whitefield admitted that he had changed his views of ordination; at the time of his ordination, he knew no better way, but now 'he would not have it again in that way for a thousand worlds.' As to preaching, he was firm in his resolution to go wherever he was asked, into the kirk, or into the meeting-house. Were a Jesuit priest or a Mohammedan to give him an invitation, he would gladly comply, and go and testify against them! Whitefield wrote to Cennick, telling him that Erskine had received him 'very lovingly.' He says, 'I preached to his and the townspeople'—this was in the afternoon of the day after his arrival, and in the meeting-house—'a very thronged assembly. After

I had done prayer, and named my text, the rustling made by opening the bibles all at once quite surprised me; a scene I never was witness to before. Our conversation after sermon, in the house, was such as became the gospel of Christ. They entertained me with various accounts of the success of the Seceders' labours; and, as a proof of God's being with them, Mr. Ralph's son-in-law told me, that at one of their late occasions a woman was so deeply affected that she was obliged to stop her mouth with an handkerchief to keep herself from crying out. They urged a longer stay, in order to converse more closely, and to set me right about church government and the Solemn League and Covenant. I informed them that I had given notice of preaching at Edinburgh this evening, but, as they desired it, I would in a few days return and meet the Associate Presbytery in Mr. Ralph's house. This was agreed on. Dear Mr. Erskine accompanied me, and this evening I preached to many thousands in a place called the Orphan-house Park. The Lord was there. Immediately after sermon, a large company, among whom were some of the nobility, came to salute me. Amidst our conversation came in a portly, well-looking Quaker, nephew to Messrs. Erskines, formerly a Baptist minister in the north of England, who, taking me by the hand, said, "Friend George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the everlasting God; and therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown." I find that God has blessed my works in these parts. I am most cordially received by many that love the Lord Jesus. I have just been in company with a nobleman who, I believe, truly fears God; and also with a lady of fashion that discovers a Christian spirit indeed. I already hear of great divisions; but Jesus knows how to bring order out of confusion.'

The proposed conference took place at Ralph Erskine's

house on the sixth day after Whitefield's arrival in the country. There were present Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, Alexander Moncrieff, Adam Gib, Thomas and James Mair, and Mr. Clarkson; also two 'elders, James Wardlaw and John Mowbray. Ralph called the 'tryst;' and Ebenezer began the proceedings with prayer. Some of the venerable men had come with the persuasion that they would succeed in making Whitefield an Associate Presbyterian; the wiser portion hoped for nothing more than to stagger his faith in any and every form of church government which was different from theirs, to keep him in suspense, and in the meanwhile to secure his services in their meeting-houses for the establishment of their cause. These also meant his conversion, but knew that it must be an affair beyond the power of a morning's sitting of any Presbytery; it would be enough to enter into an alliance with him. Whitefield had evidently come to the meeting determined to keep himself from all alliances. The Seceders were separating from the Established Church on the ground that no persons holding 'unscriptural tenets should be admitted members of the Church;' and the interpretation put upon 'unscriptural tenets' was so rigid as to mean, that any man who differed from them in his views of church government should not hold communion with them. Hence their reason for wishing to convert Whitefield was plain. While they wanted him, their own narrow views bolted the door in his face; then they must take him as a hopeful catechumen who was looking for 'more light,' and who would come into their light eventually. Nor need any surprise be felt at such stickling for church government; they were in an unenviable position of separation, and thus naturally anxious to prove their zeal for order as well as for orthodoxy. It was thus that the conversation turned upon church government, though White-

field went away with the impression that they also wanted to bring him round to the Solemn League and Covenant! That was most likely a spectre in the mist. To Whitefield's question, 'Whether, supposing the Presbyterian government to be agreeable to the pattern shown in the mount, it excluded a toleration of such as Independents, Anabaptists, and Episcopalians, among whom there are good men,' Ebenezer Erskine replied, with fine dexterity, 'Sir, God has made you an instrument of gathering a great multitude of souls to the faith and profession of the gospel of Christ throughout England, and also in foreign parts; and now it is fit that you should be considering how that body is to be organised and preserved; which cannot be done without following the example of Paul and Barnabas, who, when they had gathered churches by the preaching of the gospel, visited them again, and ordained over them elders in every city; which you cannot do alone, without some two or three met together in a judicative capacity in the name of the Lord.' Whitefield answered that he could not see his way to anything but preaching. But, it was urged, supposing he were to die, the flock would be scattered, and might fall a prey to grievous wolves. Then he fixed himself on a resolution, which, with the views that he had expressed about his ordination, it was, no doubt, made sure he could never reach: 'I am of the communion of the Church of England,' he said; 'none in that communion can join me in the work you have pointed to; neither do I mean to separate from that communion until I am cast out or excommunicated.' All tempers were not cool under the reasoning that went on; indeed, how could nine Scots, each one holding to the skirts of his sacred church, keep cool when dealing with a prelatist? The interview ended in a scene. While it was being contended that one form of church government was divine, Whitefield, laying his hand on his heart, said, 'I do not find it here.' Alexander

Moncrieff replied, as he rapped the bible that lay on the table, 'But I find it here.'[1]

It is evident that Whitefield's ecclesiastical position for the future is to be judged of by these three things:—1. That he did not believe that any form of church government was of divine origin; 2. That his ordination to be a priest of the Church of England did not any longer accord with his conceptions of ordination to the ministerial functions; 3. That he was not free to leave the Church of England; he must be cast off, if the connexion must cease.

Three days after the interview Whitefield sent an account of it to his friend Noble of New York; and were there no other reason for its insertion, the fact of its being almost the only letter with a touch of humour in it demands for it a place:—

'Edinburgh, August 8, 1741.

'My dear Brother,—I have written you several letters; and I rejoice to hear that the work of the Lord prospers in the hands of Messrs. Tennents, &c. I am glad that they intend to meet in a synod by themselves; their catholic spirit will do good. The Associate Presbytery here are so confined that they will not so much as hear me preach, unless I only will join with them. Mr. Ralph Erskine, indeed, did hear me, and went up with me into the pulpit of the Canongate church. The people were ready to shout for joy; but I believe it gave offence to his associates. I met most of them, according to appointment, on Wednesday last. A set of grave, venerable men! They soon proposed to form themselves into a presbytery, and were proceeding to choose a moderator. I asked them for what purpose? They answered, to discourse and set me right about the matter of church government and the Solemn League and Covenant. I replied they might save themselves that trouble, for I had no scruple about it, and that settling church government and preaching about the Solemn League and Covenant was not my plan. I then told them something of my experience, and how I was led

[1] 'The Life and Diary of the Rev. Ralph Erskine, A.M.' By Donald Fraser, ch. vii.

out into my present way of work. One in particular said he was deeply affected; and the dear Mr. Erskines desired they would have patience with me, for that having been born and bred in England, and never studied the point, I could not be supposed to be so perfectly acquainted with the nature of their covenants. One much warmer than the rest immediately replied, "that no indulgence was to be shown me; that England had revolted most with respect to church government; and that I, born and educated there, could not but be acquainted with the matter now in debate." I told him I had never yet made the Solemn League and Covenant the object of my study, being too busy about matters, as I judged, of greater importance. Several replied that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. I said that in every building there were outside and inside workmen; that the latter at present was my province; that if they felt themselves called to the former, they might proceed in their own way, and I should proceed in mine. I then asked them seriously what they would have me do; the answer was that I was not desired to subscribe immediately to the Solemn League and Covenant, but to preach only for them till I had further light. I asked, why only for them? Mr. Ralph Erskine said, "they were the Lord's people." I then asked whether there were no other Lord's people but themselves; and supposing all other were the devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to, and therefore I was more and more determined to go out into the highways and hedges; and that if the pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Jesus Christ therein. Soon after this the company broke up; and one of these otherwise venerable men immediately went into the meeting-house and preached upon these words—"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night, if ye will enquire, enquire ye; return, come." I attended; but the good man so spent himself in the former parts of his sermon in talking against prelacy, the common prayer book, the surplice, the rose in the hat, and such like externals, that when he came to the latter part of his text, to invite poor sinners to Jesus Christ, his breath was so gone that he could scarce be heard. What a pity that the last was not first, and the first last! The consequence of all this

was an open breach. I retired, I wept, I prayed, and, after preaching in the fields, sat down and dined with them, and then took a final leave. At table a gentlewoman said, she had heard that I had told some people that the Associate Presbytery were building a Babel. I said, "Madam, it is quite true; and I believe the Babel will soon fall down about their ears;" but enough of this. Lord, what is man, what the best of men, but men at the best! I think I have now seen an end of all perfection. Our brethren in America, blessed be God! have not so learned Christ. Be pleased to inform them of this letter. I have not time to write now. The Lord blesses my preaching here; and the work, I think, is begun afresh in London. I preach to thousands daily, and several have applied to me already under convictions. I have been here about eight days. You may expect to hear from me shortly again. The Lord be with you. I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ; He will bless you for what you have done for the poor orphans. He comforts me on every side. O free grace! Dear Brother S. salutes you all.

'Ever yours in our common Lord,

'G. WHITEFIELD.'

The unfortunate close of the conference was a great sorrow to Ralph Erskine, who wrote to Whitefield, and plainly, but kindly, told him, that he was 'sorrowful for being disappointed about Whitefield's lying open to light, as appeared from his declining conversation on that head; and also for his coming harnessed with a resolution to stand out against every thing that should be advanced against ——' (presumably the Established Church). Ralph must not be allowed to rest under the shade of bigotry which the words, 'We are the Lord's people,' would cast over him. He may have used the very words in that warm discussion, when the ringing of bells and the expectation of sermon and the firmness of Whitefield threw him into confusion; but in calmer moments, when meeting his seceding followers at the table of the Lord, he could speak as became his better self, and say, 'We

are far from thinking that all are Christ's friends that join with us, and that all are His enemies that do not. No, indeed.' Had the Presbytery consisted only of the two brothers and young David Erskine, the son of Ebenezer, no disruption would have come about; neither would Ralph have been provoked to insinuate in a letter to Whitefield, that the orphan-house was making him temporise. 'Indeed, dear sir,' Whitefield replied, 'you mistake, if you think I temporise on account of the orphans. Be it far from me. I abhor the very thought of it.'

There was commotion in all classes of society, and no small division, about this new preacher who depicted scenes instead of prosing over syllogisms, who appealed to the heart instead of turning faith and love into a mathematical formula. Some were against him, on the ground that his character was not sufficiently established; and even his friends commonly called him 'that godly youth.' The dispute as to his character and ministrations found its way into a debating club in the University, broke it up, and separated some of the members who were private friends. Yet he was on a flood-tide of popularity in the Scottish capital. He had the ear of the people, from the poorest to the noblest. At seven in the morning he had a lecture in the fields, which was attended by 'the common people and by persons of rank.' The very children of the city caught the spirit of his devotion, and would hear him eagerly while he read to them the letters of his orphans. At Heriot's Hospital, the boys, who had been noted as the most wicked in the city, established fellowship meetings among themselves; indeed children's meetings sprung up all over the city. Great numbers of young men met for promoting their Christian knowledge; and aged Christians, who had long maintained an honest profession of Christianity, were stimulated to seek closer brotherly communion.

Great as was the danger of this time, Whitefield bore himself with humility in the midst of applause, with love towards his enemies, and with patience and meekness so exemplary under the reproaches, the injuries, and the slanders which were heaped upon him, that one minister thought that God had sent him to show him how to preach, and especially how to suffer. In the pulpit he was like a flame of fire; among men he was most calm and easy, careful never to give offence, and never courting the favour of any. His temper was cheerful and grateful. His disinterestedness shone conspicuously in his refusal to accept a private contribution which some zealous friends thought of giving him. 'I make no purse,' he said; 'what I have, I give away. "Poor, yet making many rich," shall be my motto still.' All that he cared for was his family; he would rather bear any burden than have it burdened. His pleadings on its behalf had the usual effect; and some 'evil men' soon had their tongues busy. Thousands of prayers were offered for him; and thousands of lies were spread abroad against him. It was said that he was hindering the poor from paying their debts, and impoverishing their families. But the fact was, that his largest donations came from the rich. He said to his friends respecting all this slander, for he never noticed it publicly, 'I would have no one afraid of doing too much good, or think that a little given in charity will impoverish the country.'[1]

[1] This alarm about impoverishing the country does not look so absurd, when it is remembered that in 1706 the total revenue of Scotland was only 160,000*l*. The question of taxation formed one of the greatest difficulties in the way of settling the treaty of union between England and Scotland; the poor and thrifty Scotch stipulated that their oats should have some 'bounty' extended to them; and to encourage the growth of wool, an act was passed to provide that shrouds should always be used at funerals, but that only woollen ones should be allowed. The following story will still better illustrate the poverty of the nation—'Thus we find Mr. William Hunter, the minister of Banff, write as follows to Carstairs—"My Lord Banff, upon declaring himself Protestant, has a mind to go south, and take his place

Edinburgh did not monopolise his labours: Glasgow, Dundee, Paisley, Perth, Stirling, Crief, Falkirk, Airth, Kinglassie, Culross, Kinross, Cupar of Fife, Stonehive, Benholm, Montrose, Brechin, Forfar, Cupar of Angus, Inverkeithing, Newbottle, Galashiels, Maxton, Haddington, Killern, Fintry, Balfrone, and Aberdeen received a visit from him. His visit to Aberdeen was at the oft-repeated request of Mr. Ogilvie, one of the ministers of the Kirk, and is thus described by himself: 'At my first coming here, things looked a little gloomy; for the magistrates had been so prejudiced by one Mr. Bisset, that, when applied to, they refused me the use of the kirk-yard to preach in. This Mr. Bisset is colleague with one Mr. Ogilvie, at whose repeated invitation I came hither. Though colleagues of the same congregation, they are very different in their natural tempers. The one is what they call in Scotland of a sweet-blooded, the other of a choleric disposition. Mr. Bisset is neither a Seceder nor quite a Kirk man, having great fault to find with both. Soon after my arrival, dear Mr. Ogilvie took me to pay my respects to him; he was prepared for it, and immediately pulled out a paper containing a great number of insignificant queries, which I had neither time nor inclination to answer. The next morning, it being Mr. Ogilvie's turn, I lectured and preached; the magistrates were present. The congregation very large, and light and life fled all around. In the afternoon Mr. Bisset officiated; I attended. He began his prayers as usual, but in the midst of them, naming me by name, he entreated the Lord to forgive the dishonour that had been

in Parliament: and withal, because his circumstances require it, his lordship requires your kind influence for his encouragement, that he may undertake his journey. My lord's circumstances are but low." When therefore in the subsequent list we find Lord Banff's name credited for 11*l.* 2*s.*, we may safely conclude that this was the sum allowed his lordship for his travelling expenses.'—'Reign of Queen Anne,' by Earl Stanhope, pp. 251, 265, 274, 284.

put upon Him, by my being suffered to preach in that pulpit; and that all might know what reason he had to put up such a petition, about the middle of his sermon he not only urged that I was a curate of the Church of England, but also quoted a passage or two out of my first printed sermons, which he said were grossly Arminian. Most of the congregation seemed surprised and chagrined, especially his good-natured colleague Mr. Ogilvie, who, immediately after sermon, without consulting me in the least, stood up and gave notice that Mr. Whitefield would preach in about half an hour. The interval being so short, the magistrates returned into the sessions-house, and the congregation patiently waited, big with expectation of hearing my resentment. At the time appointed I went up, and took no other notice of the good man's ill-timed zeal than to observe, in some part of my discourse, that if the good old gentleman had seen some of my later writings, wherein I had corrected several of my former mistakes, he would not have expressed himself in such strong terms. The people being thus diverted from controversy with man were deeply impressed with what they heard from the word of God. All was hushed, and more than solemn; and on the morrow the magistrates sent for me, expressed themselves quite concerned at the treatment I had met with, and begged I would accept of the freedom of the city. But of this enough.'

The spirit of love had been remarkably developed and strengthened in Whitefield since his return from America; his troubles, keen and undeserved as they were, had proved a kindly chastening to his spirit. The fine frankness of his nature and the sincerity of his religion were shown at Aberdeen in a letter which he wrote to Wesley, and in another to Peter Böhler, whose name he had mentioned in a very inoffensive way in his famous letter to Wesley from Bethesda. In the case of

Böhler he had not sinned openly, but he knew that he had broken the law of charity in his own heart; and such faults are much to the true Christian.

'Aberdeen, October 10, 1741.

'Reverend and dear Brother,—I have for a long time expected that you would have sent me an answer to my last; but I suppose that you are afraid to correspond with me, because I revealed your secret about the lot.' (That was the lot which Wesley drew in the Channel on his return from America, and which Whitefield had revealed in the Bethesda letter.) 'Though much may be said for my doing it, yet I am sorry now that any such thing dropped from my pen; and I humbly ask pardon. I find I love you as much as ever, and pray God, if it be His blessed will, that we may be all united together. It hath been for some days upon my heart to write to you, and this morning I received a letter from Brother H., telling me how he had conversed with you and your dear brother. May God remove all obstacles that now prevent our union! Though I hold particular election, yet I offer Jesus freely to every individual soul. You may carry sanctification to what degrees you will, only I cannot agree that the in-being of sin is to be destroyed in this life. Oh, my dear brother, the Lord hath been much with me in Scotland! I every morning feel my fellowship with Christ, and He is pleased to give me all peace and joy in believing. In about three weeks I hope to be at Bristol. May all disputings cease, and each of us talk of nothing but Jesus and Him crucified! This is my resolution. The Lord be with your spirit. My love to Brother C. and all that love the glorious Immanuel.

'I am, without dissimulation, ever yours,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

To Böhler he wrote, 'I write this to ask pardon for mentioning your name in answer to my brother Wesley's sermon. I am very sorry for it. Methinks I hear you say, "For Christ's sake I forgive you." There have been faults on both sides. I think, my dear brother, you have not acted simply in some things. Let us confess our faults to one another, and pray for one another, that we

may be healed. I wish there may be no more dissension between us for the time to come. May God preserve us from falling out in our way to heaven! I long to have all narrow-spiritedness taken out of my heart.'

His Scotch excursion brought him more worldly honour than he had ever before known. He was welcomed to their houses by several of the nobility, and became the friend, correspondent, and religious helper of the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Leven, Lord Rae, Lady Mary Hamilton, Colonel Gardiner, Lady Frances Gardiner (wife of the Colonel), Lady Jean Nimmo, and Lady Dirleton. Lord Leven gave him a horse to perform his journeys on; the Scotch people gave him above five hundred pounds for his orphans.

Riding his gift-horse, he took his way from Scotland to Wales to be married. Whether he preached on his journey or not, does not appear; but in ten days he was at Abergavenny, ready 'to be joined in matrimony' to Mrs. James, a widow, of about thirty-six years of age, neither rich nor beautiful, 'once gay, but for three years last past a despised follower of the Lamb,' one of whom he cherished the hope that she would not hinder him in his work. If it be the same Mrs. James of whom Wesley speaks in his journal but a month before the marriage—and there is no reason to doubt it—Wesley's opinion of her was favourable; for he calls her 'a woman of candour and humanity,' and, we may add, courage, seeing she compelled some complainers, who had been free with their tongues in Wesley's absence, to repeat everything to his face. How and when Whitefield and she became acquainted with each other cannot be found out, but most probably it was when he visited Wales with Howel Harris, before leaving for America the second time. She must, in that case, have been a first love, but not a warm one, as the Blendon lady had supplanted her, and got the first offer of his hand. But the fact is, he was 'free

from that foolish passion which the world calls love.' There is, however, an Eden-like story told about the marriage with the matronly housekeeper, which, though not to be depended upon, may serve to brighten a prosaic event.[1] Ebenezer Jones, minister of Ebenezer Chapel, near Pontypool, was most happy in his marriage. His wife was a woman of eminent piety and strong mind; they were married in youth, and years only deepened their affection. Mrs. Jones died first, and the afflicted widower would say, when speaking of the joys of another world, 'I would not for half a heaven but find her there.' Whitefield, it is said, was so enchanted with their happiness, when visiting at their house, that he immediately determined to change his condition, and soon paid his addresses to Mrs. James. Alas! he found that Mrs. James and Mrs. Jones were two different beings; though very likely the second might have been as incompetent as the first to be the wife of a perpetual traveller, who preached and travelled all day and wrote letters till after midnight. Who could have been the wife of such a man? Clearly it was a misfortune that he had not studied the seventh chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

There was probably no cessation of preaching; only a few days after the celebration of the marriage he wrote to tell an Edinburgh friend that God had been pleased to work by his hand since his coming to Wales. Three days later still he was in Bristol, building up religious societies, and preaching in a large hall which his friends had hired; and Mrs. Whitefield was at Abergavenny, staying till he could conveniently take her with him on his journeys.[2]

[1] 'Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,' vol. ii. p. 117.

[2] Bristol had another distinguished visitor at this time. Savage was detained in Newgate for a debt of eight pounds; he had worn out the patience and respect of his friends in the city, and no one would step in to help him. His best friend was Mr. Dagge, 'the tender gaoler,' whose virtues Johnson has praised in high terms, probably not knowing that he was

His appeal from the jurisdiction of the Commissary of Charleston was now returned to him from the Lords, who saw through the Commissary's enmity; and there was an end of that trouble.

His work now lay in Bristol, where he began a 'general monthly meeting to read corresponding letters,' and between that place and London—the same district in which he won his first successes in itinerant preaching; and everywhere the desire to hear the truth was more intense than ever. Finally, he went to London, taking his wife with him, and probably lodged with some Methodist friend, one carefully chosen, as he was careful about the homes he went to, nor was it everyone who could have his presence. To one London brother who wanted to have him and his wife he replied, 'I know not what to say about coming to your house; for brother S. tells me you and your family are dilatory, and that you do not rise sometimes till nine or ten in the morning. This, dear Mr. N., will never do for me; and I am persuaded such a conduct tends much to the dishonour of God, and to the prejudice of your own precious soul. Be not slothful in business. Go to bed seasonably, and rise early. Redeem your precious time; pick up the fragments of it, that not one moment may be lost. Be much in secret prayer. Converse less with man, and more with God.' To this wise circumspection, and the fact that he was always the

praising a convert of Whitefield. He says, 'He' (Savage) 'was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompense; had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

'The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, though without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.'

It is almost certain that Whitefield sometimes sat down at the keeper's hospitable table with that strange guest.

guest of men of undoubted piety, or of untarnished reputation, may in part be ascribed his triumph over all the base slanders of his enemies.

London was once more a home of brethren. He could talk freely with the Wesleys, though he and they still differed widely on a certain point. He was persuaded of the futility and mischief of disputation, and longed for greater love and unity among his friends, and among all the followers of the Lord Jesus. He was anxious to deal tenderly with men of all sects, to be open, simple, and guileless with them. And good tidings kept coming from afar, while the 'word grew mightily and prevailed' at home. In New England the work was 'going on amazingly;' in Scotland the awakening was greater than ever; the Spirit of God was still among the little orphans in Georgia; and in Carolina, a planter, who had himself been converted at the orphan-house, had twelve Negroes on his estate 'brought savingly home to Jesus Christ.' Still the cry came to him for help, so that he wished he had a thousand lives and tongues to give to his Lord. As it was, he was working himself at a perilous rate, sleeping and eating but little, and constantly employed from morning till midnight; 'yet,' said he, 'I walk and am not weary, I run and am not faint.' Then, catching fire at the old topic, which to the last never failed to call forth all his joy and gratitude, he exclaimed, 'Oh, free grace! It fires my soul, and makes me long to do something more for Jesus. It is true, indeed, I want to go home, but here are so many souls ready to perish for lack of knowledge, that I am willing to tarry below as long as my Master hath work for me to do.' Everything was helping to prepare him for another of those daring religious forays of which he is the most brilliant captain: this was the enterprise he attempted—to beat the devil in Moorfields on Whit Monday. The soldier is the best historian here:—

'London, May 11, 1742.

'With this I send you a few out of the many notes I have received from persons who were convicted, converted, or comforted in Moorfields during the late holidays. For many weeks I found my heart much pressed to determine to venture to preach there at this season, when, if ever, Satan's children keep up their annual rendezvous. I must inform you that Moorfields is a large spacious place, given, as I have been told, by one Madam Moore, on purpose for all sorts of people to divert themselves in. For many years past, from one end to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like. With a heart bleeding with compassion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his will, on Whit Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, I ventured to lift up a standard among them in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Perhaps there were about ten thousand in waiting—not for me, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them. Glad was I to find that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil. I mounted my field-pulpit; almost all immediately flocked around it. I preached on these words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up," &c. They gazed, they listened, they wept; and I believe that many felt themselves stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon; but what a scene! The fields, the whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready, not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's, harvest. All his agents were in full motion—drummers, trumpeters, Merry Andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, &c. &c. —all busy in entertaining their respective auditories. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that, like St. Paul, I should now be called, as it were, to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." You may easily guess that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cat thrown at me, whilst

engaged in calling them from their favourite, but lying, vanities. My soul was indeed among lions! but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for awhile to be turned into lambs. This encouraged me to give notice that I would preach again at six o'clock in the evening. I came, I saw, but what—thousands and thousands more than before if possible, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions; but some thousands amongst them waiting as earnestly to hear the gospel. This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For awhile I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of a roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the Merry Andrew, attended by others who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching, got upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the violence of his motion tumbled down. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting serjeant with his drum, &c. to pass through the congregation. I gave the word of command, and ordered that way might be made for the king's officer. The ranks opened while all marched quietly through, and then closed again.[1] Finding those efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having got a large pole for their standard, advanced towards us with steady and formidable steps till they came very near the skirts of our hearing, praying, and almost undaunted

[1] It was some time during these early years of his ministry that, as Franklin relates, a drummer, who formed one of Whitefield's open-air congregations, determined to drown Whitefield's voice by beating his drum violently. Whitefield attempted to hold his own, and raised his voice to a very loud pitch, but all to no purpose; he then addressed the drummer personally in a happy speech. 'Friend,' said he, 'you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings—you beat up for volunteers for King George, and I for the Lord Jesus; in God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance.' The drummer accepted the terms of peace, and going away in great good-humour, left the preacher in full possession of the field.

congregation. I saw, gave warning, and prayed to the Captain of our salvation for present support and deliverance. He heard and answered, for just as they approached us with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing—for the noise was too great at times to preach—about three hours. We then retired to the Tabernacle with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched, in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the Tabernacle society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded a thousand; but I must have done, believing you want to retire to join in mutual praise and thanksgiving to God and the Lamb with

'Yours, &c.

'G. WHITEFIELD.'

Bare facts support the statement that some had been 'plucked from the very jaws of the devil.' Whitefield married several who had been living in open adultery; one man was converted who had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings to boot; and several were numbered in the society whose days would in all probability have been ended at Tyburn. But his exploits were not ended. Here is a second letter:—

'London, May 15, 1742.

'My dear Friend,—Fresh matter of praise; bless ye the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously! The battle that was begun on Monday was not quite over till Wednesday evening, though the scene of action was a little shifted. Being strongly invited, and a pulpit being prepared for me by an honest Quaker, a coal merchant, I ventured on Tuesday evening to preach at Mary-le-bone Fields, a place almost as much frequented by

boxers, gamesters, and such like, as Moorfields. A vast concourse was assembled together, and as soon as I got into the field-pulpit their countenance bespoke the enmity of their heart against the preacher. I opened with these words—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I preached in great jeopardy; for the pulpit being high and the supports not well fixed in the ground, it tottered every time I moved, and numbers of enemies strove to push my friends against the supporters in order to throw me down. But the Redeemer stayed my soul on Himself, therefore I was not much moved, unless with compassion for those to whom I was delivering my Master's message, which, I had reason to think, by the strong impressions that were made, was welcome to many. But Satan did not like thus to be attacked in his strongholds, and I narrowly escaped with my life; for as I was passing from the pulpit to the coach, I felt my wig and hat to be almost off. I turned about, and observed a sword just touching my temple. A young rake, as I afterwards found, was determined to stab me; but a gentleman, seeing the sword thrusting near me, struck it up with his cane, and so the destined victim providentially escaped. Such an attempt excited abhorrence; the enraged multitude soon seized him, and had it not been for one of my friends who received him into his house, he must have undergone a severe discipline. The next day I renewed my attack in Moorfields; but, would you think it? after they found that pelting, noise, and threatenings would not do, one of the Merry Andrews got up into a tree very near the pulpit, and shamefully exposed his nakedness before all the people. Such a beastly action quite abashed the serious part of my auditory, whilst hundreds of another stamp, instead of rising up to pull down the unhappy wretch, expressed their approbation by repeated laughs. I must own at first it gave me a shock: I thought Satan had now almost outdone himself; but recovering my spirits, I appealed to all, since now they had such a spectacle before them, whether I had wronged human nature in saying, after pious Bishop Hall, "that man, when left to himself, is half a devil and half a beast;" or, as the great Mr. Law expressed himself, "a motley mixture of the beast and devil." Silence and attention being thus gained, I concluded with a warm exhortation,

and closed our festival enterprises in reading fresh notes that were put up, praising and blessing God amidst thousands at the Tabernacle for what He had done for precious souls, and on account of the deliverances He had wrought out for me and His people. I could enlarge; but being about to embark in the "Mary and Ann" for Scotland, I must hasten to subscribe myself,

'Yours, &c.

'G. WHITEFIELD.

'P.S. I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c. thrown at me, never once gave way; but on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them in their growing years great and living martyrs for Him who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings perfects praise!'

Whitefield, accompanied by his wife, now went from the excitement of London to that of Scotland; and, happily, the voyage afforded him a few days for quieter engagements, before rushing into the heat of an immense 'revival.' Most of his time on board ship was spent in secret prayer. He landed at Leith on June 3, 1742, amid the blessings and tears of the people, many of whom followed the coach up to Edinburgh, again to welcome him when he stepped out.

But all hearts were not glad for his return. The Associate Presbytery—still smarting under the rebuff of the preceding year, driven to the greater vehemence for their testimony the more they saw it unheeded, and made the more contentious by the 'foreigner's' low estimate of their 'holy contendings'—were full of wrath. Even the Erskines were unfriendly. But the most conspicuous enemy was Adam Gib, of Edinburgh, one of the venerable nine with whom Whitefield had the amusing interview at Dunfermline. Gib was resolved to expose

Whitefield, and thus to deliver his own soul, and, it might be, the souls of the poor deluded, devil-blinded people that crowded to hear the deceiver. Accordingly he 'published, in the New Church at Bristow, upon Sabbath, June 6, 1742, "A Warning against Countenancing the Ministrations of Mr. George Whitefield;"' and certainly the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. He disclaimed any intention of speaking 'anent the personal character or condition of the foreigner meant, or anent what might be his scope and aim in his present management, but anent the scope of his ministrations.' The indictment was this:—'That the preacher we speak of, his present ministrations have a direct tendency to introduce among us a latitudinarian scheme; and particularly to make men mere sceptics as to the discipline and government of the house of God. True, indeed, this is propagate under a very specious pretence—a pretence of universal charity for good men that differ about these things.' Whitefield was unhesitatingly declared to be one of the false Christs of whom the Church is forewarned in St. Matthew xxiv. 24; and as a proof of this it was alleged, that the world was set a-wondering after him! Were not Scottish ministers employed in glorifying him by their letters and otherwise? 'Upon March 26, 1740,' had not 'Josiah Smith, a minister in South Carolina, turned so barefaced in Christing Mr. Whitefield, that he preached a whole sermon upon him from Job xxxii. 17, wherein gospel doctrine was vindicated as his doctrine, and for his credit?' Had not 'that unparalleled and awful sermon been printed at Boston, with a preface by Messieurs Colman and Cooper, wherein they recommend the author, and his doctrine of Mr. Whitefield thus—what he has seen and heard, that declares he unto us?' Worse than that, and to bring the matter home to Scotsmen, had not 'this sermon and preface been lately reprinted at Glasgow by Mr. Whitefield's friends, and in a way of approbation?'

The 'Warning' caused such a commotion that Gib was urged to publish, and taking this as a hint from Providence that he should finish his holy task, he expanded a short sermon of eight pages into an 'Appendix' of fifty-seven—thus getting ample scope to make his charges, and to prove them, if that were possible. Gib shows, in his own way, 'that Mr. Whitefield was no minister of Jesus Christ; that his call and coming to Scotland were scandalous; that his practice was disorderly and fertile of disorder; that his whole doctrine was, and his success must be, *diabolical*; so that people ought to avoid him, from duty to God, to the Church, to themselves, to fellow-men, to posterity, and to him.' The heavy charges that Whitefield was no minister of Jesus Christ, and that his call and coming to Scotland were scandalous, are proved by most odd reasoning, and may be left to ecclesiastical antiquaries. The charge of disorderly practices comes more within the scope of a common understanding, and is thus dealt with:—'To prove these things from Scripture and reason belongs not to the present undertaking, otherwise it might easily be done; but it will be an insuperable task for any man to reconcile with, or produce a warrant from, Scripture or reason, that gospel ordinances be publicly dispensed oftener than once every day, especially among the same people. This was as needful in the Apostles their days as ever it could be afterwards; but we have no account that they had a regular practice of calling people in this manner every day off their other necessary employments. Moreover, the awful profanation of the Lord's day, which the noise of Mr. Whitefield's ministrations introduces, deserves especial consideration. It is well known that on this day multitudes in Edinburgh wait publicly—and very indecently, too—for his appearance, through several hours before the time appointed for it, and that while public worship is exercised through the city, where these

people profess no scruple to join.' Whitefield's small appreciation of the witnessing of the Church is thus referred to:—'Thus we see the horrid notion Mr. Whitefield has of the whole witnessing work of the Christian Church, and he derives it from as horrid a source, viz. from Satan, that old serpent.'

The theology of Whitefield, which we have seen was somewhat rigid and exclusive, was far too lax for Gib. 'Mr. Whitefield's universal love,' he says, 'proceeds upon this erroneous and horrid principle, that God is the lover of all souls—which asserts universal redemption—and the God of all churches—which asserts Him inconsistent and impious.' Not, however, that Gib would have himself and his brethren set down as lovers of none but the good who were in their own communion; his charity warmed and expanded wonderfully to admit thus much: 'We would like what is right in any man; but does love to the persons of all men, and to what good they have, oblige us to be cool and dumb anent that good, their want whereof may or will blast unto them any good they have? Does it oblige us to stick only by that good which they have, unto the perdition of us and them both? When we meet one professing to be a pilgrim heavenward, and having but one leg, one eye, can we not truly love him without letting him hack off one of our legs, and pluck out one of our eyes? Is it not the best proof of love to him, when we offer, and insist, that he should receive supply of a leg and an eye? And if he contumaciously refuse, does love oblige us to hope and wish that his one leg and one eye may do him the same good that a pair of each would do?' The worst of Whitefield was not even yet discovered; a lower depth of Satan was in him; and, as Gib heroically determined to explore it, his spirit almost fainted. He says, 'When I offer to continue my thought upon the gloomy subject thereof, my spirit is like to freeze with horror, impotent of speech.' And

this was the horrifying doctrine of the devil-inspired foreign curate, 'The doctrine of grace, as diabolically perverted through Mr. Whitefield, is versant about such a Christ as is merely a Saviour; and it hurries men off in quest of such spiritual influences, convictions, conversions, consolations, and assurance, as unconcerned with, and hostile unto, the Mediator's visible glory.' One charitable word crept into this virulent appendix, and is much too precious to be lost. 'I will not say that Mr. Whitefield understands all this doctrine, or that he knows the real meaning and tendency of what he says and adopts in the letter and extract; but 'tis not his intellectuals we are debating anent; 'tis his doctrine. Thus our contendings against Mr. Whitefield must be proportioned, not to his design, but Satan's; while hereof he is an effectual, though blinded, tool.'

Whitefield was not soured by such detraction and abuse, but wrote to Ebenezer Erskine to say how much concerned he was that their difference as to outward things should cut off their sweet fellowship and communion with each other. He protested that his love for Erskine and Erskine's brethren was greater than ever; that he applauded their zeal for God, though it was not, in some respects, according to knowledge, and was frequently levelled against himself; and that his heart had no resentment in it. Meanwhile the people, not heeding Gib's 'Warning,' flocked to the Hospital Park, and filled the shaded wooden amphitheatre which had been erected for their accommodation. Twice a day Whitefield went to the Park, and twice a day they came to hear him.

A congregation moved by deeper religious feeling than that which agitated Edinburgh was anxious to hear his voice in a little village called Cambuslang, on the south side of the Clyde, about five miles from Glasgow, and now a suburb of that city. Wonderful things were beginning to take place in that small parish of nine hundred

souls. The Rev. William McCulloch, who had been ordained its minister on April 29, 1731, was a man of considerable learning and of solid, unostentatious piety, slow and cautious as a speaker, and more anxious to feed his people with sound truth than to move their passions with declamation. The news of the revivals in England and in America had awakened a lively interest in him; and he began to detail to his people what he knew, and they, in their turn, felt as interested as he did. A dilapidated church and an overflowing congregation next compelled the good pastor and his flock to resort to the fields for worship; and nature, as if anticipating their wants, had made a fair temple of her own in a deep ravine near the church. The grassy level by the burnside and the brae which rises from it in the form of an amphitheatre, afforded an admirable place for the gathering of a large mass of people; and there the pastor would preach the same doctrines which were touching rugged Kingswood colliers, depraved London roughs, and formal ministers and professors of religion in both hemispheres; but he dwelt mostly on regeneration. The sermon over, he would recount of a sabbath evening what was going on in the kingdom of God elsewhere, and then renew his application of the truth to the conscience. The great evangelist had also been heard by some of the people; nor could they forget his words, or throw off their influence. On his previous visit to Scotland, when he went to Glasgow, they had stood on the gravestones of the high churchyard in that immense congregation which trembled and wept as he denounced the curses and offered the blessings of the word of God. Others, again, had read the sermons after they were printed, and had been as vitally affected as if they had heard the thrilling voice which had spoken them. The religious leaven was touching the whole body of the people; and at the end of January 1742, five months before Whitefield's second visit to

Scotland, Ingram More, a shoemaker, and Robert Bowman, a weaver, carried a petition round the parish, praying the minister to 'set up a weekly lecture,' and ninety heads of families signed it. The day which was most convenient for the temporal interests of the parish was Thursday, and on Thursday a lecture was given. Then wounded souls began to call at the manse to ask for counsel and comfort, and at last, after one of the Thursday lectures, fifty of them went; and all that night the faithful pastor was engaged in his good work. Next came a daily sermon, followed by private teaching, exhortation, and prayer; and before Whitefield got there to increase the intense feeling and honest conviction which were abroad, three hundred souls, according to the computation of Mr. McCulloch, 'had been awakened and convinced of their perishing condition without a Saviour, more than two hundred of whom were, he believed, hopefully converted and brought home to God.' The congregations on the hill side had also increased to nine or ten thousand. All the work of preaching and teaching did not, however, devolve upon one man; ministers from far and near came to see and wonder and help. Great care was taken by them all to hinder hypocrisy and delusion from spreading; and indeed the work, as examined by faithful men, presented every appearance of a work of the Holy Ghost. It embraced all classes, all ages, and all moral conditions. Cursing, swearing, and drunkenness were given up by those who had been guilty of these sins, and who had come under its power. It kindled remorse for acts of injustice. It compelled restitution for fraud. It won forgiveness from the revengeful. It imparted patience and love to endure the injuries of enemies. It bound pastors and people together with a stronger bond of sympathy. It raised an altar in the household, or kindled afresh the extinguished fire of domestic religion. It made men students of the word of God, and brought them in thought and purpose and effort

into communion with their Father in heaven. True there was chaff among the wheat, but the watchfulness and wisdom of the ministers detected it, and quickly drove it away. And for long years afterwards humble men and women, who dated their conversion from the work at Cambuslang, walked among their neighbours with an unspotted Christian name, and then died peacefully and joyfully in the arms of One whom they had learned in the revival days to call Lord and Saviour.

The most remarkable thing in the whole movement was an absence of terrible experiences. The great sorrow which swelled penitential hearts was not selfish, and came from no fear of future punishment, but from a sense of the dishonour they had done to God and to their Redeemer. The influence of the Cambuslang meetings was at work in many a parish; and Whitefield's first ride from Edinburgh into the west was through places where the greatest commotion was visible. When he came to Cambuslang, he immediately preached to a vast congregation, which, notwithstanding Gib's warning against hearing sermons on other days than the sabbath, had come together on a Tuesday at noon. At six in the evening he preached again, and a third time at nine. No doubt the audience on the brae side was much the same at each service, and we are prepared to hear that by eleven at night the enthusiasm had reached its highest pitch. Fog's Manor and Savannah were nothing to the Scotch village, with its sober peasantry and well-read artisans. For an hour and a half the loud weeping of the company filled the stillness of the summer night; while now and again the cry of some strong man, or more susceptible woman, rang above the preacher's voice and the general wailing, and there was a swaying to and fro where the wounded one fell. Often the word would take effect like shot piercing a regiment of soldiers, and the congregation was broken again and again. It was a very field of battle, as

Whitefield himself has described it. Helpers carried the agonised into the house, and, as they passed, the crying of those whom they bore moved all hearts with fresh emotion, and prepared the way for the word to make fresh triumphs. When Whitefield ended his sermon, McCulloch took his place, and preached till past one in the morning; and even then the people were unwilling to leave the spot. Many walked the fields all night, praying and singing, the sound of their voices much rejoicing the heart of Whitefield as he lay awake in the neighbouring manse.

The following Sunday was sacrament day, and he hurried back to Edinburgh to do some work there, before joining in the great and solemn ceremony. He says that there was such a shock in Edinburgh on Thursday night and Friday morning as he had never felt before. On Friday night he came to Cambuslang, and on Saturday he preached to more than twenty thousand people. Sabbath, however, was the day of days. New converts had looked forward to it as the time of their first loving confession of their Redeemer, and aged Christians were assembled with the freshness of their early devotion upon them. Godly pastors had come from neighbouring and also from distant places to assist in serving the tables, and to take part in prayer and exhortation. All around the inner group of believers who were to partake of the sacrament for a remembrance of our Lord, was a mighty host, scarcely less earnest or less outwardly devout. Two tents were erected in the glen: seventeen hundred tokens were issued to those who wished to communicate. The tables stood under the brae; and when Whitefield began to serve one of them, the people so crowded upon him that he was obliged to desist, and go to one of the tents to preach. All through the day, preaching by one or another never ceased; and at night, when the last communicant had partaken, all the companies, still unwearied

and still ready to hear, met in one congregation, and Whitefield, at the request of the ministers, preached to them. His sermon was an hour and a half long, and the twenty thousand were not tired of hearing it.

Such a day might well have been followed by quietness and repose, but his was no heart to cry for leisure, whatever his body might do. The following Monday was sure to be just such a day as he could most thoroughly enjoy, for the day after communion Sunday has had among Presbyterians almost more sanctity than the Sunday itself. Preachers have preached their most effective sermons on that day, and it was a memorable time at Cambuslang. 'The motion,' Whitefield says, 'fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to another. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears. Some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out, and mourning over a pierced Saviour. It was like the passover in Josiah's time.'

The sermon preached by him on the Sunday night was upon Isaiah liv. 5, 'For thy Maker is thy husband,' and was a sermon more frequently referred to by his converts than any other: yet we look in vain for a single passage of interest or power in it. The thought is meagre, and the language tame; there is a total absence of the dramatic element which abounds in all his treatment of narrative and parable. But, remembering how perfectly his heart realised the idea of union with God, and how intense was his personal devotion to the will of God, it becomes easier to understand the unfailing unction with which his common thoughts were clothed. He could hardly fail to have power, when entreating sinners to yield to God and be joined to the Lord Jesus, who could say, without affectation or boast, 'The hopes of bringing more souls to Jesus Christ is the only consideration that can reconcile me to life. For this cause I can willingly stay long from my wished-for home, my

wished-for Jesus, But whither am I going? I forget myself when writing of Jesus. His love fills my soul.'

His qualities of meekness and self-restraint were as hardly tested by the meddlesomeness of would-be advisers as by the blind rage of enemies. Willison, of Dundee, a minister of the Kirk, was jealous over him on two points: first, as to the question of episcopacy; and, secondly, as to his habits of private devotion. As to the first, Whitefield told his correspondent that he thought his 'letter breathed much of a sectarian spirit;' and with his wonted charity added, 'to which I hoped dear Mr. Willison was quite averse. Methinks you seem, dear sir, not satisfied, unless I declare myself a Presbyterian, and openly renounce the Church of England. God knows that I have been faithful in bearing a testimony against what I think is corrupt in that church. I have shown my freedom in communicating with the Church of Scotland, and in baptizing children their own way. I can go no further. Dear sir, be not offended at my plain speaking. I find but few of a truly catholic spirit. Most are catholic till they bring persons over to their own party, and there they would fetter them. I have not so learned Christ. I desire to act as God acts. I shall approve, and join with all who are good in every sect, and cast a mantle of love over all that are bad, so far as is consistent with a good conscience. This I can do without temporising; nay, I should defile my conscience if I did otherwise. As for my answer to Mr. M., dear sir, it is very satisfying to my own soul. Morning and evening retirement is certainly exceeding good; but if through weakness of body, or frequency of preaching, I cannot go to God in my usual set times, I think my spirit is not in bondage. It is not for me to tell how often I use secret prayer; if I did not use it, nay, if in one sense I did not pray without ceasing, it would be difficult for me to keep up that frame of soul which, by the Divine blessing, I

daily enjoy. If the work of God prospers, and your hands become more full, you will then, dear sir, know better what I mean.[1] But enough of this. God knows my heart. I would do everything I possibly could to satisfy all men, and give a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear; but I cannot satisfy all that are waiting for an occasion to find fault: our Lord could not; I therefore despair of doing it. However, dear sir, I take what you have said in very good part; only I think you are too solicitous to clear up my character to captious and prejudiced men. Let my Master speak for me.'

As soon as news of the Cambuslang work came from the west, the Seceders called a presbytery, which, with a promptitude that showed their prejudices and condemned their act as rash and ignorant, appointed a fast for the diabolical delusion which had seized the people. The notions of Gib were evidently highly popular; for between the eleventh of July and the fifteenth—the date of the act of the Presbytery—no examination of the work could have been made. The act (which I have not had the good fortune to see) was described by Robe, of Kilsyth, a man of fair and generous temper, as 'full of great swelling words, altogether void of the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the most heaven-daring paper that hath been published by any set of men in Britain these hundred years past. Therein you declare the work of God to be a delusion, and the work of the grand

[1] What would Willison have thought of Whitefield, if he had heard the following vagabond anecdote, which ought to be true, if it is not? Some time after the quarrel upon the five points between Whitefield and Wesley, and their happy reconciliation, the two combatants slept together in the same bed (Methodist preachers sometimes slept three in a bed!), at the close of a toilsome day. Wesley knelt down and prayed before lying down to rest, but Whitefield threw himself upon the bed at once. 'George,' said Wesley, in a reproachful tone, 'is that your Calvinism?' During the night Whitefield awoke, and found his friend fast asleep on his knees by the bedside; rousing him up he said—'John, is that your Arminianism?'

deceiver.' The intense, unreasonable prejudice which had to be encountered may be understood from the guarded way in which an account of the work done by McCulloch alone, before Whitefield came, was sent before the public; it appeared with an appendix of nine attestations from trustworthy witnesses, ministers of other parishes. Whitefield expressed himself with much composure in a letter to a friend. 'The Messrs. Erskine,' he says, 'and their adherents, would you think it, have appointed a public fast to humble themselves, among other things, for my being received in Scotland, and for the delusion, as they term it, at Cambuslang, and other places; and all this because I would not consent to preach only for them, till I had light into, and could take, the Solemn League and Covenant. But to what lengths may prejudice carry even good men! From giving way to the first risings of bigotry and a party spirit, good Lord deliver us!'

And the charity of this large-hearted man was not words on paper; he could believe in the goodness of another, in spite of personal wrong done to himself, and wait with full confidence the time when evil should be overcome with good. Soon after the fast, which was proclaimed from Dunfermline, he had a short interview with Ralph Erskine, and brotherly love so prevailed that they embraced each other, and Ralph said, 'We have seen strange things.' Whitefield's faith in the power of love to bring brethren to a right state of mind was justified even in the case of violent Adam Gib, who, when an old man, confessed to his nephew that he wished that no copies of his pamphlet against Whitefield were on the face of the earth, and that, if he knew how to recall them, every copy should be obtained and burnt: 'My blood at that time was too hot,' said he, 'and I was unable to write with becoming temper.'

The strain made upon Whitefield by his exhausting

labours brought back again the spasms of sickness with which he had been so frequently seized in America. Writing to one of his friends he said: 'Last night some of my friends thought I was going off; but how did Jesus fill my heart! To-day I am, as they call it, much better. In less than a month, we are to have another sacrament at Cambuslang—a thing not practised before in Scotland. I entreat all to pray in an especial manner for a blessing at that time.' A fortnight later, when he had got to Cambuslang, and shared in the much-desired sacrament, he said, 'My bodily strength is daily renewed, and I mount on the wings of faith and love like an eagle.' This second celebration was more remarkable than even the first. It came about in this wise.

Soon after the first celebration, Webster of Edinburgh proposed that there should be a second on an early day, and Whitefield seconded him. McCulloch liked the proposal, but must confer with his people before giving an answer. The several meetings for prayer were informed of it, and they, after supplication and deliberation, thought it best to favour it: because in the early days of Christianity the sacrament was often celebrated; because the present work was extraordinary; and because many persons who had thought of communicating in July had been hindered by inward misgivings or outward difficulties. It was resolved to dispense the Lord's Supper again on August 15. Meanwhile, prayer meetings were arranged for through the whole of the intervening month. Communicants came from distant as well as neighbouring places, from Edinburgh and Kilmarnock, from Irvine and Stewarton, and some even from England and Ireland. Great numbers of Quakers came to be hearers—not partakers, of course—so, too, did many of the Secession, and some of the latter went to the table. Ministers arrived from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Kilsyth, Kinglassie, Irvine, Douglas, Blantyre, Rutherglen, and Cathcart. Old Mr.

Bonar, of Torphichen, who took three days to ride eighteen miles, was determined to be present, and when helped up to one of the three tents which had been pitched, preached three times with much energy; he returned home with the 'Nunc dimittis' on his lips. Between thirty and forty thousand people were gathered in the glen on the Sunday; and of these three thousand communicated.[1] The energy of the truth which was all day long preached by several ministers in different parts was so great that possibly a thousand more would have done so, if they could have had access to procure tokens. The staff of ministers were assisted at the tables by several elders of rank and distinction. And there was not wanting that power which perhaps most, if not all, had come hoping to find. Whitefield himself was in a visible ecstasy as he stood in the evening serving some tables; and at ten at night, his great audience in the churchyard could heed only his words, though the weather, which had been favourable all day, had broken, and it rained fast. On the following morning, at seven o'clock, Webster preached with immense effect, and Whitefield followed in the same manner later in the day.

The greater the work the hotter the opposition and the more furious the denunciations of opponents. The Seceders were running greater and greater lengths in misguided zeal, and were beginning to split among themselves. This was a chance for the Kirk presbyters, some of whom had no love for the prelatist, excepting as he fortified their falling Church, to launch out at him; and they began to call to account some of the ministers who had employed him. The Cameronians, who rallied round the blue flag of the Covenant, rivalled in a 'Declaration'

[1] It will help us to understand how widespread was the religious work at this time, if we remember that the population of Glasgow was about 20,000. Had every man, woman, and child gone from the city and joined the parishioners of Cambuslang, the whole would not have made more than two-thirds of one of the congregations assembled to hear Whitefield in that village.

the 'Act' of the Associate Presbytery. They called their document 'The Declaration, Protestation, and Testimony of the suffering Remnant of the anti-Popish, anti-Lutheran, anti-Prelatic, anti-Whitefieldian, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.' Published against Mr. George Whitefield and his encouragers, and against the work at Cambuslang and other places;' and the ignorance and injustice of the declaration amply sustained the pugnacious title. Whitefield, according to it, was a wandering star, who steered his course according to the compass of gain and advantage, and preached vain-glorious orations. He was the 'most latitudinarian prelatic priest that ever essayed to confound and unite unto one almost all sorts and sizes of sects and heresies whatsoever with orthodox Christians;' and this was the man whom some who called themselves Presbyterians had 'employed to assist them at their most solemn occasions, and not only admitting him to profane the holy things of the Lord by partaking of the Lord's Supper himself, but also by employing him to preach, exhort, serve communion tables, and to take the bread and wine, the elements whereby Christ's body and blood are represented in this holy ordinance, in his foul, prelatic, sectarian hands, and to break and divide the same among their communicants.' The blows aimed at Whitefield in this document were worse than charges of heresy—'for it is well known,' said the cruel detractor, 'from his conduct and management in Scotland last year, in gathering and collecting such vast sums of money to himself, publicly and privately, in the several places where he traversed, that his unsatiable lust of covetousness (when added to other things that he is chargeable with) showed him to be such an one that no other thing could be rationally judged to be his design in coming to Scotland but to pervert the truth, subvert the people, and make gain to himself by making merchandise of his pretended

ministry.' Going on to the work at Cambuslang, it winds up with an extraordinary paragraph, which brings the sanity of the writers into suspicion: 'Upon these and many other grounds and reasons that might be given against it, we do for ourselves, and for all that shall adhere unto us in this, hereby expressly protest, testify, and declare against the delusion of Satan at Cambuslang, and other places, because, as we have showed, it is not agreeable to the law and the testimony, the written Word of God (Isa. vii. 20). And we do likewise protest, testify, and declare against all the managers, aiders, assisters, countenancers, and encouragers of the same; against all such as, by subscribed attestations, or otherways, give it out to be a wonderful work of the spirit of God, thereby labouring to deceive the hearts of the simple, and to strengthen their own ill cause; against all such as resort to it, plead for it, or any way approve of it; and against all such as condemn the faithfulness of such as testify against it; and, finally, against all who pass it by in silence, without giving a testimony against it. And that this our declaration, protestation, and testimony, may come to the world's view, we do appoint and ordain our emissaries, in our name, to pass upon the —— day of August, 1742, to the market cross of ——, and other public places necessary, and there publish and leave copies of the same, that none may pretend ignorance hereof. Given in Scotland upon the —— day of August, 1742.

'Let King Jesus reign,
And let all His enemies be scattered.'

A more crafty way of damaging his reputation and impeding his work was hit upon by one or more persons in America, who wrote to friends in Scotland what they pretended to be true accounts of the condition of religion in New England. One of the letters was written to a minister in Glasgow, and another to Mr. George Wishart,

one of the ministers of Edinburgh. Both letters were published without the names of their writers, and were offered for public acceptance, the one upon the word of its publisher, and the other upon the word of Wishart. The first was deemed worthy of an answer, which Whitefield wrote at Cambuslang, where he had fixed his head-quarters for some time, and whence he made constant excursions to places that wanted his services. Its authority was effectually shattered when Whitefield pointed out that, if it had come from America at all, it had been tampered with since its arrival; for reference was made in it to a sermon published in London on May 1; yet the letter itself was written on May 24, and no mode of transit in those days was swift enough to carry news across the Atlantic and back in twenty-three days. A few racy touches are to be found in the reply, which uphold Whitefield's reputation for quickness of retort. The letter said that Tennent was of an uncharitable spirit, and made divisions; but it said, also, that he was followed by all sorts of people; and Whitefield rejoined: 'This, I think, was a proof that he was of a catholic spirit, and not of a divisive, uncharitable temper.' Tennent was followed as much as Whitefield, said the letter; and Whitefield echoed: 'And I pray God he may be followed a thousand times more.' 'And by many persons preferred to him,' said the letter. 'Very justly so,' said Whitefield. But Tennent's 'sermons were sometimes as confused and senseless as you can imagine.' Whitefield capped the censure with the reply: 'It is well they were not always so.'

The letters were, indeed, more of an assault upon Whitefield, through Tennent, than of an attempt to assail him through his own work. The letter bearing Wishart's imprimatur only repeated the old cry, that Whitefield had taken people from their business, and filled every one's mouth with talk about religion: its real attack was

upon Tennent, and his works and friends, only the people in Scotland were asked to regard Whitefield in the same light. Whitefield summed the whole matter up in a manly, impartial paragraph. He says: 'There has been a great and marvellous work in New England; but, as it should seem, by the imprudences of some, and the overboiling zeal of others, some irregularities have been committed in several places, which Mr. Tennent himself, in a letter to Mr. Parsons, printed in the "Boston Gazette," has borne his testimony against as strongly as any of these eminent ministers. This is nothing but what is common. It was so in Old England some few years ago. Many young persons there ran out before they were called; others were guilty of great imprudences. I checked them in the strictest manner myself, and found, as they grew acquainted with the Lord Jesus and their own hearts, the intemperance of their zeal abated, and they became truly humble walkers with God. But must the whole work of God be condemned as enthusiasm and delusion because of some disorder?'[1]

The labour of defending his work, as well as doing it, was not all left in Whitefield's hands. Webster of Edinburgh vindicated the work in the west of Scotland with great calmness and charity towards adversaries. His words, after those of the Cameronians and Associate Presbyterians, were like summer breezes after an east wind. 'I shall conclude with observing,' he says, 'that the warm opposition made to this divine work by several

[1] How much Tennent himself was sobered in judgment upon some questions, though not at all in his way of expressing himself, appears in a letter published in the 'Boston Evening Post,' July 26, 1742. He says: 'The late method of setting up separate meetings upon the supposed unregeneracy of pastors of places is enthusiastical, proud, and schismatical. All that fear God ought to oppose it as a most dangerous engine to bring the churches into the most damnable errors and confusions. The practice of openly exposing ministers, who are supposed to be unconverted, in public discourse, by particular application of such times and places, serves only to provoke them, instead of doing them any good, and to declare our own arrogance.'

good men through misinformation or mistaken zeal, and the slippery precipice on which they now stand, may teach us that it is indeed a dangerous thing to censure without proper enquiry. It may serve likewise as a solemn warning against a party spirit, which so far blinds the eyes. It also gives a noble opportunity for the exercise of our Christian sympathy and charity towards these our erring brethren, and should make us long for a remove to Mount Moriah, the land of vision above, where all the true lovers of Jesus shall indeed dwell together in perfect unity, where are no wranglings, no strivings about matters of faith, where the whole scene of present worship being removed, we shall see no more darkly as through a glass, but face to face, where perfect light will lay a foundation for perfect harmony and love. It is with peculiar pleasure that I often think of this happy meeting of all the scattered flock of Christ, in the immediate presence of their dear Redeemer, the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of their souls; and have not the least doubt but that my good friend Ebenezer shall then enter into the everlasting mansions with many glorified saints whom the Associate Presbytery have now given over as the property of Satan. May they soon see their mistake, and may we yet altogether be happily united in the bonds of peace and truth!'

The short retirement which he managed to snatch from the revival work was devoted to domestic concerns, as well as to the defence of his preaching and its fruits. His mother had sought a temporary home in his house at Bristol—probably his sister's house had come into his possession—and the event so delighted him that he must write to welcome her as if he had been present:—

'Honoured Mother,' (he wrote) 'I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God that I have a house for my honoured mother to come to. You are heartily welcome to anything my house affords as long as you please. I

am of the same mind now as formerly. If need was, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O that I may sit with you in the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens! Ere long your doom, honoured mother, will be fixed. You must shortly go hence, and be no more seen. Your only daughter, I trust, is now in the paradise of God: methinks I hear her say, "Mother, come up hither." Jesus, I am sure, calls you in His Word. May His spirit enable you to say, "Lord! lo, I come." My honoured mother, I am happier and happier every day. Jesus makes me exceeding happy in Himself. I hope by winter to be at Bristol. If any enquire after me, please to tell them I am well both in body and soul, and desire them to help me to praise free and sovereign grace. O that my dear, my very honoured, mother may be made an everlasting monument of it! How does my heart burn with love and duty to you! Gladly would I wash your aged feet, and lean upon your neck, and weep and pray till I could pray no more. With this I send you a thousand dutiful salutations, and ten thousand hearty and most humble thanks for all the pains you underwent in conceiving, bringing forth, nursing, and bringing up, honoured mother,

'Your most unworthy, though most dutiful son till death,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

The orphans were still a great, though pleasant burden, troubles having overtaken the institution from two sources. Barber, who had the management of its spiritual affairs, had used harsh and unwise language to the minister of Savannah, and both he and Habersham had, as the consequence, been imprisoned. The action of the magistrates was not justifiable, and might have had a bad influence upon the future of the colony. The magistrates had also seized five small children who had lost their parents on their passage out from England, sold their goods, and bound them out until they were of age; whereas the charter of the orphanage gave Whitefield the right to them. They had committed a third offence in going to

the orphan-house, and claiming to take away children solely at their own pleasure; and thus the attached children were grieved, and the wayward made insolent; for, practically, all governing power was destroyed. Through all these discouragements General Oglethorpe was a warm and useful friend, whose kind help Whitefield gratefully acknowledged.

The second of the troubles came from the Spaniards, who, anxious to damage English power, arranged an expedition which was to land in Carolina, but was driven by bad weather and lack of water to land at St. Simon's, an island so near Bethesda that the persons in charge of the institution might well be alarmed; Oglethorpe having only a small force at his command, and being surrounded by the enemy. With much fear as to what Whitefield might think of their conduct, Habersham and Barber determined to carry off eighty-five children, women, and babes then sheltered in the house, and leave the house and its contents to take their chance. Providence directed their way to the plantation of Hugh Bryan, who, along with another planter, received and lodged them. A small party was now encouraged to return to the orphan-house to protect the stores, which they found all safe. Meanwhile good fortune waited on the arms of Oglethorpe, who succeeded in making the enemy beat a retreat; and the family at length returned in peace to the house of mercy.

The parts of this quickly-told story were not near in point of time, and account after account was despatched for the information of Whitefield, who was not cast down by them, although the orphans were seldom out of his mind. He longed to be with them, and thought he could willingly be found at their head, kneeling and praying, though a Spaniard's sword should be put to his throat. 'But, alas!' said he, as he remembered his physical cowardice, 'I know not how I should behave if put to the

trial.' He assured Habersham that he need not say, 'If possible now come over:' he would he had wings to fly to them. Yet, in the next sentence, he showed that his position with regard to the orphan-house debts was trying: 'I yet owe upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds in England, upon the orphan-house account, and have nothing towards it. How is the world mistaken about my circumstances: worth nothing myself, embarrassed for others, and yet looked upon to flow in riches!' But a few weeks more brightened his prospects, and he could say to the same friend: 'The collections in Scotland were large: at Edinburgh I collected one hundred and twenty-eight pounds at one time, and forty-four at another; at Glasgow about one hundred and twenty-eight, with private donations. I think we got about three hundred pounds in all. Blessed be God, I owe nothing now in England on the orphan-house account; what is due is abroad. I think since I have been in England we have got near fifteen hundred pounds. The Lord will raise up what we want further; glory be to His name. He keeps my faith from failing, and upholds me with His right hand, and makes me happier in Himself every day.'

His philanthropic effort laid him open to all kinds of assaults. In America and at home the money was in every enemy's mouth. Accordingly, one of his last works in Scotland was to write 'A Continuation of the Account of the orphan-house in Georgia,' and to give a statement of his disbursements and receipts. The latter was satisfactory; and from the former we learn that the workmen were all discharged, having fulfilled their contract, and carried on the work so far as to make every part of the house habitable; that the stock of cattle was something considerable, and in a flourishing condition; that the last parliament had resolved to support the colony of Georgia; that they had altered its constitution in two material points, namely, these: they had allowed

the importation of rum, and free titles to the lands;' and that if they should see good hereafter to grant a limited use of Negroes, it must certainly, in all outward appearance, be as flourishing a colony as South Carolina, but that in the meantime a tolerable shift might be made with white servants. Hunting and shooting for much of their food, killing some of their own stock, growing their own vegetables, helped by the kindness of nearly all around them, and receiving constant remittances from England, the inmates of the orphan-house were always provided for. Whitefield's faith that God would not see them want was never put to shame; and he delighted to tell how the house had answered to its motto, the burning bush, which, though on fire, was never consumed.

Winter was coming on fast, and it was time for Whitefield to think of returning to London to the only chapel which he could call his own; in all other places he was dependent upon other clergymen, and, failing their support, must betake himself to the fields. At the end of October he took horse, and rode post from Edinburgh to London in less than five days. The city he left was now very dear to him: the writing its name would make him say, 'O Edinburgh! Edinburgh! I think I shall never forget thee.' He passed from a great contention with heart as peaceful as ever rested in human bosom. He went chastened and humbled to Scotland; he returned in the power of quietness and confidence, persuaded that his was not the task of doing anything but preach the Lord Jesus, as he knew and loved Him. He had tried the disputing way in the Arminian struggle, and the quiet way in the Scotch contendings, and found the latter far preferable to the former. 'As far as I am able to determine,' he said, 'I think some who have the truths of God on their side defend themselves with too great a mixture of their own spirit, and by this means, perhaps, some persons may be prejudiced even against truth. Do

not think that all things the most refined Christian in the world does are right; or that all principles are wrong because some that hold them are too embittered in their spirits. It is hard for good men, when the truths of God are opposed, to keep their temper, especially at the first attack.' No small influence among men was justly in store for one who, feeling that disputing embitters the spirit, ruffles the soul, and hinders it from hearing the small still voice of the Holy Ghost, could say, as Whitefield did to Wesley, but quoting Wesley's own words to himself, 'Let the King live for ever, and controversy die.' 'I care not,' he said to another friend, 'if the name of George Whitefield be banished out of the world, so that Jesus be exalted in it.'

On his arrival in London he found the Tabernacle enlarged and 'a new awakening begun.' In his winter quarters, as he called them, he found himself as busy as he had been on the common and in the market-place. He worked from morning till midnight; and was carried through the duties of each day with cheerfulness and almost uninterrupted tranquillity. The society was large and in good order, and daily improvements were made.

It was at this time that the congregation began to be sprinkled with visitors of distinction. Hitherto, Whitefield's intercourse with the nobility had been confined to those of Scotland, but now English peers and peeresses, led by the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, and by the Earl's sisters, the Ladies Hastings,[1] began to mingle with the humbler orders, among whom his efforts had won such astonishing success. The low wooden Tabernacle was sometimes, during this winter of 1742, entered by the Duke of Cumberland, the 'hero of Culloden,' and by Frederick, Prince of Wales, that 'composition of contradictions, false and sincere, lavish and avaricious, nobody

[1] Lady Betty Hastings, whose generosity had helped Whitefield at Oxford, died December 22, 1730.

too low or too bad for him to court, and 'nobody too great or too good for him to betray.'[1] Lord Hervey, too, wretched in health, which he supported by drinking asses' milk, his ghastly countenance covered with rouge, would sometimes sit on its benches. The Duke of Bolton, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Sidney Beauclerk, who hunted the fortunes of the old and childless, but is best known as the father of Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk, also came. Most remarkable of all was the haughty face of the Duchess of Marlborough, 'great Atossa—

> 'Who with herself, or others, from her birth
> Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
> Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
> Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.'

Her letters to the Countess of Huntingdon are very characteristic of her pride and love of revenge; they show also that she did want to be good, but not to give up being wicked. She says:—

'My dear Lady Huntingdon is always so very good to me, and I really do feel very sensibly all your kindness and attention, that I must accept your very obliging invitation to accompany you to hear Mr. Whitefield, though I am still suffering from the effects of a severe cold. Your concern for my improvement in religious knowledge is very obliging, and I do hope that I shall be the better for all your excellent advice. God knows we all need mending, and none more than myself. I have lived to see great changes in the world—have acted a conspicuous part myself—and now hope, in my old days, to obtain mercy from God, as I never expect any at the hands of my fellow-creatures. The Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Townshend, and Lady Cobham were exceedingly pleased with many observations in Mr. Whitefield's sermon at St. Sepulchre's church, which has made me lament ever since that I did not hear it, as it might have been the means of doing me good—for good, alas! I do want; but where among the corrupt sons and daughters of Adam am I to find it? Your ladyship must

[1] Lord Hervey.

direct me. You are all goodness and kindness, and I often wish I had a portion of it. Women of wit, beauty, and quality cannot hear too many humiliating truths—they shock our pride. But we must die—we must converse with earth and worms.

'Pray do me the favour to present my humble service to your excellent spouse. A more amiable man I do not know than Lord Huntingdon. And believe me, my dear madam,

'Your most faithful and most humble servant,

'S. MARLBOROUGH.'

A second letter to the Countess is as follows:—

'Your letter, my dear madam, was very acceptable. Many thanks to Lady Fanny for her good wishes. Any communications from her, and my dear, good Lady Huntingdon, are always welcome, and always in every particular to my satisfaction. I have no comfort in my own family, therefore must look for that pleasure and gratification which others can impart. I hope you will shortly come and see me, and give me more of your company than I have had latterly. In truth I always feel more happy and more contented after an hour's conversation with you than I do after a whole week's round of amusement. When alone, my reflections and recollections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly the society of those I detest and abhor. Now there is Lady Frances Saunderson's great rout to-morrow night—all the world will be there, and I must go. I do hate that woman as much as I do hate a physician; but I must go, if for no other purpose than to mortify and spite her. This is very wicked, I know, but I confess all my little peccadillos to you, for I know your goodness will lead you to be mild and forgiving, and perhaps my wicked heart may gain some good from you in the end.

'Lady Fanny has my best wishes for the success of her attack on that crooked, perverse, little wretch at Twickenham.'

Another occasional hearer at the Tabernacle was the Duchess of Buckingham, the rival of Atossa in pride, but less patient than she under reproof, and hating Methodist doctrines with all her heart. To Lady Huntingdon's invitation to attend one of Whitefield's services, she replies: 'I thank your ladyship for the information

concerning Methodist preachers; their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding. Your ladyship does me infinite honour by your obliging inquiries after my health. I shall be most happy to accept your kind offer of accompanying me to hear your favourite preacher, and shall wait your arrival. The Duchess of Queensbury insists on my patronising her on this occasion; consequently she will be an addition to our party.'

The list of Whitefield's noble hearers is increased by the names of the Earl of Oxford, Lady Lisburne, and Lady Hinchinbroke. With the exception of the last two ladies, none of them accepted his teaching and lived according to it. To gratify their taste for the highest oratory, or to please the pious Countess who invited their attendance, was the motive that brought them to so strange a place.

Our eyes are more attracted to Whitefield in the midst of his troubles, than in the midst of his triumphs. The family gave him many an hour's concern, and kept alive a deep sense of his constant need of divine help: he could not forget God while he remembered the children. He tells us that one night this winter he lay on his face before 'our compassionate High Priest, telling Him what great expenses lay before him for His great name's sake.' He wanted three hundred pounds for the orphans, and much to meet his own personal expenses. Not long after he arose from prayer, a letter came to him from an Edinburgh friend, containing the help he needed.

In the spring, he started for his old ground in Gloucestershire, and found preaching there to be like preaching in the Tabernacle. His friends in the county had been roughly handled of late, yet he stood unmolested on a spot in Dursley from which his friend Adams had been driven but the Sunday before. On Hampton Common, from the top of a knoll named, after the preacher who first honoured it as his pulpit, 'Whitefield's tump,' he preached amid much solemnity to a congregation of ten thousand; and when he stood at noon on old Mr. Cole's tump at Quarhouse it was an 'alarming time,' and his soul enjoyed exceeding great liberty. Perhaps the memory of departed worth helped to expand his susceptible heart. His native city delighted in the sound of his voice; and not until one o'clock on the Monday morning, after he bade them farewell, before starting for Wales, could he lay his weary body down to rest. Sick and unrefreshed he rose again at five, and, mounting horse, rode to meet a congregation which had come at seven, 'hoping to feel the power of a risen Lord.' He read prayers and preached; and then rode on to Stroud, where he preached in a field with uncommon freedom and power to twelve thousand people. At six in the evening he preached to the same number on Hampton Common; and still his word was with power. A general love-feast of the religious societies in Hampton was next presided over by him, and that engagement closed the day. All that he has to say about such abundant labours is beautifully like the simple loving spirit in which he delighted to be about his 'Father's business'—'My soul was kept close to Jesus; my bodily strength renewed; and I went to bed about midnight very cheerful and very happy.' The next morning a congregation of some thousands was trembling and rejoicing under his word at Dursley; and at night he was in Bristol, speaking with wonderful power to a full congregation at

Smith's Hall. The following morning he met as large a congregation in the same place, and then set out for Watford, in South Wales.

Nor was he on a visit to a friend at Watford for the purpose of getting rest and quietness; he had come to preside over the second General Association of Methodists in Wales. Judging from the amount of business done, the men of the Association were gifted with some capacity for work. Whitefield opened the Association at noon, on the day after his arrival, with a 'close and solemn discourse upon walking with God;' then they betook themselves to business, and despatched several important things. There was an interval from seven till ten o'clock, from which hour they worked till two in the morning. The next day they sat till four in the afternoon; a little refreshment followed and 'some warm talk about the things of God,' and then Whitefield preached to them a sermon upon the believer's rest. These—the refreshment for the body and the refreshment for the soul—prepared them for another sitting, which lasted until midnight, when the whole business of the Association was finished; and feeling that God had been with them in all that they had done, they did not forget to bless Him for His help before parting.

At the first General Association, of which also Whitefield was chosen Moderator, a resolution of considerable importance, as bearing upon the relation of Methodism to the Church of England, was passed; and that Whitefield should have allowed it to do so was some violation of his usual fairness to all parties. The Association met in a Presbyterian or Independent chapel, and represented a body of Methodists, the most intelligent and active of whom had been gathered from Dissenting congregations. A motion was made to separate from the Church of England, but the greater part strenuously opposed it, because the Methodists enjoyed 'great liberty under the

mild and gentle government of King George,' and because they thought that they would do him, their country, and the cause of God, most service in ranging up and down, preaching repentance to those multitudes who would go neither to church nor chapel, but were led by curiosity to follow preachers into the field. It is easy to see why such a decisive proposition as that of separation should have fallen to the ground in a meeting which had a large proportion of clergymen in it; but it is quite as difficult to understand how the Association could accept the one substituted in its place, viz.: — 'That those brethren who scruple to receive the sacrament in the church, on account of the impiety of the administrators and the usual communicants there; and among the Dissenters, on account of their lukewarmness, should continue to receive it in the church, until the Lord open a clear way to separate from her communion.' Dissent and lukewarmness were worse than impiety, when impiety was in the church; and so, all tender consciences must be urged to commune with the latter rather than with the former. The resolution was put by Whitefield to the Association, and is another proof that he did not mean to go from the church until forcibly ejected.

Wales did honour to her visitor. At Carmarthen, which Whitefield describes as 'one of the greatest and most polite places in Wales,' the justices, who were assembled at the great sessions, desired him to stay till they rose, and they would come to hear him at the cross. They came, and many thousands with them, including several persons of quality.

On another day, when he was crossing Carmarthen Bay in the ferry, several ships hoisted their flags, and one fired a salute.

Yet such attentions never turned him from his generous purpose of seeking all the lost; and between the

days when justices and sailors honoured him, he mentions with satisfaction that at Jefferson he preached to a Kingswood congregation, and at Llassivran to a Moorfields one. As soon as London was reached he wrote to his friend Ingham in Yorkshire, announcing his intention to stay there for a month, and in the holydays once more to attack the prince of darkness in Moorfields; for, said he, 'many precious souls have been captivated with Christ's love in that wicked place: Jerusalem sinners bring most glory to the Redeemer.' Besides, there was a bond of sympathy between 'that wicked place' and Bethesda. Many a load of copper, sprinkled here and there with golden guineas, and whitened with a few crowns and shillings, had been gathered from among the crowd for the orphans; and the old kindness towards the preacher and his adopted ones was not extinct. Moorfields lifted the last straw of obligation in England from Whitefield's back on the second occasion of his getting free, and enabled him to write to Habersham, and tell him the good news that he owed nothing in England, and that twenty-five pounds were in the hands of the bearer of the letter—all that for 'my dear family,' and more soon! The joy of having paid debts was mingled with the hope of paying off more; and Habersham must give Whitefield's 'humble respects to dear Mr. Jones,' and tell him, 'our Saviour will enable me to pay him all soon, with a thousand thanks.'

The incessant toil was making itself felt on that slim frame which contained a spirit of seraphic devotion. Weariness and feebleness hung about it for a time, but preaching was continued at the same rate, the only relief being in the shorter distances travelled. The loving heart made light of the body's weakness, and enjoyed for itself all the more deeply the secret consolations which come from above. It became so full of heaven that Whitefield sometimes longed when in public to lie down anywhere, that on his face he might give God thanks; and when in

private he wept for hours the tears of his consuming love for his Lord.

'In perils by mine own countrymen' was another experience through which he and his friends were now called to pass. Wiltshire had for some time been in commotion through the animosity of several clergymen, and Whitefield felt himself obliged to put the facts before the Bishop of Sarum, who, however, does not seem to have interfered to stop the disgraceful proceedings. Churchwardens and overseers were strictly forbidden to let any of the Methodists have anything out of the parish; they obeyed the clergy, and told the poor that they would famish them, if in no other way they could stop them from joining the new sect. Most of the poor, some of them with large families, braved the threat, and suffered for their constancy the loss of goods and friends. A few denied that they had ever been to meetings; and some promised that they would go no more.

Trouble arose in Wales also, and Whitefield appealed to the Bishop of Bangor against having certain good people indicted for holding a conventicle, when they met to tell their religious experiences to each other. With some effect he urged that a continuance of such treatment must inevitably drive hundreds, if not thousands, from the church, and compel them to declare themselves Dissenters.

But the greatest difficulty was with the Hampton rioters. There was in Hampton one Adams, who having received the truth the first time that Whitefield preached it on the common, tried to be a minister to his neighbours. His house was often crowded with them, while he expounded and prayed; but many of the baser sort, privately encouraged by some of a higher rank, would beset the house, raise a horrid noise with a low-bell and horn, and then beat and abuse the inoffensive worshippers. The violence grew worse, and for several days great bodies of men

assembled round the house, broke the windows, and so mobbed the people that many expected to be murdered, and in their fright hid themselves in holes and corners. Even the presence of Whitefield, the conqueror of a Moorfields mob, could not restrain these savage provincials, who threatened that they would have a piece of his black gown to make aprons of; and once when he was among his friends, the crowd continued from four o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, rioting, huzzaing, casting dirt upon the hearers, and proclaiming that no Anabaptists, Presbyterians, &c., should preach there, upon pain of being first put into a skinpit, and afterwards into a brook. At length Whitefield, annoyed beyond endurance, and forgetting his cowardice, ran downstairs among them and scattered them right and left; but, like a cloud of wasps that have been parted by a blow, they were soon together again, ready for any mischief. They ended their sport by breaking a boy's and a young lady's arm n two places. On another occasion they were content to pull one or two women downstairs by the hair of their heads. Adams was their principal object of hatred, because, as they explained to him, he had brought false doctrine among his neighbours, and impoverished the poor. On a July Sunday afternoon, a hundred of them came with their African music, forced their way into his house, carried him to a skin-pit full of stagnant water and the creeping things which breed in it, and threw him in. A friend of his who expostulated was thrown in twice, then beaten and dragged along the kennel. Adams quietly returned to his house to pray and exhort his brethren to cheerfulness under suffering; but in half-an-hour the mob, anxious for more sport, entered his house a second time, dragged him downstairs, and led him to Bourn brook, a mile and a half from Hampton, and threw him in twice, cutting his leg severely against a stone. Meanwhile the constable and justices never heeded the appeals made for their

interference, but countenanced the lawless suppression of Methodism. The clergy were satisfied with the outrages. Preaching was for a time suspended. Whitefield now consulted with London friends as to the line of action it would be best to take, and all wisely determined to claim the protection of the law. But before doing so, the rioters were offered a chance of escape, if they would acknowledge their fault, mend the windows of Adams' house, and pay for curing the boy's arm. Their reply was that they were in high spirits, and were resolved there should be no more preaching in Hampton. Whitefield and his friends now moved for a rule of Court in the King's Bench to lodge an information against five of the ringleaders. Counsel for the rioters prayed that the rule might be enlarged until the next term, and it was granted. The interval was employed by the two sides in a characteristic way: the rioters increased their offences, and the Methodists stirred up the liberality of friends to bear the expenses of the trial, and the hearts of the faithful in England, Wales, and Scotland, to keep a day of fasting and prayer for its right issue.

It must have added to the excitement of a Methodist's coming to a town, in those days when 'such great liberty' —on one side—'was enjoyed under the mild and gentle government of King George,' to see how the church and the roughs would receive him. There must have been great glee in the belfry at Ottery when, just as Whitefield announced his text, the ringers pulled the ropes and made the bells utter a clanging peal, in which the finest voice became as useless as a whisper. And there must have been profound satisfaction in the parsonage when the clergyman told an admiring circle how he had demanded of the arch-methodist, as he and his friends made for the fields, where they might worship in peace, his authority for preaching, and called his meeting illegal and a riot. The rabble of Wedgbury, too, must have

been delighted when a sod fell on the reverently-bowed head of Whitefield, and another struck his clasped hands, as he stood among them and prayed.

But happily the clergy and the blackguards, if united for evil in some places, had not a national union. If Ottery was inhospitable, St. Gennis prayed for Whitefield's coming; and his visit renewed the days of Cambuslang. Writing from this place he said: 'Glad I am that God inclined my heart to come hither. How did His stately steps appear in the sanctuary last Lord's day! Many, many prayers were put up by the worthy rector and others for an outpouring of God's blessed Spirit. They were answered. Arrows of conviction fled so thick and so fast, and such an universal weeping prevailed from one end of the congregation to the other, that good Mr. J. could not help going from seat to seat to speak, encourage, and comfort the wounded souls. The Oxonian's father was almost struck dumb; and the young Oxonian's crest was so lowered that I believe he'll never venture to preach an unknown Christ, or deal in the false commerce of unfelt truths. I could enlarge, but I must away to Bideford, just to give Satan another stroke, and bid my Christian friends farewell, and then return the way I came, namely, through Exeter, Wellington, and Bristol, to the great metropolis.' Exeter, also, answered to his call, many of its clergy and nearly a third of its inhabitants turning out to hear him. He thought that on the whole a healthy change was passing over society; that prejudices were falling off; and that people were beginning not only rationally to discern, but powerfully to feel, the doctrines of the gospel.

The expectation of a son's being born to him now filled his heart with all a father's pride; and, as well as his notions of public duty would permit, he was thoughtful for his wife's comfort and safety. But his was not the best of keeping for a delicate woman to be committed to; one

day he nearly killed both her and himself. In expectation of the birth he restricted his work to London and the neighbourhood, and even indulged his domestic affections so far as to take Mrs. Whitefield for a drive, according to advice. But he was a poor driver, if a fine rider, and soon drove into a ditch fourteen feet deep. Mrs. Whitefield put her hand across the chaise, and thus saved herself and him from being thrown out. The horse went down as though held by a pulley, probably because the ditch narrowed very much towards the bottom. Bystanders shouted out that they were killed, and ran to the rescue; one of them seized the horse's head, two or three pulled Mrs. Whitefield up the side of the ditch, and others, with a long whip, drew the preacher from the back of the horse, on to which he had scrambled. Doubtless the accident broke off a close religious conversation, for Whitefield says that 'being both in a comfortable frame, I must own to my shame that I felt rather regret than thankfulness in escaping what I thought would be a kind of translation to our wished-for haven. But, O amazing love! we were so strengthened, that the chaise and horse being taken up, and our bruises being washed with vinegar in a neighbouring house, we went on our intended way, and came home rejoicing in God our Saviour.' It would appear that he never risked that mode of translation again.

A month afterwards, in October 1743, his son was born; and as soon as the news reached him in the country, to which he had made a short preaching excursion, he hastened to London. When the infant was about a week old, his father baptized him in the Tabernacle, in the presence of many thousands of spectators.

The little one was not born in a sumptuous house; indeed, his home was not furnished when he came, and his father had to be content with borrowed furniture to complete his little stock in hand. The simple, grateful,

humble heart of the mighty orator was just like itself when he wrote to an old friend in Gloucester: 'This afternoon I received your kind letter, and thank you a thousand times for your great generosity in lending me some furniture, having little of my own. I know who will repay you. Next week, God willing, my dear wife and little one will come to Gloucester, for I find it beyond my circumstances to maintain them here. I leave London, God willing, this day seven-night. My brother will receive a letter about my wife's coming. She and the little one are brave and well.' The little one's life was short as a dream. Within three weeks Whitefield was sitting in the Bell, at Gloucester, then his brother's house, writing an account of his death! He confessed and deplored his own need of the chastisement. His letter is touching for its disappointed love and humbled confidence. It runs thus: 'Last night, February 8, 1744, I was called to sacrifice my Isaac—I mean to bury my own child and son, about four months old. Many things occurred to make me believe he was not only to be continued to me, but to be a preacher of the everlasting gospel. Pleased with the thought, and ambitious of having a son of my own so divinely employed, Satan was permitted to give me some wrong impressions, whereby, as I now find, I misapplied several texts of Scripture. Upon these grounds I made no scruple of declaring "that I should have a son, and that his name was to be John." I mentioned the very time of his birth, and fondly hoped that he was to be great in the sight of the Lord. Everything happened according to the predictions, and my wife having had several narrow escapes while pregnant, especially by her falling from a high horse, and my driving her into a deep ditch in a one-horse chaise a little before the time of her lying in, and from which we received little or no hurt, confirmed me in my expectation that God would grant me my heart's desire. I

would observe to you that the child was even born in a room which the master of the house had prepared as a prison, for his wife for coming to hear me. With joy would she often look upon the bars and staples and chains which were fixed in order to keep her in. About a week after his birth I publicly baptized him in the Tabernacle, and in the company of thousands solemnly gave him up to that God who gave him to me. A hymn, too, fondly composed by an aged widow as suitable to the occasion, was sung, and all went away big with hopes of the child's being hereafter to be employed in the work of God; but how soon are all their fond and, as the event hath proved, their ill-grounded expectations blasted, as well as mine. Housekeeping being expensive in London, I thought best to send both parent and child to Abergavenny, where my wife had a little house of my own, the furniture of which, as I thought of soon embarking for Georgia, I had partly sold, and partly given away. In their journey thither they stopped at Gloucester, at the Bell Inn, which my brother now keeps, and in which I was born. There my beloved was cut off with a stroke. Upon my coming here, without knowing what had happened, I enquired concerning the welfare of parent and child, and by the answer found that the flower was cut down. I immediately called all to join in prayer, in which I blessed the Father of mercies for giving me a son, continuing it to me so long, and taking it from me so soon. All joined in desiring that I would decline preaching till the child was buried; but I remembered a saying of good Mr. Henry, "that weeping must not hinder sowing," and therefore preached twice the next day, and also the day following, on the evening of which, just as I was closing my sermon, the bell struck out for the funeral. At first, I must acknowledge, it gave nature a little shake, but looking up I recovered strength, and then concluded with saying that this text

on which I had been preaching, namely, "All things work together for good to them that love God," made me as willing to go out to my son's funeral as to hear of his birth.

'Our parting from him was solemn. We kneeled down, prayed, and shed many tears, but I hope tears of resignation: and then, as he died in the house wherein I was born, he was taken and laid in the church where I was baptized, first communicated, and first preached. All this, you may easily guess, threw me into very solemn and deep reflection and, I hope, deep humiliation; but I was comforted from that passage in the Book of Kings, where is recorded the death of the Shunamite's child, which the prophet said "the Lord had hid from him;" and the woman's answer likewise to the prophet when he asked, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" And she answered: "It is well." This gave me no small satisfaction. I immediately preached upon the text the following day at Gloucester, and then hastened up to London, preached upon the same there; and, though disappointed of a living preacher by the death of my son, yet I hope what happened before his birth, and since at his death, hath taught me such lessons as, if duly improved, may render his mistaken parent more cautious, more sober-minded, more experienced in Satan's devices, and consequently more useful in his future labours to the Church of God.'

There was one sermon, at least, with which he often melted his vast congregation into tears, which would lose no force of tenderness and love now that his always affectionate heart, which might nourish the orphans of other fathers and mothers, was denied the delight of fondling a child of his own—the sermon on Abraham's offering up Isaac. All the grief and struggling of faithful Abraham during the three days' journey to the land of Moriah, with Isaac, the burnt-offering, by his side, was henceforth pain-

fully real to Whitefield while, with trembling voice and glistening eye, he pictured them to his hearers. All could see the vision of 'the good old man walking with his dear child in his hand, and now and then looking upon him, loving him, and then turning aside to weep. And, perhaps, sometimes he stays a little behind to pour out his heart before God, for he had no mortal to tell his case to. Then methinks I see him join his son and servants again, and talking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, as they walked by the way.' And then his fatherly heart, robbed of the pleasure, so often and so surely expected, of confiding and free intercourse with a pious and beloved son, would narrate the dialogue of the two travellers: 'Little did Isaac think that he was to be offered on that very wood which he was carrying upon his shoulders; and therefore Isaac innocently, and with a holy freedom—for good men should not keep their children at too great a distance—"spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father; and he, with equal affection and holy condescension, said, Here am I, my son," . . . Here let us pause awhile, and by faith take a view of the place where the father has laid him. I doubt not but the blessed angels hovered round the altar, and sang, "Glory be to God in the highest, for giving such faith to man." Come, all ye tender-hearted parents, who know what it is to look over a dying child: fancy that you saw the altar erected before you, and the wood laid in order, and the beloved Isaac bound upon it; fancy that you saw the aged parent standing by, weeping. For why may we not suppose that Abraham wept, since Jesus Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus? Oh, what pious, endearing expressions passed now alternately between the father and the son! Methinks I see the tears trickle down the patriarch Abraham's cheeks; and out of the abundance of the heart he cries, "Adieu! adieu! my son! The Lord

gave thee to me, and the Lord calls thee away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Adieu! my Isaac, my only son, whom I love as my own soul! Adieu! adieu!" I see Isaac at the same time meekly resigning himself into his Heavenly Father's hands, and praying to the Most High to strengthen his earthly parent to strike the stroke.' Then, when men had well entered into the greatness of the human sacrifice, and were under the dominion of their finest and purest emotions, the preacher said: 'I see your hearts affected, I see your eyes weep. And, indeed, who can refrain weeping at the relation of such a story? But, behold! I show you a mystery hid under the sacrifice of Abraham's only son which, unless your hearts are hardened, must cause you to weep tears of love, and that plentifully too. I would willingly hope you even prevent me here, and are ready to say, "It is the love of God in giving Jesus Christ to die for our sins." Yes; that is it.'

The evangelist had an ever-changing experience; and before his grief for his son was assuaged he was putting forth all his energy to secure justice for his poor persecuted converts at Hampton, going from place to place preaching, pleading, and collecting money. The trial, which came off at Gloucester Assizes on March 3, 1744, was anticipated by the defendants with much confidence, because they reckoned that the gentlemen and the jury would be prejudiced against the Methodists. Whitefield entered court when the second witness was being examined, and was the object of every one's attention, while, amid much laughter, the defendants' counsel went on to describe the Methodists after the fashion which best suited his bad case. In spite, however, of hard swearing, of oratorical pleading, and of the genteel influence which the rioters undoubtedly had at their back, the jury found the defendants guilty of the whole information lodged against them. There was great joy among the despised

sect over this decision; and Whitefield's first act was to retire to his lodgings, and, along with some friends, kneel down and offer thanks to God; then he went to the inn to pray, and give thanks with the witnesses, and exhort them to behave with meekness and humility to their adversaries. In the evening he preached (his texts were always happily chosen) on the Psalmist's words, 'By this I know that thou favourest me, since thou hast not suffered mine enemy to triumph over me.' The next morning he hurried off to London, where a great thanksgiving service was celebrated. As for the rioters, they were greatly alarmed, not knowing that the Methodists only intended to show them what they could do, and then forgive them.

Our narrative must now run back for a few months, that we may note the attitude of the Dissenters towards Whitefield. Many of them had shown him much kindness, but, with the exception of Doddridge and Watts, their leaders looked upon him with contempt, or dislike, or fear. And for the fear there was some reason. Dissenters were only permitted to hold their religious opinions under great disadvantages, and were studiously kept down in the state. In consequence, there was a great desire on the part of most of them to keep on friendly terms with the Established Church, and not to risk in any wise the good opinion of its bishops and clergy. Theirs was the worldly-wise, cautious spirit of men who felt that any false step might multiply their disabilities, not the fearless spirit of those who could safely dare to assume any position. Whitefield, the dread of orderly bishops, and the reproach of idle clergymen, they therefore carefully shunned. To consort with him would have exposed them to double odium—the odium of dissent and the odium of Methodism.

Great weight must also be attached to their laudable desire to grapple on safe ground with all forms of reli-

gious error; and it was not deemed safe, in dealing with Deism, to lie open to the charge of enthusiasm. Only the calm, argumentative preacher, such as Butler, or Waterland, could be heard against the wit and arguments of Woolston, Shaftesbury, Collins, and Tindal. A feverish fear, only paralleled by that which any sensible man might now have of being esteemed a fanatic, agitated nearly all Christian apologists, of being suspected of any sympathy with ardent devotion and burning zeal. A reasonable faith, a faith well buttressed with arguments on the evidences of religion, and quiet, sedate religious habits, were supposed to constitute the proper, if not the perfect, Christian. Any such passion as glowed in the hearts of the early Methodists, common-sense and reason must condemn and avoid. To have anything to do with the most religious, if not the most learned or the most intellectual, class of that time, was virtually to yield up the right of speaking on religion. Who dare write against Collins, if he had shaken hands with Whitefield or Wesley—the enthusiasts, the reproach of Christianity, men whose very profession of Christianity made it require a fresh apology from its accomplished defenders to its equally able assailants?

Doddridge, who had many friends in the Establishment,[1] and who also took a lively interest in all public movements affecting the honour of religion and the welfare of mankind, stands out as a noble exception to the somewhat timid body with which he was allied. His sound and varied learning, together with his solid judgment, covered him from the sneer that he was a poor enthusiast, while his humble piety compelled him to countenance the new party in the Church. Persuaded

[1] It is pleasant to remember that Warburton, who was long on friendly terms with Doddridge, procured for him some comforts in the packet-boats, when Doddridge sailed for Lisbon in search of health: as it turned out, he went abroad only to die.

of the usefulness of Whitefield's ministrations, he did not fear to entertain the evangelist and to bid him God speed. His magnanimity surpassed that of Watts, who was very cautious with the 'erratic curate.' He even went to the extent of supplying Whitefield's place as preacher at the Tabernacle; and at their next interview Watts said: 'I am sorry that since your departure I have had many questions asked me about your preaching in the Tabernacle, and sinking the character of a minister, and especially of a tutor,[1] among the Dissenters, so low thereby. I find many of our friends entertain this idea; but I can give no answer, as not knowing how much you have been engaged there. I pray God to guard us from every temptation.' Doddridge, always thoughtful, conscientious, and liberal, knew what the Methodists were, and what they were doing among the rude, ignorant, and irreligious part of the population; and was not to be moved out of his position either by ominous shakes of the head or by open opposition on the part of his co-religionists. When the hackneyed charge of enthusiasm was levelled against them his noble reply was: 'In some extraordinary conversions there may be and often is a tincture of enthusiasm; but, having weighed the matter diligently, I think a man had better be a sober, honest, chaste, industrious enthusiast, than live without any regard to God and religion at all. I think it infinitely better that a man should be a religious Methodist than an adulterer, a thief, a swearer, a drunkard, or a rebel to his parents, as I know some actually were who have been wrought upon and reformed by these preachers.'

On Whitefield's first visit to Northampton, Doddridge was only polite in personal intercourse, but on the second, he opened his pulpit to him; and this act of brotherly kindness Whitefield, we may be sure, would have re-

[1] Doddridge had an academy for training godly young men for the ministry; he was pastor, tutor, and author.

corded in some way with grateful acknowledgment, had it not been done the same week in which his son was born, and when he had not time to write more than one short note, which, of course, was upon the greater event. Doddridge's daring charity soon brought a rebuke from London. Nathanael Neal, an attorney, and son of Neal, the historian of the Puritans, said, in a time-serving letter, dated October 11, 1743: 'It was with the utmost concern that I received the information of Mr. Whitefield's having preached last week in your pulpit, and that I attended the meeting of Coward's Trustees this day, when that matter was canvassed, and that I now find myself obliged to apprise you of the very great uneasiness which your conduct herein has occasioned them.

'The many characters you sustain with so much honour, and in which I reverence you so highly, make me ashamed, and the character I sustain of your friend makes it extremely irksome for me, to express any sentiments as mine which may seem to arraign your conduct; but when I reflect in how disadvantageous a light your regard to the Methodists has for some considerable time placed you in the opinion of many whom I have reason to believe you esteem amongst your most judicious and hearty friends, and what an advantage it has given against you to your secret and avowed enemies, of either of which facts I believe you are not in any just degree sensible, I could run any hazard of your censure rather than that you should remain unapprised of these facts.

'You cannot be ignorant how obnoxious the imprudences committed, or alleged to be committed, by some of the Methodists, have rendered them to great numbers of people; and though, indeed, supposing they have a spirit of religion amongst them to be found nowhere else, so that a man would, for his own sake, and at any temporal hazard, take his lot amongst them, yet if, besides their reputation for a forward and indiscreet zeal,

and an unsettled, injudicious way of thinking and behaving, they have nothing to distinguish them from other serious and devout Christians, surely every man would choose to have as little concern with them as possible.

'But in the case of such a public character, and so extensive a province for the service of religion as yours, it seems to me a point well worth considering, whether, supposing even the ill-opinion the world entertains of them to be groundless, it is a right thing to risk such a prospect as Providence has opened before you, of eminent and distinguished usefulness, for the sake of any good you are likely to do amongst these people.

'For my own part, I have had the misfortune of observing, and I must not conceal it from you, that wherever I have heard it mentioned that Dr. Doddridge countenanced the Methodists—and it has been the subject of conversation much oftener than I could have wished—I have heard it constantly spoken of by his friends with concern, as threatening a great diminution of his usefulness, and by his adversaries with a sneer of triumph.

'The Trustees are particularly in pain for it with regard to your academy, as they know it is an objection made to it by some persons in all appearance seriously, and by others craftily; and yet they are afraid of giving their thoughts even in the most private manner concerning it, lest it should be made an occasion of drawing them into a public opposition to the Methodists, as they are likely to be in some measure by your letter to Mr. Mason (excusing your prefixing a recommendation of a book of theirs, without the advice of the Trustees), which letter they have desired me to inform you has given them great offence.'

A quick answer returned from Northampton, and on October 15 Neal wrote again. He says: 'I am not insensible, sir, that the respect many of your people bore to Mr. Whitefield, and your own acquaintance with him,

must have made it a matter of difficulty for you entirely to have avoided showing him some polite regards on his coming to Northampton; and I greatly rejoice in being furnished with so particular an account of the circumstances attending his visit that may enable me to say you were so far at that time from seeking his preaching in your pulpit that you took several steps, and indeed all that you thought you could prudently venture on, and such as might, if they had succeeded, have been sufficient to have prevented it; which I doubt not will, and I am sure ought, to have some weight with those who censure this step on the ground of imprudence. I could only wish that I were able to make these circumstances known as far as that censure is likely to extend.'

Doddridge continued 'imprudent,' and dared the 'censure;' so that Neal returned again to the task of remonstrating. His third letter is more direct, and plainly tells the feelings which he had only hinted at before:

'Million Bank, December 10, 1743.

'I am sorry you appear so apprehensive in your last letter, lest I should interpret what you said in your first too unfavourably of the Methodists and Mr. Whitefield, as it confirms me in my fears of your attachment to them; but, whatever my wishes were in that respect, you may be assured I could never venture to represent you as indifferent to them, when I read your commendation of his sermon for its excellence and oratory, and remember the low, incoherent stuff I used to hear him utter at Kennington Common.

'Whilst I continued oppressed and hurt with these reflections, your excellent sermon for the County Hospital came in to my relief. The piety, the justness of the sentiments and arguments, the manly, graceful diction, and the benevolent spirit that runs through the whole of it, both amazed and charmed me. It must have extorted from any heart less acquainted with your disposition for public usefulness than I am, a devout ejaculation that God would never permit such talents to come under a wrong direction, or suffer the disad-

vantages they must necessarily submit to, if engaged amongst men of weak heads and narrow, gloomy sentiments, who may and ought to be pitied and prayed for, and better informed, as opportunity allows, but whom no rules of piety or prudence will oblige us to make our friends and confidants.

'There are letters shown about town from several ministers in the west which make heavy complaints of the disorders occasioned by Whitefield and Wesley in those parts. One of them, speaking of Mr. Whitefield, calls him "honest, crazy, confident Whitefield." These letters likewise mention that some ministers there, who were your pupils, have given him countenance; and you can hardly conceive the disrespect this has occasioned several ministers and other persons in town to speak of you with. Whether you are aware of this I know not; and I am sure, if I did not esteem it a mark of sincere friendship, I would not give you the uneasiness of hearing it.'

The answer of Doddridge is plain and honest:

'I am truly sorry,' he says, 'that the manner in which I spoke of Mr. Whitefield in my last should give you uneasiness. I hope I did not assert his sermon to have been free from its defects; but I must be extremely prejudiced indeed if it were such "wild, incoherent stuff" as you heard on Kennington Common. Nor does it seem at all difficult to account for this; for that preached here, which I believe was one of his most elaborate and, perhaps, favourite discourses, might deserve to be spoken of in a different manner. What I then said proceeded from a principle which I am sure you will not despise —I mean a certain frankness of heart which would not allow me to seem to think more meanly of a man to whom I once professed some friendship than I really did. I must, indeed, look upon it as an unhappy circumstance that he came to Northampton just when he did, as I perceive that, in concurrence with other circumstances, it has filled town and country with astonishment and indignation. Nor did I, indeed, imagine my character to have been of such great importance in the world as that this little incident should have been taken so much notice of. I believe the true reason is, that for no other fault than my not being able to go so far as some of my brethren into the new ways of thinking and speaking, I

have long had a multitude of enemies, who have been watching for some occasion against me; and I thank God that they have hitherto, with all that malignity of heart which some of them have expressed, been able to find no greater.

'I had, indeed, great expectations from the Methodists and Moravians. I am grieved, from my heart, that so many things have occurred among them which have been quite unjustifiable; and I assure you faithfully they are such as would have occasioned me to have dropped that intimacy of correspondence which I once had with them. And I suppose they have also produced the same sentiments in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, to my certain knowledge, received Count Zinzendorf with open arms, and wrote of his being chosen the Moravian Bishop, as what was done "*plaudente toto cœlesti choro.*" I shall always be ready to weigh whatever can be said against Mr. Whitefield, as well as against any of the rest; and though I must have actual demonstration before I can admit him to be a dishonest man, and though I shall never be able to think all he has written and all I have heard from him nonsense, yet I am not so zealously attached to him as to be disposed to celebrate him as one of the greatest men of the age, or to think that he is the pillar that bears up the whole interest of religion among us. And if this moderation of sentiment towards him will not appease my angry brethren, as I am sensible it will not abate the enmity which some have for many years entertained towards me, I must acquiesce, and be patient till the day of the Lord, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest; in which I do from my heart believe that with respect to the part I have acted in this affair I shall not be ashamed.

'I had before heard from some of my worthy friends in the west of the offence which had been taken at two of my pupils there for the respect they showed to Mr. Whitefield; and yet they are both persons of eminent piety. He whose name is chiefly in question—I mean Mr. Darracott—is one of the most devout and extraordinary men I ever sent out; and a person who has within these few years been highly useful to numbers of his hearers. Some of these, who were the most abandoned characters in the place, are now become serious and useful Christians; and he himself has honoured his profession, when to all around him he seemed on the borders of eternity, by a

behaviour which, in such awful circumstances, the best of men might wish to be their own. Mr. Fawcett labours likewise at Taunton; and his zeal, so far as I can judge, is inspired both with love and prudence. Yet I hear these men are reproached because they have treated Mr. Whitefield respectfully; and that one of them, after having had a correspondence with him for many years, admitted him into his pulpit. I own I am very thoughtful when these things will end: in the meantime, I am as silent as I can be. I commit the matter to God in prayer, and earnestly beg His direction, that He would lead me in a plain path. Sometimes I think the storm will soon blow over, and that things will return again to their natural course. I am sure I see no danger that any of my pupils will prove Methodists; I wish many of them may not run into the contrary extreme. It is really, sir, with some confusion that I read your encomium upon my sermon: I am sensible it is some consolation to me amidst the uneasiness which, as you conclude, other things must give me.'

Two sentences, in which the devout, tender, and humble spirit of Doddridge expresses itself, are, when taken in connexion with many similar expressions of Whitefield, a sufficient explanation of the firm union between these distinguished Christians: 'I am one of the least of God's children,' said Doddridge, 'and yet a child; and that is my daily joy. Indeed, I feel my love to Him increase; I struggle forwards toward Him, and look at Him, as it were, sometimes with tears of love, when, in the midst of the hurries of life, I cannot speak to Him otherwise than by an ejaculation.'[1]

Other persons, of a different communion, and more

[1] Philip, who, in his 'Life and Times of Whitefield,' was the first to point out the unfriendly feeling of many Dissenters towards Whitefield, has attempted to explain it on the ground that Dissenters were hoping to get a 'Comprehension Scheme' brought into operation, by which they might be included in the Establishment; but the letter of Barker, a London Dissenting minister, to Doddridge on the subject, which he quotes, and on which he mainly bases his conclusion, was not written till February 2, 1748, whereas it is of the feeling which displayed itself in 1743 that an explanation is wanted. Again, not a word is said about the 'Comprehension Scheme' in Neal's letters to Doddridge; and Barker himself treats it more as a passing

exalted in station than Neal, were trying as well as he what could be done in a secret way to damage the Methodists in general, and Whitefield in particular. The mean attempt to sever Doddridge from his friend was probably never known to its intended victim; but this other meaner work of an enemy, or rather enemies, did come to his knowledge. On January 26, 1744, the following advertisement appeared in London:—

'Whereas some anonymous papers against the people called Methodists in general, and myself and friends in particular, have been for some weeks printed in a large edition, and handed about and read in the religious societies of the cities of London and Westminster, and given into the hands of many private persons, with strict injunctions to lend them to no one, nor let them go out of their hands to any, and whereas, after having had the hasty perusal of them, I find many queries of great importance concerning me and my conduct contained therein; and as it appears that our paper has little or no connection with another, and a copy, when applied for, was refused me, and I know not how soon I may embark for Georgia, I am therefore obliged hereby to desire a speedy open publication of the aforesaid papers, in order that a candid, impartial answer may be made thereto by me,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

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fancy than a serious intention. Neal assails Doddridge's conduct only on the ground that it is losing him caste in society and influence in the Deistic struggle, which engaged the finest talent of the church, both established and dissenting. Barker's letter further shows that a great body of Dissenters were averse from 'Comprehension,' even in 1748: 'We won't be comprehended: we won't be comprehended,' they said; so that any fear of upsetting a darling scheme by communion with the great Methodist leader could not have made them scout Whitefield. And as to the feeling of churchmen upon the subject, Herring, the Archbishop of Canterbury, confessed, in 1748, that he had no great zeal for attempting anything to introduce Dissenters into the church, although he had 'most candid sentiments concerning them.' Secker said to Doddridge in 1744, in a letter which was only a friendly, not an official, communication: 'I see not the least prospect of it' —i.e., union between church and dissent—'for they who should be the most concerned for it, are most of them too little so. And of others, few that have influence think it can be worth while either to take any pains, or spend any time, about matters of this nature: and too many judge the continuance of a separation useful to their particular schemes.'

Rumour was not silent about the authorship of the secret papers; no less a personage than the Bishop of London was singled out as their writer. Whitefield, accordingly, with the frankness and courage which always distinguished him, wrote to the bishop himself to ask for information:

'London, Feb. 1, 1744.

'My Lord,—Simplicity becomes the followers of Jesus Christ, and therefore I think it my duty to trouble your lordship with these few lines. I suppose your lordship has seen the advertisement published by me, about four days ago, concerning some anonymous papers which have been handed about in the societies for some considerable time. As I think it my duty to answer them, I should be glad to be informed whether the report be true that your lordship composed them, that I may the better know to whom I may direct my answer. A sight also of one of the copies, if in your lordship's keeping, would much oblige, my lord,

'Your lordship's most obliged, dutiful son and servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

'PS. The bearer will bring your lordship's answer; or if your lordship please to favour me with a line, be pleased to direct for me, to be left with Mr. J. Syms.'

To this letter the bishop sent no answer at all; but two days after it was sent to him his printer left the following suggestive note for Whitefield:—

'February 3, 1744.

'Sir,—My name is Owen. I am a printer in Amen Corner; and I waited upon you to let you know that I have had orders from several of the bishops to print for their use such numbers of the "Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists"—with some additions—as they have respectively bespoken. And I will not fail to wait upon you with one copy as soon as the impression is finished.

'I am, sir,

'Your most obedient, &c.'

I have not had a copy of the anonymous pamphlet in

my hand, and cannot say what were its contents, but they are not difficult to discover from Whitefield's 'Answer,' which he addressed in a 'Letter to the Right Reverend the Bishop of London, and the other Right Reverend the Bishops concerned in the publication thereof,' namely, of the pamphlet. Whitefield charged the pamphlet with having an intention to represent the proceedings of the Methodists as dangerous to the Church and State, in order to procure an Act of Parliament against them, or to oblige them to secure themselves by turning Dissenters, that is, putting themselves under the Toleration Act. His answer to such an attempt was the same as he gave to the Scotch Presbyterians: 'As yet we see no sufficient reason to leave the Church of England, and turn Dissenters; neither will we do it till we are thrust out. When a ship is leaky, prudent sailors that value the cargo will not leave it to sink, but rather continue in it so long as they can, to help pump out the water.' The pamphlet charged the Methodists with breaking the statute law by their field-preaching; and to be quite sure of the law on this point, Whitefield perused all the Acts of Charles II. in which the word 'field' is mentioned. His conclusion was, that Acts against field-preaching related only to seditious conventicles; and of this offence Methodism was not guilty. Then Whitefield enters upon a defence of his favourite mode of reaching the multitude. 'Why, my lords,' he asks, 'should the author be so averse to field-preaching? Was not the best sermon that was ever preached delivered on a mount? Did not our glorious Emmanuel, after He was thrust out of the synagogues, preach from a ship, in a wilderness, &c.? Did not the Apostles, after His ascension, preach in schools, public markets, and such like places of resort and concourse? And can we copy after better examples? If it be said that the world was then heathen, I answer, and am persuaded your lordships will

agree with me in this, that there are thousands and ten thousands in his Majesty's dominions as ignorant of true and undefiled religion as ever the heathen were. And are not persons who dare venture out, and show such poor souls the way to heaven, real friends both of Church and State? And why then, my lords, should the civil power be applied to in order to quell and suppress them, or a pamphlet encouraged by several of the right reverend the bishops, which is manifestly calculated for that purpose? I would humbly ask your lordships whether it would not be more becoming your lordships' characters to put your clergy on preaching against revelling, cock-fighting, and such like, than to move the Government against those who, out of love to God and precious souls, put their lives in their hand, and preach unto such revellers repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus? What if the Methodists "by public advertisements do invite the rabble?" Is not the same done by other clergy, and even by your lordships, when you preach charity sermons? But, my lords, what does the author mean by the rabble? I suppose, the common people. If so, these are they who always heard the blessed Jesus gladly. It was chiefly the poor, my lords, the ὄχλος, the *turba*, the mob, the multitude, these people who, the Scribes and Pharisees said, knew not the law, and were accursed; these were they that were evangelised, had the gospel preached unto them, and received the Spirit of God's dear Son. Supposing we do advertise the rabble, and none but such make up our auditories—which is quite false—if this be the Methodists' shame, they may glory in it. For these rabble, my lords, have precious and immortal souls, for which the dear Redeemer shed His precious blood, as well as the great and rich. These, my lords, are the publicans and harlots that enter into the kingdom of heaven, whilst self-righteous formal professors reject it. To show such poor sinners the way to

God, to preach to them the power of Christ's resurrection, and to pluck them as firebrands out of the burning, the Methodist preachers go out into the highways and hedges. If this is to be vile, by the help of my God I shall be more vile; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and be made instrumental in turning any of this rabble to righteousness. And however such kind of preachers may be everywhere spoken against now, yet I doubt not but at the great decisive day they will be received with an *Euge bene*, and shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever; whilst those who have only "divined for hire, have fed themselves, and not the flock, and lorded it over God's heritage," perhaps, may pay dear for their preferment, and rise to everlasting contempt. Pardon me, my lords, for expressing myself here with some degree of warmth. I must own it gives me concern to see some of the clergy strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel, and attempt to pull out the mote out of our eyes, before they have pulled the beam out of their own. Is it not ridiculous, my lords, even in the eyes of worldly men, and does it not render the author of this pamphlet justly liable to contempt, to charge the Methodists with breaking canons and rubrics, which is really not their fault; when at the same time he knows that the generality of the clergy so notoriously break both canons and rubrics, and that too in the most important articles, such as not catechising, pluralities, non-residence, &c., everyday themselves? With what face can he do it? Is not this like Nero's setting Rome on fire, and then charging it upon the Christians? May not "physician heal thyself" be immediately retorted on him?'

The Rev. Thomas Church, vicar of Battersea, came to the rescue of the bishops with a 'Serious and Expostulatory Letter to the Rev. George Whitefield.' He

raised a few questions which throw some light upon Whitefield's ecclesiastical position. There were irregularities in curtailing the liturgy, or not using the Common Prayer in the fields—what had Whitefield to say about them? That when, and only when, his ecclesiastical superiors should arraign him at the bar of the proper ecclesiastical courts would he give any answer at all to the question. No doubt he would, had he been arraigned, have said that his method was advantageous to the spiritual welfare of his congregations, and that therefore he adopted it; but whether such an answer would have been accounted canonically satisfactory may be fairly doubted. There was his non-residence at Savannah—what could he say in defence of that? He replied: 'I wish every non-resident minister in England could give as good an account of their non-residence as I can of my absence from Savannah. When I came over to England to receive priest's orders, and collect money for building an orphan-house, the honourable Trustees, at the request of many, presented me to the living of Savannah. I accepted it, but refused the stipend of fifty pounds per annum which they generously offered me. Neither did I put them to any expense during my stay in England, where I thought it my duty to abide till I had collected a sufficient sum wherewith I might begin the orphan-house, though I should have left England sooner had I not been prevented by the embargo. However, I was more easy, because the honourable Trustees I knew had sent over another minister, who arrived soon after I left the colony. Upon my second arrival in Georgia, finding the care of the orphan-house, and the care of the parish, too great a task for me, I immediately wrote over to the honourable Trustees to provide another minister. In the meanwhile, as most of my parishioners were in debt, or ready to leave the colony for want of being employed, and as I

believed that erecting an orphan-house would be the best thing I could do for them and their posterity, I thought it my duty from time to time to answer the invitations that were sent me to preach Christ Jesus in several parts of America, and to make more collections towards carrying on the orphan-house. The Lord stirred up many to be ready to distribute and willing to communicate on this occasion. I always came home furnished with provisions and money, most of which was expended among the people, and by this means the northern part of the colony almost entirely subsisted for a considerable time. And now, sir, judge you whether my non-residence was anything like the non-residence of most of the English clergy. When I was absent from my parishioners, I was not loitering or living at ease, but preaching and begging for them and theirs; and when I returned, it was not to fleece my flock, and then go and spend it upon my lusts, or lay it up for a fortune for myself and relations.'

The family at Bethesda, long wishful to see him, and the thousands living between Savannah and Boston, who wished again to hear him and sent him urgent requests to come among them, constrained him to take his fifth voyage to America; and in June, 1744, he took passage in a ship which was to sail from Portsmouth. Second thoughts, but not better ones, led the captain to refuse him a berth in his ship for fear he might spoil the sailors. He then betook himself to Plymouth, and secured a passage in a mast-ship that was to sail under convoy to Piscataway, in New England. The journey from London to the seaport was a pleasant one, through the midst of warm friends and loving converts; and as he went from place to place he encouraged believers and called sinners to repentance. Plymouth was not at first altogether gratified with the distinction that rested upon it for several weeks. It was presumed that Whitefield would be sure to appear on the Hoe—a large green for walks

and diversions—on the night of his arrival; and, to oppose him and draw away his congregation, some one brought a bear and a drum. But the first announcement of his arrival was false news; and both crowd and bear were disappointed. The following night brought him; and his first taste of Plymouth civility was the bursting open of his room-door by several men under pretence of a hue-and-cry. He then withdrew from the inn to private lodgings; but this was no protection against the purpose of a little knot of fast young men, who had resolved, probably in a bragging spirit, to put indignity upon him, if not to injure him. Four gentlemen called at the house of a particular friend of his to ask for his address; and soon afterwards a letter came to him from one who represented himself as a nephew of Mr. S., an eminent attorney in New York, stating that the writer had once supped with Whitefield at Mr. S.'s house, and desiring Whitefield's company to sup with him and a few more friends at a tavern. Whitefield replied that it was not his custom to sup out at taverns, but that out of respect for his uncle, he should be glad to see him at his lodgings to eat a morsel with him. The young man, a would-be 'assassin,' as Whitefield has described him (the word must surely be a mistake), came, and behaved himself somewhat strangely; his mind was absent from the conversation, and his eyes kept wandering round the room. He bade his host good night, and returned to the company of his comrades. Asked by them what he had done, he replied that he had not the heart to touch a man who had treated him so civilly. A lieutenant of a man-of-war then laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do the 'business' for the Methodist preacher. Disarmed of his sword, which his companions took from him, he presented himself at the door of Whitefield's lodgings about midnight. The good man was in bed; but when the landlady told him that a

well-dressed gentleman wanted to see him, he thought it must be some Nicodemite, and desired him to be brought upstairs. The visitor sat down by the bedside, told Whitefield his profession, congratulated him on the success of his ministry, expressed his concern at having been detained from hearing him, asked him if he knew who he was, and on being answered 'No,' gave his name as Cadogan, and when Whitefield remarked that he had seen a gentleman of the same name at Bristol a fortnight ago, rose up and began to call him the most abusive names, at the same time beating him violently with his gold-headed cane. The attack threw Whitefield into a paroxysm of fear, as he kept expecting that his assailant would stab or shoot him. Instead of attempting any self-defence, he only raised the cry of 'murder,' which soon brought the landlady and her daughter into the room, and had them holding the bully by the collar. But he quickly freed himself, and resumed his attack on the man in bed. The cry of murder raised by all three at last made him afraid, and as he retreated to the chamber door, the landlady helped him downstairs with a push. Then a second bully—no doubt the whole band were outside listening to the scuffle—shouted out, 'Take courage, I am ready to help you,' and rushing upstairs while his friend was escaping, took one of the women by the heels, and threw her so violently upon the stairs as almost to break her back. By this time the neighbourhood was alarmed, and thus the sport of the young gentlemen came to an end. The house door was shut, and Whitefield went to sleep meditating on the propriety with which we are taught in the Litany to pray—'From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!'

Preaching work called Whitefield out next morning, and he went to it, saying to his friends who counselled the prosecution of the offenders, that he had better work

to do, a restraint for which we cannot but commend him. The assault increased his popularity: curiosity drew two thousand more to hear a man who 'had like to have been murdered in his bed;' half of them, perhaps, to see a man who had like to have been murdered, and the other half to see a man who could lie in his bed while the murdering was going on. Yet there was undoubtedly some danger to be apprehended. Once his voice arrested the attention of a band of workmen who were passing near the field in which he preached; and thinking him mad, they filled their pockets with stones to pelt him, and arranged to throw him from his block. Their resolution, however, failed when they came to stand for a little while under the charm of his eloquence; and one of them at least went home with a serious heart, and a resolution in it that he would come again the next night, and hear more. The next night the sermon was on the text 'Beginning at Jerusalem,' and contained, as it was sure to do in the hands of a pictorial preacher, and one who sought the recovery of 'Jerusalem sinners' with the greatest devotion, a description of 'the cruel murder of the Lord of life.' It was an admirable topic for admitting a close application of truth to the conscience; and when the last sad scenes in our Lord's life had been pourtrayed, Whitefield said to his congregation, 'You are reflecting on the cruelty of these inhuman butchers, who imbrued their hands in innocent blood.' As he spoke his eye fell on the young shipbuilder; and then, while speaker and hearer seemed to be only with each other in the consciousness of each other's glance, he added, 'Thou art the man.' The effect was great and manifest; and Whitefield, with his own peculiar facility for fastening on any passing event, and for preaching to one person in the midst of a multitude without any but that person knowing of it, went on to speak words of tenderness and encouragement. A third time did the young man come to

hear, and this time to enter into joy and peace in believing. By and by he in turn ventured to preach the gospel; and his ministry was one which could boast that hardly one of its sermons had fallen uselessly to the ground. His last end was according to an earnest and oft-repeated prayer, and such as became a good servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; strength failed him in the pulpit, and he was carried thence to die.

The evangelist laboured bravely amidst his troubles, whilst a contrary wind hindered him from sailing; and, as had happened a hundred times before, prejudice and opposition yielded to his love and effort. Freely and of themselves some who had been opposed offered him a piece of ground surrounded with walls for a society room. Great companies of people, with him in the midst, would return from the dock at night, singing and praising God. The ferrymen, too, at the ferry had an interest in the religious work which had been set on foot, and would not take toll from the crowds which passed over to hear the sermons. 'God forbid that we should sell the word of God,' said the kind-hearted fellows.

CHAPTER X.

August, 1744, to July, 1748

FIFTH VOYAGE—ADVENTURES AND CONTROVERSIES—WANDERINGS IN AMERICA—INVALIDED IN BERMUDAS—SIXTH VOYAGE.

THE fifth voyage was diversified with nautical adventures and theological discussions. The usual dangers of ocean travelling were at this time, August 1744, increased by the men-of-war which were cruising for spoil. France and England were at their old folly of treating each other as natural enemies. The fleet of one hundred and fifty ships which sailed out of Plymouth Sound was therefore attended by several convoys; and a good deal of nervousness was evidently abroad. One day an ominous fleet was sighted, but it turned out to be only a friendly Dutch one. Another alarm arose from the sail of Admiral Balchen, 'who rode by receiving the obeisance of the surrounding ships, as though he was lord of the whole ocean.' Whitefield was in poor health, suffering from a violent pain in his side, and the tedious voyage increased his trouble. 'Fully six weeks were consumed between Plymouth and the Western Isles, and off the islands they lay floating in a calm for days; then, as the wind sprung up a little, there came a mishap which might have sent a vessel to the bottom. Orders were given to tack about, to take advantage of the breeze, and one of the ships, missing her stays in turning, ran directly against the 'Wilmington,' on the deck of which sat Whitefield, with his wife and friends around him, singing a hymn. The 'Wilmington,' being the larger vessel, suffered

no damage, while the other was so broken that the cries and groans of her apprehensive crew were awful. Presently they came up with the convoy, and when Whitefield's captain informed them of what had happened, they answered, 'This is your praying, and be d—— to ye.' Shocked by the profanity, the praying men got together, and Whitefield, expressing their feelings, cried out, 'God of the sea and God of the dry land, this is a night of rebuke and blasphemy; show Thyself, O God, and take us under Thy own immediate protection; be Thou our convoy, and make a difference between those that fear Thee and those that fear Thee not.' The next day a violent gale parted the 'Wilmington' from the convoy, which was seen no more during the rest of the voyage—a circumstance which, with one day's exception, proved rather agreeable than otherwise to Whitefield. Until the adventure of that day comes in its proper order, we may go into Whitefield's cabin, and consider the thoughts which he is planning for the benefit of the Bishop of London, and the bishop's brethren, who wrote the anonymous pamphlet once before mentioned, or, at any rate, gave authoritative countenance to it.

The pamphlet complained of the irregular practices of the Methodists, and then proceeded to enquire whether the doctrines they taught, or the lengths they ran beyond what was practised among the religious societies, or in other Christian churches, would be a service or a disservice to religion. The startling effects of Whitefield's preaching, the crying and fainting and convulsions, such as appeared at Cambuslang, were laid upon him as a reproach; and it is well to know what he himself thought of them. Referring to a question in the pamphlet on the subject, he says, 'Would not one imagine by this query that these itinerants laid down such things as screamings, tremblings, &c., as essential marks of the co-operation of the Holy Spirit? But can any such thing be proved?

Are they not looked upon by these itinerants themselves as extraordinary things, proceeding generally from soul distress, and sometimes, it may be, from the agency of the evil spirit, who labours to drive poor souls into despair? Does not this appear from the relation given of them in one of the journals referred to? Are there not many relations of the co-operation of the Spirit in the same journal, where no such bodily effects are so much as hinted at? And does not this give ground to suspect, that the "due and regular attendance on the public offices of religion, paid by (what our author calls) good men, in a serious and composed way," is little better than a dead formal attendance on outward ordinances, which a man may continue in all his lifetime, and be all the while far from the kingdom of God? Did ever anyone before hear this urged as an evidence of co-operation of the Spirit? Or would anyone think that the author of the observations ever read the relations that are given of the conversion of several in the Holy Scriptures? For, may we not suppose, my lords, that many were cast into sudden agonies and screamings—Acts ii. 37—when "they were pricked to the heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Or what would this author think of the conversion of the jailor—Acts x. 29, 30—"Who sprang in, and came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas; and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Or what would he think of Paul, who, trembling and astonished—Acts ix. 6—said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and was afterwards three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink? Is it not to be feared that if this author had been seated upon the bench, and heard this apostle give an account of his own conversion, he would have joined with Festus in crying out with a loud voice, "Paul, much learning doth make thee mad?" And are not all

these things, and whatever else is recorded in the Book of God, written for our learning? Is not God the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? And may He not now, as well as formerly, reveal His arm and display His power in bringing sinners home to Himself as suddenly and instantaneously as in the first planting of the gospel church?'

With this important deduction from the instances quoted by Whitefield of persons undergoing great agony of mind at the time that they were turned from their own way of living to the way appointed by our Lord—that there was miracle to alarm them—his explanation may be accepted. Cloven tongues like as of fire glowed on the heads of the apostles at Pentecost; and the sight of them doubtless added to the concern with which Peter's words filled many hearts. A great earthquake shook the foundations of the prison at Philippi, opened all doors, and unloosed all bonds; and the jailor must have trembled in the throe, even had guilt not terrified his soul. It was the surprise of seeing at midday a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about them, that dashed Saul and his company to the ground; although it is evident that conscience and the Spirit of God also wrought in his trembling and astonishment. 'Soul distress,' as Whitefield calls the feeling of his hearers, is potent enough to make any knees shake, and any lips cry out. When the detection of guilt by fellow-mortals can make the sweat stand on the brows of hardy villains, there need be no questioning of the power of conscience to shake any soul with terror. And when the prospect of social disgrace or of corporal punishment can daunt the wicked, there need be no doubting that the consciousness of divine anger hanging over the head can produce sudden agony. If anyone should feel in all its awful significance the meaning of this, or of many similar passages of Holy Writ—'He that believeth on the

Son hath everlasting life; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him'—and also know that he believes not, there is no need to go to the ends of the earth to explain his restlessness, the fire in his bones, the roaring of his heart, and the manifestations of his inner feelings.

The pamphlet further complained of Whitefield's notions of justification, and of the height to which he carried them. The gravamen of the charge is directly against the supposed immoral tendency of justification bestowed solely on the ground of another's merit, and has been already dealt with; but all the conceptions, which in Whitefield's mind stood related to the conception of justification, may now have our consideration. His system was severely logical. The atonement was so much suffering endured on the part of our Lord at the hands of His angry Father, on behalf of so many sinners; he says, 'When Christ's righteousness is spoken of, we are to understand Christ's obedience and death—all that Christ has done, and all that Christ has suffered for an elect world, for all that will believe on Him.' The position of our Lord was purely that of a substitute. The sins of the elect were laid on Him in the most literal sense; He was then as a sinner in the Father's sight, and before the Father's law; and upon the head of such an One it was only meet that the fiery indignation should be poured. The active obedience of our Saviour constituted the extra righteousness in the moral world, which, not being required for Himself, since He was always pure and sinless, might be imputed to any who would believe on Him. Whitefield's words are, 'In that nature'—i.e. our human nature—'He obeyed, and thereby fulfilled the whole moral law in our stead; and also died a painful death upon the cross, and thereby became a curse for, or instead of, those whom the Father had given to Him. As God He satisfied, at the same time that He obeyed

and suffered as man; and, being God and man in one person, He wrought out a full, perfect, and sufficient righteousness for all to whom it was to be imputed.' The language in which, in his favourite and thrilling sermon on 'The true way of beholding the Lamb of God,' he describes the sufferings of the Redeemer, is, in some parts, melting and attractive for its tender sympathy of love, and, in others, repulsive for its coarse exposition of that monstrous theory, that the Father punished in His anger His beloved Son. It has one saving clause, short indeed, but still a clause to which we cling with some hope that Whitefield was not quite satisfied with what he said. 'The paschal lamb,' he says, 'was further typical of Christ, its great Antitype, in that it was to be killed in the evening, and afterwards roasted with fire. So Christ our passover was sacrificed for us in the evening of the world, only with this material difference, the paschal lamb was first slain, and then roasted; whereas the holy Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God, was burnt and roasted in the fire of His Father's wrath before He actually expired upon the cross. To satisfy you of this, if you can bear to be spectators of such an awful tragedy, as I desired you just now to go with me to the entrance, so I must now entreat you to venture a little farther into the same garden. But — stop — what is that we see? Behold the Lamb of God undergoing the most direful tortures of vindictive wrath! Of the people, even of His disciples, there is none with Him. Alas! was ever sorrow like unto that sorrow wherewith His innocent soul was afflicted in this day of His Father's fierce anger? Before He entered into this bitter passion, out of the fulness of His heart He said, "Now is my soul troubled." But how is it troubled now? His agony bespeaks it to be exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. It extorts sweat, yea, a bloody sweat. His face, His hands, His garments, are all over stained with blood. It

extorts strong crying and many tears. See how the incarnate Deity lies prostrate before His Father, who now laid on Him the iniquities of us all. See how He agonises in prayer! Hark! Again and again He addresses His Father with an "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"[1]

'Tell me, ye blessed angels, tell me, Gabriel—or whatsoever thou art called, who wast sent from heaven in this important hour, to strengthen our agonising Lord—tell me, if ye can, what Christ endured in this dark and doleful night; and tell me, tell me what you yourselves felt when you heard this same God-man, whilst expiring on the accursed tree, breaking forth into that dolorous, unheard of expostulation, "My God, my God, why, or how hast thou forsaken me?" Were you not all struck dumb? And did not an universal awful silence fill heaven itself when God the Father said unto His sword, "Sword, smite my fellow?" Well might nature put on its sable weeds; well might the rocks rend, to show their sympathy with a suffering Saviour; and well might the sun withdraw its light, as though it was shocked and confounded to see its Maker suffer. But our hearts are harder than rocks, or otherwise they would now break; and our souls more stupid than any part of the inanimate creation, or they would even now, in some degree, at least, sympathise with a crucified Redeemer, who for us

[1] Cornelius Winter describes the power and effect with which Whitefield was wont to picture the sufferings of the Son of God: he says, 'You may be sure from what has been said, that when he treated upon the sufferings of our Saviour, it was not without great pathos. He was very ready at that kind of painting which frequently answered the end of real scenery. As though Gethsemane were within sight, he would say, stretching out his hand, "Look yonder! What is that I see? It is my agonising Lord!" And, as though it were not difficult to catch the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, "Hark! hark! do you not hear?" You may suppose that as this occurred frequently, the efficacy of it was destroyed; but no; though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as though we had never heard it before.'

men, and for our salvation, was thus roasted, as it were, in the Father's wrath, and therefore fitly styled the Lamb of God.'[1]

It is to be regretted that he did not follow the glimmer of light which comes through the narrow chink of that last sentence, 'as it were.' And yet I know not that he would have had the slightest increase of moral and spiritual power with theological beliefs less literal, less objective, less gross, than those which he held. The rugged minds which he commonly addressed could grasp, as a real redemption for themselves, that their punishment had been borne by another, and that their uncleanness was hidden from view by a robe of unsullied righteousness; and all the objections which a refined criticism could offer would have been nothing to them. Nor was it so much the theology of the sermons as the spirit of the preacher which won the people's ear and heart. Love is more than theology both with God and man, and that was never absent from any sermon of Whitefield. Congregations had no time to settle down upon his theological mistakes, and find fault with them. Before the questioner had well begun to consider what hope of acceptance with God anyone durst cherish, if the atonement was only for the elect, his soul was called

[1] It may be interesting to compare with this view of the Atonement the juster view of William Law, to whom Methodism owed much. 'The God of Christians,' he says, 'is so far from being implacable and revengeful that you have seen it proved, from text to text, that the whole form and manner of our redemption comes wholly from the free, antecedent, infinite love and goodness of God towards fallen man; that the innocent Christ did not suffer to quiet an angry Deity, but merely as co-operating, assisting, and uniting with that love of God which desired our salvation; that He did not suffer in our place or stead, but only on our account, which is a quite different matter. And to say that He suffered in our place or stead is as absurd, as contrary to Scripture, as to say that He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven in our place and stead, that we might be excused from it. For His sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension are all of them equally on our account, for our sake, for our good and benefit, but none of them possible to be in our stead.'—'The Atonement,' by the Rev. William Law, p. 74.

to repent and believe; for Whitefield was too wise at winning souls to leave his 'application' to the last: he would put an application to every paragraph rather than fail in getting practical results. In his sermon on 'The Lord our righteousness' he rushes straight in among his hearers' doubts and troubles—doubts and troubles which his own rebukes and pleadings have created, and exclaims, 'Who knows but the Lord may have mercy on, nay, abundantly pardon you? Beg of God to give you faith; and, if the Lord gives you that, you will by it receive Christ with His righteousness and His all. You need not fear the greatness or number of your sins. For are you sinners? so am I. Are you the chief of sinners? so am I. Are you backsliding sinners? so am I. And yet the Lord—for ever adored be His rich, free, and sovereign grace—is my righteousness. Come then, O young men, who, as I acted once myself, are playing the prodigal, and wandering away afar off from your heavenly Father's house, come home, come home, and leave your swine-trough. Feed no longer on the husks of sensual delights; for Christ's sake, arise and come home! Your heavenly Father now calls you. See yonder the best robe, even the righteousness of His dear Son, awaits you. See it; view it again and again. Consider at how dear a rate it was purchased, even by the blood of God. Consider what great need you have of it. You are lost, undone, damned for ever, without it. Come then, poor guilty prodigals, come home. Indeed I will not, like the elder brother in the gospel, be angry; no, I will rejoice with the angels in heaven. And O that God would now bow the heavens, and come down! Descend, O Son of God, descend; and, as Thou hast shown in me such mercy, O let Thy blessed Spirit apply Thy righteousness to some young prodigals now before Thee, and clothe their naked souls with Thy best robe!'

The writing of theological letters was very rudely in-

terrupted one day. The good ship 'Wilmington' was toiling through the Atlantic without her convoy, when, to the alarm of all, Whitefield included, two ships were sighted which the captain took to be enemies, bearing down on them with all the sail they could crowd. Preparations were at once made for an engagement. Guns were mounted; chains were put about the masts; the great cabin was emptied of everything; hammocks were slung about the sides of the ship. Mrs. Whitefield dressed herself to be prepared for all events, and then set about making cartridges. All but one stood ready for fire and smoke. Whitefield retreated to the hold of the ship, when told that that was the chaplain's place. Not liking his quarters, however, and being urged by one of his New England friends to say something to animate the men, he crept upon deck, and beat to arms with a warm exhortation. His words warmed the hearts of braver men. On came the dreaded enemy, when, lo! a nearer view showed that they were two friends, mast-ships, which, with the 'Wilmington,' ought to have been under the protection of the missing convoy! All were very much pleased. The captain, as he took the opportunity to get the empty cabin cleared, remarked, 'After all, this is the best fighting;' and the heroic chaplain, who stood hard by, yielded assent to the pacific sentiment.

The chaplain had another kind of enemy to fight with, and gladly betook himself to his desk and his quill, to write 'Some Remarks upon a late Charge against Enthusiasm, delivered by the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to the Reverend the Clergy in the several parts of the Diocess of Lichfield and Coventry, in a Triennial Visitation of the same in 1741; and published at their request in the present year 1744. In a Letter to the Rev. the Clergy of that Diocess.' The position taken by the bishop is almost the same as that chosen by Dr. Gibson, namely,

there has been no Holy Ghost excepting in the times of the apostles and in their labours. It is an enthusiastical notion to think that there is any witnessing of the Spirit to the soul of man concerning adoption; or that the Spirit is in the believer at all; or that He affords help either in praying or in preaching. All pretensions to such favours in these last days are vain.[1] For the reality of these favours Whitefield contended with all his might. Nothing was dearer to him than that inward Witness, who sealed him unto the day of redemption. Nothing could strengthen his heart for his duties so much as the light and comfort and help of the Holy Spirit. He could best offer the rights and privileges of sonship to all when he was indubitably assured that he had them himself. Freed from the abuse he had once made of the privilege of having an inner Teacher, Comforter, and Guide, by placing his impressions on a level with spoken truth, the written word of God, he held with immovable firmness to the position, that all believers in Christ Jesus have the Spirit within them to sanctify them, and sustain them in the fulfilment of duty. Turning round on the clergy, he says, 'How can you agree with the thirteenth article, which affirms, "that works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of the Spirit, are not pleasant to God?"' Are not all these things against you? Do they not all concur to prove that you are the betrayers of that church which you would pretend to defend? Alas! what strangers must you be to a life hid with Christ in God, and the blessed fruits of the Spirit, such as love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; when you know of no other

[1] None can fail to be struck with the change which has come over theological belief on this subject since Whitefield's days. Then it was enthusiastical for even a few to think that they had the Spirit within them: now an influential school of theologians would account it blind bigotry to question whether the Spirit is in every one, Turk and Jew, Kaffir and Brahmin, Christian and Fire-worshipper, alike.

first-fruits of the Spirit than the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost conferred on some particular persons in the primitive church, which a man might have so as to prophesy and cast out devils in the name of Christ, and yet be commanded to depart from Him in the last day. How miserable must the congregations be of which you are made overseers! And how little of the divine presence must you have felt in your administrations that utterly deny the spirit of prayer, and the Spirit's helping you to preach with power, and consider them as things that have long since ceased! Is not this the reason why you preach as did the scribes, and not with any divine pathos and authority, and see so little good effect of your sermons? Have not your principles a direct tendency to lull poor souls asleep? For, if they are not to look for the supernatural operations of the Spirit of God, or any inward feeling or perceptions of this Spirit, may not all that are baptised, and not notoriously wicked, flatter themselves that they are Christians indeed? But is not this the very quintessence of Pharisaism? Is not this a prophesying falsely, to say unto people, "Peace, peace," when there is no true, solid, scriptural ground for peace? And are not you then properly the persons his lordship speaks of as "betraying whole multitudes into an unreasonable presumption of their salvation?" For is it not the highest presumption for any to hope to be saved without the indwelling of the Spirit, since the apostle declares in the most awful manner, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His?"'

At the end of eleven weeks, the 'Wilmington' came within sight of port. The long confinement had made Whitefield impatient to land; and, with some friends, he eagerly, and in spite of remonstrance, transferred himself from the ship to a little fishing-smack which had come alongside, and which, it was said, would distance the ship by several hours. His haste delayed him. It soon

grew dark, the pilots missed the bar of York harbour, and the smack and its passengers were tossed about all night. Exposure increased the pain of a severe attack of nervous colic, from which he had been suffering for some time. He was also so hungry that he could almost have gnawed the boards of the boat, and perhaps wood might have done him no more harm than the raw potatoes, the only food on board, of which he partook freely. It pleased him, as he lay shivering, to hear a fisherman, in answer to a question about what was going on ashore, say that the 'New-lights' were expecting one Mr. Whitefield, and that the day before many had been praying for his safe arrival. Towards morning the men found the inlet; and Whitefield was received into the house of a physician, formerly a notorious Deist, but converted at Whitefield's last American visit. Half an hour after his arrival, he was put to bed, racked with nervous colic, convulsed from his waist to his toes, and a total convulsion was expected every moment. As his wife and friends stood around him, weeping, he begged them not to be distressed. Fearing that he might fall into a delirium, and say things that were wrong, he told them—so anxious was he never to exert a baneful influence—that such a thing must not surprise them. Happily the worst did not come, yet for four days he could not bear the sound of a footstep or of a voice.

As soon as he was somewhat better, the minister of York, old Mr. Moody, called to bid him welcome to America, and then urged him to give them a sermon. He consented. Meanwhile, news had gone to Boston that he was dying; and when it reached that city, two of his friends started for York, to nurse him if he were alive, or to attend his funeral if he were dead. On their arrival, they found him in the *pulpit*! Soon a relapse came on, through his catching cold, and his friends again thought that his end was come; yet while he lay in agony of

body, his greater pain was, that he had been announced to preach, and could not go. The hour of service drew near; the minister who had been appointed to fill his place was leaving the house for church, when of a sudden Whitefield said to his friend and doctor, 'Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I'll go and preach, and then come home and die.' And he did go, pale as death, and looking to the astonished congregation like one risen from the grave. It was taken for a last sermon, both by people and preacher. The invisible things of another world lay open to his view, and expecting to be with his Master before morning, he spoke with peculiar energy for an hour. The effect of his word was, he says, worth dying for a thousand times over. But nature was hard pressed by the effort, and when, on his return home, he was laid on a bed before the fire, animation seemed to be suspended, and he could hear his friends say to each other, 'He is gone!' Gradually he recovered; and the first visitor who would see him, yea or nay, was a poor Negro woman. Sitting on the ground beside him, and looking earnestly into that kind face which always wore its gentlest aspect when such as she approached it, she said in her broken English, 'Master, you just go to heaven's gate, but Jesus Christ said, Get you down, get you down, you must not come here yet; but go first, and call some more poor Negroes.' The sick man prayed that it might be as the simple-hearted Negress wished it to be; and prayer and wish were fulfilled.

In about three weeks, though still very weak, he was able to proceed to Boston. Here he was convinced that since his departure for England a glorious work had been going on, both in Boston and in almost all parts of New England. That there had been irregularities and follies, an unhappy mixture of human infirmity with divine work, he could not but sorrowfully admit; but good predominated over evil. What reproach was incurred, either justly

or unjustly, was thrown upon him; and many clergy who had before met him at Governor Belcher's table—Belcher was not now in the post of governor—and 'paid him the nod,' were shy and distant, and refused him their pulpits. But the congregations had some influence, and would not let their recalcitrant ministers have absolute power over the pulpits: accordingly many of them passed votes of invitation to Whitefield to preach for them, and some urged him to set up a six o'clock morning lecture, such as he had established in Scotland. With this request he complied, and opened a lecture in one of the smallest rooms, thinking that but few would attend. But how was he disappointed! His first lecture, which was preached from the text 'And they came early in the morning to hear him,' was listened to by such a crowd, that for the future he had to use two of the largest places in the city, and there an audience of two or three thousand heard him. The streets were all astir on those dark February mornings with the eager punctual hearers who were going to the lectures on Genesis. Before the blinds were drawn in the houses of many who had thrown the taunt that the 'new lights' were idle, and neglected their worldly duties, the saints had attended lecture, had celebrated family worship, and had finished breakfast. It became the remark of everyone that between tar-water —then a popular panacea—and early rising the physicians would lose their business.

I cannot find that his preaching in churches where the clergy were opposed to him, or distant towards him, caused, as apparently it would have done, unhappy differences between the clergy and their people; indeed, I cannot think that Whitefield, who had been witness of the disastrous effects of troubles among brethren, and who had become an ardent advocate of peace, could have yielded his assent to anything that might leave contention behind him. Doubtless his ministrations in-

terfered very slightly, if at all, with the ordinary work of the local ministers, and any infringement may have been condoned on the ground that preachers were made for the people, and not the people for the preachers; and if the people would hear him in the churches which their money had built and their liberality kept open, during his short visits to the city, it was stretching professional claims rather too far to say them 'nay.' There was certainly great excitement in the city, and party feeling ran high. Some of the clergy began to publish halfpenny testimonials against him, and the president, professors and students of Harvard College joined in the assaults. But they assailed a man who was too good not to wish to be better, and too candid to be afraid of confessing his faults. Their exposure of real blame on his part only gave him the opportunity to acknowledge (which he did with beautiful humility) wherein he had offended; and their shameful treatment of him in other respects so roused many of his friends, that they came to him to say that they would, with his consent, build in a few weeks the outside of the largest place of worship in America for his use. He gratefully declined their offer as unsuited to his taste and work.

There were strange instances of the effect of his preaching. One morning the crowd was too dense to be penetrated, and he was obliged to go in at the window. Immediately after him came the high sheriff, who had been hostile to the 'new lights,' and the sight of whose face, as it appeared through the window, almost made the astonished people cry out, 'Is Saul also among the prophets?'

Another day his friend Mr. Prince told him that he should shortly be visited by a very pensive and uncommon person, one of good parts, ready wit, and lively imagination, who, to procure matter for tavern amusement, had often gone to hear Whitefield preach, and then

returned to his bottle and his friends, and recounted what he could remember, at the same time adorning it with further exposition. He went once too often for his fun. The crowd which bore him easily into Dr. S.'s meeting-house, as Whitefield entered, was like a solid rock behind him, when he wished to return with what he thought was sufficient food for sport. Obliged to stay, he kept looking up at Whitefield and waiting for anything he could ridicule. But soon he began to feel miserable under what he heard; and when he withdrew, it was to go to Mr. Prince and confess his sins, and his desire to ask Whitefield's pardon, only he was afraid to see him. 'Mr. Prince encouraged him to venture. He went, and Whitefield on opening the door for him, saw in his pale, pensive, and horrified countenance the story of his life. In a low plaintive voice he said, 'Sir, can you forgive me?' 'Yes, sir, very readily,' said Whitefield with a smile. The visitor thought that the tale of all his wrongdoings would make that impossible; but Whitefield asked him to sit down, and then spoke to him such comfort as the gospel has provided for broken hearts.

His popularity and wide influence were made of service in organising the first expedition that was sent against Cape Breton, although he was averse from war. Colonel Pepperell, one of his daily hearers, having received the offer of commander of the expedition, consulted Whitefield on the matter; and Whitefield frankly pointed out to him what he deemed the improbability of success, and the consequence of victory, should it be gained. Pepperell assumed the command. Then Mr. Sherburne, one of the commissaries, another friend, came to say that, unless he would favour the expedition, 'serious people' would be discouraged from enlisting; and, further, that he must give them a motto for their flag. Whitefield refused; Sherburne persisted. Whitefield at length yielded, and gave them, *Nil desperandum*

Christo duce. As soon as it was known what he had done, great numbers enlisted. Before the expedition embarked, the officers asked him to preach a sermon; and, accordingly, he spiritualised for them the description given of the motley band around David at Adullam, at the same time exhorting the soldiers to behave like the soldiers of David, and the officers to act like David's worthies. And they did act bravely, and conquered. The news of their capture of Louisburgh gathered a great multitude together, and he embraced the opportunity to preach a thanksgiving sermon.

Altogether, he was not well satisfied with having turned recruiting sergeant; and we might have felt more respect for him had he adhered to his original decision, which was really in harmony with his opinions and feelings.

The stay among his New England friends was more prolonged than usual. Upon the renewal of his journeyings his course is not easily traced. Such glimpses of him, however, as we do get lend fresh charm both to him and his work. One day he is to be seen at a settlement of Delaware Indians, the converts of the devout Brainerd, preaching to them through an interpreter, and watching, with that kindly interest which the orphans at Bethesda knew so well, a class of fifty Indian children learning the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. Soon afterwards we find him at Philadelphia, welcomed by twenty ministers of the city and neighbourhood who own him as their spiritual father; surrounded with enthusiastic, solemn congregations; and offered by the gentlemen who had the management of the free temple there eight hundred pounds a year and liberty to travel six months in the year, if he would become a minister in the city, an offer which he treated as he had done that of the Boston people. We see him availing himself of his short stay in the city to write to his mother, and tell her, that though

for two years she had not written to him—doubtless his incessant and distant wanderings helped to hinder her—his attachment to her was as great as ever; and then come snatches of news about 'the golden bait' which 'Jesus had kept him from catching at;' about his door of usefulness which opens wider and wider; about his wife being very weak through a miscarriage, or she would have enclosed a few lines in his letter; and about the many mercies which he receives from God. He rejoiced in roaming the woods, hunting for sinners, as he called his work; and next we find him among a little band of Christians in the backwoods of Virginia. These men were first gathered together in a remarkable way. Relations and friends in the dear old country, Scotland, had got a volume of those Glasgow sermons which had helped to kindle the revival in the valley of the Clyde, and sent them across the waters. When the precious book was received under the shadow of the great forest, its owner, one Morris, called his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him, and share his feast. As his own house was soon crowded to excess, a meeting-house had to be built; and many quiet, solemn evenings were spent in it, tears flowing from many eyes as freely as if Whitefield's pathetic voice were speaking the words that were only read. The sermons soon took a wider range, and upon invitation Morris carried them to distant little groups of colonists, who could not enjoy such teaching in the churches which by law they were expected to frequent.

Yet they might not have their sermon reading without annoyance. They were breaking the law, said some, and they must say what denomination they were of, a question which greatly puzzled their simple minds; but remembering that Luther was a noted reformer, and that his books had been useful to them, they called themselves Lutherans. Then Blair of Fog's Manor and Tennant paid

them a visit, to cheer and confirm them; and at last came Whitefield himself, whose personal character and mighty works we may well believe had often been talked of when the reading of his sermons was over. The little church of Lutherans lifted up its head, like a flower refreshed with rain, when Whitefield came; others also 'engaged themselves to the Lord.'

Somewhere on the road, his wife, with a Boston young lady, left him, to travel to Georgia, and tidings come to him that they 'traverse the woods bravely.' Whether he felt lonely without her with whom he had been 'more than happy' he nowhere says; but then he never said as much about his troubles as his comforts. We next come upon him at Bethesda, where he wintered in 1746–7. Most likely his letters to friends in London—the only letters he wrote at this time—would have contained news about his dear family, had not London friends needed counsel and comfort in the midst of troubles which had arisen at the Tabernacle. So he said not a word about his own heavy burden with the orphans, but added another load to all that his tender heart was already burdened with. Bethesda had long wished to see him, and as soon as he crossed its threshold, the cry came from London to return and succour his distressed flock there. What could he do but direct his people to One whose love was his own daily support? 'O that your eyes,' he exclaims, 'may be looking towards and waiting on the blessed Jesus: from Him alone can come your salvation: He will be better to you than a thousand Whitefields.'

The same generosity which made him accessible to all who were in trouble made him most grateful for any help afforded him in carrying out his benevolent purposes. The following letter will show his kindly traits, and his perverted notions about slaves:—

To a generous Benefactor unknown.

'Charles Town, March 15, 1747.

'Whoever you are that delight to imitate the Divine munificence in doing good to your fellow-creatures when they know not of it, I think it my duty, in behalf of the poor orphans committed to my care, to send you a letter of thanks for your kind, generous, and opportune benefaction. That God who has opened your heart to give so bountifully will as bountifully reward you. I hope you have contributed towards the promoting an institution which has, and I believe will, redound much to the Redeemer's glory. Blessed be God, I hope I can say that Bethesda was never in better order than it is now, in all probability taking root downwards, and bearing fruit upwards. Since my arrival there this winter I have opened a Latin school, and have several children of promising abilities that have begun to learn. One little orphan who this time twelvemonth could not read his letters, has made a considerable proficiency in his accidence. The blessed Spirit has been striving with several of the children's infant hearts; and I hope ere long to see some ministers sent forth from that despised place called Georgia. It is true the constitution of that colony is very bad, and it is impossible for the inhabitants to subsist themselves without the use of slaves. But God has put it into the hearts of my South Carolina friends to contribute liberally towards purchasing a plantation and slaves in this province, which I purpose to devote to the support of Bethesda. Blessed be God, the purchase is made. I last week bought at a very cheap rate a plantation of six hundred and forty acres of ground ready cleared, fenced and fit for rice, corn, and everything that will be necessary for provisions. One Negro has been given me. Some more I purpose to purchase this week. An overseer is put upon the plantation; and I trust a sufficient quantity of provision will be raised this year.

'The family at Bethesda consists of twenty-six. When my arrears are discharged I purpose to increase the number. I hope that time will soon come, and that He who has begun will go on to stir up the friends of Zion to help me, not only to discharge the arrears, but also to bring the plantation lately purchased to such perfection that, if I should die shortly, Bethesda may yet be provided for.

'As you have been such a benefactor, I thought proper to give you this particular account, that you may see it is not given in vain. I should enlarge, but have only room to subscribe myself, generous friend,

'Your most obedient servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

While benefactors were thanked with exuberant gratitude, detractors were quietly faced with an audited account of receipts and disbursements in behalf of the orphan-house. A very serious affair was auditing in these days, before the introduction of limited liability companies. First, Whitefield and Habersham were put upon oath that the accounts laid before the bailiffs contained, to the best of their knowledge, a just and true account of 'all monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the use and benefit of the said house; and that the disbursement had been faithfully applied to and for the use of the same.' Then comes the statement of the auditors, given upon oath :—

'*Savannah in Georgia.*'

'This day personally appeared before us Henry Parker and William Spencer, bailiffs of Savannah aforesaid, William Woodrooffe, William Ewen, and William Russell of Savannah aforesaid, who being duly sworn say, That they have carefully and strictly examined all and singular the accompts relating to the orphan-house in Georgia, contained in forty-one pages, in a book entitled, "Receipts and Disbursements for the orphan-house in Georgia," with the original bills, receipts, and other vouchers, from the fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, to the first of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-five; and that the monies received on account of the said orphan-house amounted to the sum of four thousand nine hundred eighty-two pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence sterling, as above; and that it doth not appear that the Reverend Mr. Whitefield hath converted any part

thereof to his own private use and property, or charged the said house with any of his travelling, or other private expenses; but, on the contrary, hath contributed to the said house many valuable benefactions; and that the monies disbursed on account of the said house amounted to the sum of five thousand five hundred eleven pounds, seventeen shillings and ninepence farthing sterling, as above, which we, in justice to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield and the managers of the said house, do hereby declare appear to us to be faithfully and justly applied to and for the use and benefit of the said house only.

'WILLIAM WOODROOFFE.
'WILLIAM EWEN.
'WILLIAM RUSSELL.

'Sworn this 16th day of April, 1746, before us, bailiffs of Savannah; in justification whereof we have hereunto fixed our hands and the common seal.

'HENRY PARKER.
'WILLIAM SPENCER.'

The return of spring saw him mounted for another excursion. The news of his coming spread from settlement to settlement; and when the early light of the fresh spring mornings flushed the sky, farmers and planters bestirred themselves, and prepared for a ride to the distant preaching place. Many a lonely forest-path and highway, striped with shadows of tall trees and bands of sunshine, was enlivened by groups of horsemen and solitary riders—some of them men of staunch piety, who longed after religious stimulus and instruction, and were going to the open glade as devoutly as ever David went up to Mount Zion; others of them men of heavy heart and sad countenance, who were getting their first insight into themselves and the mysteries of religion, and were uneasy as they saw the vision; and others again men of thoughtless spirit and easy life, who supposed that religion might very well be left to a more serious time than joyous days of health and vigour when the blood is warm, but who had a fancy to hear the far-famed

preacher; nor were wives and daughters absent from the bands of travellers. As they tied their neighing horses to the trees and hedges, and formed themselves into a great congregation, few sights could be either more picturesque or more impressive. All hearts were more or less accessible to the glowing eloquence of the evangelist, who pleaded before them, with tears and urgent words, the claims of his gracious and exalted Master on the trust and love of every soul of man. Holy thoughts were carried back home by many of the worldly as well as by many of the devout; and the plantation and farm began to give signs that a God-fearing man lived in the principal house on it.

But the evangelist's health soon began to suffer when the cool spring changed to sultry summer. American summers always exhausted him, and that of 1747 formed no exception. By the middle of May the heat was trying his 'wasting tabernacle,' but, he says, 'through Christ strengthening me, I intend persisting till I drop.' The condition of the southern colonies was so destitute, and his sense of the love of our Lord so vivid, that he carried out his purpose, and in five weeks made a circuit of five hundred miles; but by that time fever was consuming him, convulsions shaking him, and nervous colic and gravel griping him. Still his resolution was unbroken, and he says, 'I am sick and well, as I used to be in England; but the Redeemer fills me with comfort, and gives me to rejoice in His salvation day by day. I am determined in His strength to die fighting, and to go on till I drop! He is a Jesus worth dying for!' Three days afterwards he was compelled to yield a little. 'With great regret,' he says, 'I have omitted preaching one night, to oblige my friends, and purpose doing so once more, that they may not charge me with murdering myself; but I hope yet to die in the pulpit, or soon after I come out of it! Dying is exceeding pleasant to

me.' At length that which he dreaded came upon him; he could not preach. His chief solace was gone. It is with an infinite pathos that the burdened, harassed, persecuted man writes—'Tis hard to be silent; but I must be tried every way.' Compelled to hold his peace, he made his way as far north as New York, and there again resumed his beloved work. To follow him from this point would simply be to recount, with an alteration of the name of places, the experience of alternate sickness and partial recovery, of preaching and its pleasure, which has just been before us.

His attention had to be given to things in London, though his heart had become so united to America that he sometimes thought he should never again leave it. Cennick, who had quarrelled with Howel Harris, the chief manager of the Tabernacle, during Whitefield's absence, had gone over to the Moravians. Whitefield's letter to him upon that step is highly creditable both to his charity and good sense: he says—'I am sorry to hear there are yet disputings amongst us about brick walls. I was in hopes, after our contests of that kind about seven years ago, such a scene would never occur again; but I find fresh offences must come, to search out and discover to us fresh corruptions, to try our faith, teach us to cease from man, and to lean more upon Him who by His infinite wisdom and power will cause that "out of the eater shall come forth meat, and from the strong sweetness." I am glad you find yourself happy in the holy Jesus. I wish thee an increase of such dear-bought happiness every day, and pray that thy mouth may not be stopped, as others have been before thee, from publishing the glad tidings of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. It has been my meat and drink to preach among poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. May'st thou continue and abide in this plan, and whether I see thee or not, whether thou dost think of or

write to me any more, I wish thee much success, and shall always pray that the work of the Lord may prosper in thy hands.'

It is pleasant to know that old divisions were being healed, if, unfortunately, new ones were breaking out. The letter just quoted from, and others presently to be referred to, amply sustain the generous eulogy of his friend Charles Wesley:—

'When Satan strove the brethren to divide,
And turn their zeal to—"Who is on my side?"
One moment warmed with controversial fire,
He felt the spark as suddenly expire;
He felt revived the pure ethereal flame,
The love for all that bowed to Jesus' name,
Nor ever more would for opinions fight
With men whose life, like his, was in the right.
Though long by following multitudes admired,
No party for himself he e'er desired;
His one desire to make the Saviour known,
To magnify the name of Christ alone:
If others strove who should the greatest be,
No lover of pre-eminence was he,
Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
But joyed in theirs as in his own success,
His friends in honour to himself preferred;
And least of all in his own eyes appeared.'

On September 11, 1747, he wrote to John Wesley, and said:—

'Not long ago I received your kind letter, dated in February last. Your others, I believe, came to hand, and I hope ere now you have received my answer. My heart is really for an outward as well as an inward union. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring it about; but I cannot see how it can possibly be effected till we all think and speak the same things. I rejoice to hear that you and your brother are more moderate with respect to sinless perfection. Time and experience, I believe, will convince you that attaining such a state

in this life is not a doctrine of the everlasting gospel. As for universal redemption, if we omit on each side the talking for or against reprobation, which we may do fairly, and agree as we already do in giving an universal offer to all poor sinners that will come and taste the water of life, I think we may manage very well.'

The same day he wrote a shorter but perhaps still warmer letter to Charles: he says: —

'Both your letters and your prayers I trust have reached me. May mine reach you also, and then it will not be long ere we shall indeed be one fold under one Shepherd. However, if this should not be on earth, it will certainly be effected in heaven. Thither I trust we are hastening apace. Blessed be God that you are kept alive, and that your spiritual children are increasing. May they increase more and more! Jesus can maintain them all. He wills that His house should be full. Some have wrote me things to your disadvantage. I do not believe them. Love thinks no evil of a friend. Such are you to me. I love you most dearly. I could write to you much more, but time and business will not permit. You will see my letter to your dear brother. That you may be guided into all truth, turn thousands and tens of thousands more unto righteousness, and shine as the stars in the future world for ever and ever, is the hearty prayer of,

'Very dear sir, yours most affectionately, &c.

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

At the end of his summer's labours he turned his face again to Bethesda. A little riding tired him, but still he felt that near as he had been to the kingdom of heaven, some of his friends had prayed him back again into the world. His heart was all gratitude for the success of his word: 'the barren wilderness,' he says, 'was made to smile all the way.' What he did during the winter of 1747-8, whether he went about Georgia preaching to little companies, as in the days when he first entered the colony, at the same time watching the affairs of the

orphan-house, or rested to recruit himself, cannot be told. It is certain that in the spring following he was much weighed down with travelling, with care, and with his orphan-house debts—was in fact in such poor health that his friends advised him to try the air of Bermudas—

> 'That happy island where huge lemons grow,
> And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,
> Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
> Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
> On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
> So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
> None sickly lives, or dies before the time.'

Were we to judge of the clime of the Summer Islands by Whitefield's labours in them, Waller's praise might be taken for literal truth; but Whitefield was an energetic invalid. The diary of his two months' stay on the island is an agreeable renewal of that journal which he unfortunately ceased too soon to write. Its only remarkable difference from his general run of narrative is the half-amused way in which he records the wonder of the great men at his preaching without notes. A clergyman invalid who could preach twice a day, and travel considerable distances, was a great marvel, but a clergyman who used no 'minutes' in the pulpit was a greater. There was only one greater degree of marvel possible, and that would have been a clergyman preaching from notes to Kingswood colliers on Hannam Mount, to London rabble at Moorfields fair, to thirty thousand Scotchmen who were full of anxiety about their salvation, and holding them in rapt attention.

The following is the journal, somewhat abridged:—

'The simplicity and plainness of the people, together with the pleasant situation of the island, much delighted me. The Rev. Mr. Holiday, minister of Spanish Point, received me in a most affectionate and Christian manner, and begged I would

make his house my home. In the evening I expounded at the house of Mr. Savage, of Port Royal, which was very commodious, and which also he would have me make my home. I went with Mr. Savage, in a boat lent us by Captain ——, to the town of St. George, in order to pay our respects to the Governor. All along we had a most pleasant prospect of the other part of the island. One Mrs. Smith, of St. George's, for whom I had a letter of recommendation from my dear old friend, Mr. Smith, of Charles Town, received me into her house. About noon, with one of the Council and Mr. Savage, I waited upon the Governor. He received us courteously, and invited us to dine with him and the council at a tavern. We accepted the invitation, and all behaved with great civility and respect. After the Governor rose from table, he desired, if I stayed in town on the Sunday, that I would dine with him at his own house.

'Sunday, March 20.—Read prayers and preached twice this day, to what were esteemed here large auditories—in the morning at Spanish Point Church, and in the evening at Brackishpond Church, about two miles distant from each other. In the afternoon I spoke with greater freedom than in the morning, and I trust not altogether in vain. All were attentive; some wept. I dined with Colonel Butterfield, one of the council, and received several invitations to other gentlemen's houses. May God bless and reward them, and incline them to open their heart to receive the Lord Jesus! Amen, and Amen!

'Wednesday, March 23.—Dined with Captain Gibbs, and went from thence and expounded at the house of Captain F—le, at Hunbay, about two miles distant. The company was here also large, attentive, and affected. Our Lord gave me utterance; I expounded on the first part of the eighth chapter of Jeremiah. After lecture, Mr. Riddle, a counsellor, invited me to his house, as did Mr. Paul, an aged Presbyterian minister, to his pulpit; which I complied with upon condition the report was true that the Governor had served the ministers with an injunction that I should not preach in the churches.

'Sunday, March 27.—Glory be to God! I hope this has been a profitable Sabbath to many souls; it has been a pleasant one to mine. Both morning and afternoon I preached to a large auditory for Bermudas, in Mr. Paul's meeting-house, which, I

suppose, contains above four hundred. Abundance of Negroes, and many others, were in the vestry, porch, and about the house. The word seemed to be clothed with a convincing power, and to make its way into the hearts of the hearers. Between sermons I was entertained very civilly in a neighbouring house; Judge Bascome and three more of the council came thither; each gave me an invitation to his house. O how does the Lord make way for a poor stranger in a strange land! After the second sermon I dined with Mr. Paul; and, in the evening, expounded to a very large company at Counsellor Riddle's. My body was somewhat weak, but the Lord carried me through, and caused me to go to rest rejoicing. May I thus go to my grave, when my ceaseless, uninterrupted rest shall begin.

'Thursday, March 31.—Dined on Tuesday at Colonel Corbusier's, and on Wednesday at Colonel Gilbert's, both of the council, and found by what I could hear that some good had been done, and many prejudices removed. Who shall hinder, if God will work? Went to an island this afternoon called Ireland, upon which live a few families; and, to my surprise, found a great many gentlemen and other people, with my friend, Mr. Holiday, who came from different parts to hear me. Before I began preaching I went round to see a most remarkable cave, which very much displayed the exquisite workmanship of Him who in His strength setteth fast the mountains, and is girded about with power. Whilst I was in the cave, quite unexpectedly, I turned and saw Counsellor Riddle, who with his son came to hear me; and whilst we were in the boat, told me that he had been with the Governor, who declared he had no personal prejudice against me, and wondered I did not come to town and preach there, for it was the desire of the people; and that any house in the town, the court-house not excepted, should be at my service. Thanks be to God for so much favour! If His cause requires it I shall have more. He knows my heart; I value the favour of man no further than as it makes room for the gospel, and gives me a larger scope to promote the glory of God. There being no capacious house upon the island, I preached for the first time in the open air; all heard very attentively, and it was very pleasant after sermon to see so many boats full of people returning from the worship of God.

I talked seriously to some in our own boat, and began to sing a psalm, in which they readily joined.

'Wednesday, April 6.—Preached yesterday at the house of Mr. Anthony Smith, of Baylis Bay, with a considerable degree of warmth, and rode afterwards to St. George's, the only town on the island. The gentlemen of the town had sent me an invitation by Judge Bascome, and he with several others came to visit me at my lodgings, and informed me that the Governor desired to see me. About ten I waited upon his Excellency, who received me with great civility, and told me he had no objection against my person or my principles, having never yet heard me, and he knew nothing in respect to my conduct in moral life that might prejudice him against me; but his instructions were to let none preach in the island, unless he had a written licence to preach somewhere in America or the West Indies; at the same time he acknowledged it was but a matter of mere form. I informed his Excellency that I had been regularly inducted to the parish of Savannah; that I was ordained priest by letters dimissory from my lord of London, and under no Church censure from his lordship; and would always read the Church prayers, if the clergy would give me the use of their churches. I added further, that a minister's pulpit was looked upon as his freehold, and that I knew one clergyman who had denied his own diocesan the use of his pulpit. But I told his Excellency I was satisfied with the liberty he allowed me, and would not act contrary to his injunction. I then begged leave to be dismissed, because I was to preach at eleven o'clock. His Excellency said he intended to do himself the pleasure to hear me. At eleven the church bell rung, the church bible, prayer-book, and cushion were sent to the town-house. The Governor, several of the Council, the minister of the parish, and Assembly men, with a great number of townspeople assembled in great order. I was very sick, through a cold I catched last night; but I read the Church prayers—the first lesson was 1 Samuel xv.—and preached on these words, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Being weak and faint, and having much of the headache, I did not do that justice to my subject as I sometimes am enabled to do; but the Lord so helped me, that, as I found afterwards, the Governor and the other gentlemen expressed their approbation,

and acknowledged they did not expect to be so well entertained. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto Thy free grace be all the glory![1]

'After sermon, Dr. F——bs and Mr. P——t, the collector, came to me, and desired me to favour them and the gentlemen of the town with my company to dine with them. I accepted the invitation. The Governor, and the President, and Judge Bascome were there. All wondered at my speaking so freely and fluently without notes. The Governor asked me whether I used minutes; I answered, No. He said it was a great gift. At table his Excellency introduced something of religion by asking me the meaning of the word Hades. Several other things were started, about free-will, Adam's fall, predestination, &c., to all which God enabled me to answer so pertinently, and taught me to mix the *utile* and *dulce* so together, that all at table seemed highly pleased, shook me by the hand, and invited me to their respective houses. The Governor, in particular, asked me to dine with him on the morrow; and Dr. F——b, one of his particular intimates, invited me to drink tea in the afternoon. I thanked all, returned proper respects, and went to my lodgings with some degree of thankfulness for the assistance vouchsafed me, and abased before God at the consideration of my own unworthiness. In the afternoon, about five o'clock, I expounded the parable of the prodigal son to many people at a private house; and, in the evening, had liberty to speak freely and closely to those that supped with me. O that this may be the beginning of good gospel times to the inhabitants of this town! Lord, teach me to deal prudently with them, and cause them to melt under Thy word.

'Friday, April 8.—Preached yesterday with great clearness and freedom to about fourscore people at a house on David's island, over against St. George's Town; went and lay at Mr. Holiday's, who came in a boat to fetch me; and this day I heard him preach and read prayers, after which I took the sacrament from him. Honest man, he would have had me administer and officiate; but I chose not to do it, lest I should

[1] This is the only instance I remember of Whitefield's saying anything about the quality of his sermons. His mind was always concerned about the power with which they were preached, and the good they did.

bring him into trouble after my departure. However, in the afternoon, I preached at one Mr. Tod's, in the same parish, to a very large company indeed. The Lord was with me. My heart was warm; and what went from the heart, I trust went to the heart, for many were affected. O that they may be converted also! Then will it be a Good Friday indeed to their souls.

'Sunday, May 1.—This morning was a little sick, but I trust God gave us a happy beginning of the new month. I preached twice with power, especially in the morning, to a very great congregation in the meeting-house; and in the evening, having given previous notice, I preached about four miles distant, in the fields, to a large company of Negroes, and a number of white people who came to hear what I had to say to them. I believe in all there were near fifteen hundred people. As the sermon was intended for the Negroes, I gave the auditory warning that my discourse would be chiefly directed to them, and that I should endeavour to imitate the example of Elijah, who, when he was about to raise the child, contracted himself to its length. The Negroes seemed very sensible and attentive. When I asked them whether all of them did not desire to go to heaven? one of them, with a very audible voice, said, "Yes, sir." This caused a little smiling, but, in general, everything was carried on with great decency; and I believe the Lord enabled me so to discourse as to touch the Negroes, and yet not to give them the least umbrage to slight or behave imperiously to their masters. If ever a minister in preaching need the wisdom of the serpent to be joined with the harmlessness of the dove, it must be when discoursing to Negroes. Vouchsafe me this favour, O God, for Thy dear Son's sake!

'Monday, May 2.—Upon inquiry I found that some of the Negroes did not like my preaching, because I told them of their cursing, swearing, thieving, and lying. One or two of the worst of them, as I was informed, went away. Some said they would not go any more; they liked Mr. M——r better, for he never told them of these things; and I said their hearts were as black as their faces. They expected, they said, to hear me speak against their masters. Blessed be God that I was directed not to say anything this first time to the

masters at all, though my text led to it. It might have been of bad consequence to tell them their duty, or charge them too roundly with the neglect of it, before their slaves. They would mind all I said to their masters, and, perhaps, nothing that I said to them. Everything is beautiful in its season. Lord, teach me always that due season, wherever I am called, to give either black or white a portion of Thy word! However, others of the poor creatures, I hear, were very thankful, and came home to their masters' houses, saying that they would strive to sin no more. Poor hearts! These different accounts affected me; and, upon the whole, I could not help rejoicing to find that their consciences were so far awake.

'Saturday, May 7.—In my conversation these two days with some of my friends, I was much diverted in hearing several things that passed among the poor Negroes since my preaching to them last Sunday. One of the women, it seems, said, "that if the book I preached out of was the best book that ever was bought at and came out of London, she was sure it never had all in it which I spoke to the Negroes." The old man who spoke out loud last Sunday, and said "Yes," when I asked them whether all the Negroes would not go to heaven, being questioned by somebody why he spoke out so, answered, "That the gentleman put the question once or twice to them, and the other fools had not the manners to make me any answer, till, at last, I seemed to point to him, and he was ashamed that nobody should answer me, and therefore he did." Another, wondering why I said, "Negroes had black hearts," was answered by his black brother thus—"Ah, thou fool, dost thou not understand it? He means black with sin." Two more, girls, were overheard by their mistress talking about religion, and they said, "They knew if they did not repent, they must be damned." From all which I infer, that these Bermudas Negroes are more knowing than I supposed; that their consciences are awake and consequently prepared, in a good measure, for hearing the gospel preached unto them.

'Sunday, May 15.—Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within thee praise His holy name! This morning I preached my farewell sermon at Mr. Paul's meeting-house; it was quite full, and, as the President said, above one hundred and fifty whites, besides blacks, were round the house. Attention sat

on every face; and when I came to take my leave, oh! what a sweet unaffected weeping was there to be seen everywhere. I believe there were few dry eyes. The Negroes without doors, I heard, wept plentifully. My own heart was affected; and though I have parted from friends so often, yet I find every fresh parting almost unmans me, and very much affects my heart. Surely a great work is begun in some souls at Bermudas. Carry it on, O Lord; and if it be Thy will, send me to this dear people again! Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen.

'Sunday, May 22.—Blessed be God, the little leaven thrown into the three measures of meal begins to ferment and work almost every day for the week past. I have conversed with souls loaded with a sense of their sins, and, as far as I can judge, really pricked to the heart. I preached only three times, but to almost three times larger auditories than usual. Indeed, the fields are white, ready unto harvest. God has been pleased to bless private visits. Go where I will, upon the least notice, houses are crowded, and the poor souls that follow are soon drenched in tears. This day I took, as it were, another farewell. As the ship did not sail, I preached at Somerset in the morning, to a large congregation in the fields, and expounded in the evening to as large a one at Mr. Harvey's house, round which stood many hundreds of people. But in the morning and the evening how did the poor souls weep! The Lord seemed to be with me in a peculiar manner; and though I was ready to die with heat and straining, yet I was enabled to speak louder and with greater power, I think, than I have been before. Gifts and grace, especially in the evening, were both in exercise. After the service, when I lay down on the bed to rest, many came weeping bitterly around me, and took their last farewell. Though my body was very weak, yet my soul was full of comfort. It magnified the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour. Abundance of prayers and blessings were put up for my safe passage to England, and speedy return to Bermudas again. May they enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! For, God willing, I intend visiting these dear people once more. In the meanwhile, with all humility and thankfulness of heart, will I here, O Lord, set up my Ebenezer; for hitherto surely Thou hast helped me! I cannot help thinking that I was led to this

island by a peculiar Providence. My dear friend, Mr. Smith of Charles Town, has been made especially instrumental thereto. Thanks be to the Lord for sending me hither. I have been received in a manner which I dared not expect, and have met with little, very little, opposition indeed. The inhabitants seem to be plain and open-hearted. They have also been open-handed. For they have loaded me with provisions for my sea store; and in the several parishes, by a large voluntary contribution, have raised me upwards of a hundred pounds sterling. This will pay a little of Bethesda's debt, and enable me to make such a remittance to my dear yoke-fellow, as may keep her from being embarrassed, or too much beholden in my absence. Blessed be God for bringing me out of my embarrassments by degrees! May the Lord reward all my benefactors a thousandfold! I hear that what was given was given exceeding heartily, and people only lamented they could do no more.'

The voyage home was not to be without alarms, though it proved, on the whole, both rapid and pleasant. Those dreadful men-of-war were hanging about like hungry sharks; on the first day of the voyage one of them gave chase; and when the 'Betsy' approached the English Channel, where they swarmed, 'a large French vessel shot twice at, and bore down upon us. We gave up all for gone.' But some pang of compassion or panic of fear seized the Frenchman, and he turned about, and left his trembling prey unhurt.

Whitefield might not preach during this voyage, because his health was so impaired. He says, 'This may spare my lungs, but it grieves my heart. I long to be ashore, if it was for no other reason. Besides, I can do but little in respect to my writing. You may guess how it is when we have four gentlewomen in the cabin!' However, he did write, and finished his abridgement of Law's 'Serious Call,' which he endeavoured to 'gospelise.' His journals, too, were revised; and in reference to that work, he makes some remarks which will illustrate his

ingenuousness of temper. The revision had brought under his notice many things that his maturer judgment, and calmer, though not less earnest, spirit could not but disapprove of. 'Alas! alas!' he says, 'in how many things have I judged and acted wrong. I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters, both of places and persons. Being fond of Scripture language, I have often used a style too Apostolical, and at the same time I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wild fire has been mixed with it; and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have likewise too much made inward impressions my rule of acting, and too soon and too explicitly published what had been better kept in longer, or told after my death. By these things I have given some wrong touches to God's ark, and hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and also stirred up endless opposition. This has humbled me much since I have been on board, and made me think of a saying of Mr. Henry's, "Joseph had more honesty than he had policy, or he never would have told his dreams." At the same time, I cannot but bless and praise and magnify that good and gracious God, who filled me with so much of His holy fire, and carried me, a poor weak youth, through such a torrent both of popularity and contempt, and set so many seals to my unworthy ministrations. I bless Him for ripening my judgment a little more, for giving me to see and confess, and I hope in some degree to correct and amend, some of my mistakes. I thank God for giving me grace to embark in such a blessed cause, and pray Him to give me strength to hold on and increase in zeal and love to the end.'

He had been made to prove the truth of one of his wise remarks, 'God always makes use of strong passions for a great work.' Strong passions have great dangers;

but he was now beginning to understand how to rule them with a stern hand. Less robust in health than when he last returned from America, and less disposed to contend with those who differed from him, but not a whit less zealous or self-sacrificing, only showing the first tints of mellow ripeness in all goodness, he stepped again upon English soil on July 6, 1748.

CHAPTER XI.

July, 1748–1752.

APPOINTED CHAPLAIN TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON—A SLAVE OWNER.

THE English newspapers, Whitefield learned on his arrival in England, had interred him as early as April in that year. From the people he found a welcome the very reverse of that which had pained him seven years before. Thousands received him with a joy that almost overcame both him and them. Their love and devotion to him humbled him to the dust. The damaged fortunes of the Tabernacle instantly revived, when he resumed the pulpit and the management of affairs. One church also, St. Bartholomew's, was open to him; and there he preached to immense congregations, and assisted in administering the sacrament to a thousand communicants. Moorfields was as white as ever to the harvest.

Many tender memories were awakened by the return home; and his affectionate heart yearned towards his family and his friends. Though his mother had remained silent during all his long absence, and he had vainly entreated a letter from her, one of his first acts was to remember her, and announce by a letter his arrival. A kindly greeting was sent to Wesley. Hervey, one of Whitefield's converts, the author of 'Meditations among the Tombs,' was complimented on his appearance as an author, and encouraged to persevere, because his writings were so adapted to the taste of the polite world. Times have greatly changed since then, and taste too. Thus he tried to keep his place in hearts that had once received him.

An unexpected call was made upon him on the occasion of this return. Howel Harris had instructions to take him, as soon as he landed, to the house of the Countess of Huntingdon, at Chelsea. That remarkable woman was already well acquainted with the power of his oratory over popular assemblies, for she had often seen and felt it; now she wanted to see what it could avail in her drawing-room upon the hearts of high-born ladies and gentlemen. I cannot say what kind of an audience he had when he preached in her house the first two times, but after the second service, the Countess wrote to inform him that several of the nobility wished to hear him, if he would come again. In a few days a brilliant circle was gathered around him; and he spoke to them with all his usual unaffected earnestness and natural gracefulness, while they listened with attention and some degree of emotion. The Earl of Chesterfield thanked him and paid him one of his studied, high-mannered compliments at the close: 'Sir,' he said, 'I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you.' Bolingbroke was afterwards prevailed upon to come; 'he sat like an archbishop;' and at the conclusion condescended to assure Whitefield that he had done great justice to the Divine attributes in his discourse. Hume, also, became an admirer of this eloquence, which had a charm for colliers and peers; in his opinion Whitefield was the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. He gives a remarkable instance of the effect with which Whitefield once employed apostrophe, not, of course, in the drawing-room at Chelsea. 'Once, after a solemn pause, he thus addressed his audience:—"The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his way?" To give the greater

effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher.'

Within a fortnight, the Countess added his name to the number of her chaplains, of whom Romaine was the first.[1]

This work among the nobility will shortly demand attention again; and in the meantime, we notice, in few words, that, besides a flying visit to Wales this autumn, he paid a third visit to Scotland; where he had to mourn the death of many of his foremost friends, and endure the usual ecclesiastical torment about church government. Two Synods—Glasgow and Perth—and a Presbytery—Edinburgh—wrangled, or as they thought, had a holy contending, about him, whether ministers should be prohibited or discouraged from employing him. 'The more I was blackened,' he says, 'the more the Redeemer comforted me.' At Glasgow, common sense and Christian feeling triumphed by a majority of fourteen out of forty.

The hearts of the multitude responded to him as before; and his visit gave him great cause for joy and thankfulness.

One symptom began to show itself on his return, which was premonitory of sad mischief. When he went into Scotland, and began to preach, he suffered

[1] The foreign element was conspicuous among the principal men of the Methodist movement. Romaine's father was a French refugee, who sought the protection of this country after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; Cennick was perhaps of Bohemian extraction; and Fletcher, saintliest of men, was a Swiss. Doddridge also, among the Dissenters, was the grandson, on his mother's side, of the Rev. John Beauman, who fled from Prague in 1626, on account of religious troubles into which Bohemia was thrown by the expulsion of Frederick, Elector Palatine.

from a very severe hoarseness; and when he reached Topcliff, on his way back, he wrote to a friend, 'Though I do not preach, yet I hope I am preparing for it. Reading, prayer, and meditation are three necessary ingredients. Riding, and getting proper rest have recruited me; but I am apt to believe that I have strained myself inwardly. I feel sensible pain in my breath. But no matter; it is for a good Master, who bore inexpressible pain for me.' That pain was to become a grievous burden through many years of incredible labour. It was too late now to take the prudential measures which he felt were necessary even before he started for Scotland.

As soon as he reached London, November 10, Lady Huntingdon came to town, and made arrangements for him to preach in her house to 'the great and noble.' As her name and his become inseparably associated from this time forward to the end of his life, it is time to indicate her religious position. Lady Selina Shirley was born on August 24, 1707—seven years before Whitefield—and was married to Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, on June 3, 1728. She entered heartily into the pleasures and duties of her high station, was often at court, took a lively interest in politics, and cared for the poor on her husband's estate. She determined to win the favour of the Almighty and everlasting life simply by her attention to moral maxims, without any reference to our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone is life. It happened, however, that Lady Magaret Hastings, one of her husband's sisters, came under the influence of those new doctrines which were winning such remarkable triumphs; and not only so, she became an earnest and affectionate teacher of them to her family and friends. Among other things she one day made a remark to the Countess which produced a deep impression; it was this, 'That since she had known and believed in the Lord

Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel.' The Countess knew that she herself could pretend to no such joy. The thought haunted her, and made her resolve to live a more religious life, which, according to her notions, was to multiply her good works and increase her austerities. This brought her no relief. A dangerous illness then fell upon her; she was brought nigh to death; the prospect was terrible; her conscience was restless; and no remembrance of her almsgivings and fastings could calm it. Then Lady Margaret's words came back into her mind with fresh meaning and force; and she learned that Jesus Christ is our life and our salvation. Her illness left her, and she arose to enter upon a career as remarkable as that of any peeress of England.

The change was soon manifest; nor were court beauties, such as the Duchess of Buckingham, well pleased to see it. They thought that the Earl might very properly exert his authority to unconvert her; for it was not to be borne that the Methodists should gain a countess. The Earl did not care to undertake the task, but thought that a conversation with his former tutor, Bishop Benson, might do her good, and accordingly recommended her to see his lordship. The bishop came, but to a much harder task than he had anticipated. Turning to the Scriptures, to the articles and the homilies, the neophyte preached to him his duties in a style not familiar to bishops' ears: she would not relax her devotion; he must increase his. The kind man was ruffled, and was departing in haste, and in anger at having ever laid hands on Whitefield, whom he blamed for the conversion of the Countess, when her ladyship said in her own firm way, 'My lord! mark my words: when you are on your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence.'

The Earl of Huntingdon, who rather yielded to his wife's religious zeal than toned it down to harmonise with

his colder feelings, died on October 13, 1746, leaving the Countess in command of immense wealth, and free to carry out her wishes without interference from anyone. Everything favoured her assumption of that position which she was soon to gain, and towards which she took her first decisive step, when, in 1748, she appointed Whitefield her chaplain. Liberal to profusion in her gifts, arbitrary in temper, Calvinistic in creed, consummate in administrative ability, devout in spirit, and thoroughly consecrated to the glory of Christ, she was unmistakably the proper leader of the Calvinistic side of the Methodist body. Whitefield might be its great preacher, but he could not, and cared not to form a party. The Countess must form any organisation that might be required.

And how did Whitefield bear all this strange change of circumstances? I wish I could say that he bore it as well as he took Adam Gib's pamphlet, or the pelting at Moorfields. View it from any standpoint, still his manner towards the Countess does not look manly and dignified. That he never resigned his independence, and that he never bore any of that arbitrariness which some ministers revolted against, some endured, and others treated with good-tempered indifference, is certain; but he did use a strain of address to his new friend which is most painful to read. He was, at this time, abandoning some of his apostolical language: pity that he should have compensated himself by fixing on the title, 'elect lady,' and using it till his death, as his description of the good Countess. He used to advise his friends 'to be servant-like, but not servile;' pity that in this case he did not observe the distinction with due care. Yet there are many allowances to be made, and it is only just to him to keep them in mind. His boyhood and his youth had been spent in service which, we may easily believe, left some impression both on his mind and his manner; the

first in waiting upon customers at a common bar; the second in attending to the wants of young men whom he ought to have met as their equal, if their polished manners and independent bearing were to be of service to him; whereas these advantages may have made him feel his own disadvantages all the more deeply, and caused him to use a more deferential tone than was quite healthy for his manliness. A far deeper reason—*the* reason, in fact—lay in his humble opinion of himself, which was rooted in his intense religiousness. None was of poorer spirit; none more freely accounted himself the servant of all; none was filled with more gratitude and wonder, when the least kindness was shown him by the humblest person. He thought that he ought to serve everyone, carry their burdens, and weep for their losses; but never seemed to think that his brother was under the same obligation to him. He was honoured, privileged, if any one would let him serve him. Throughout the whole of his life he never thought himself a person of any consequence, or prided himself on his unrivalled powers: all was enjoyed and used with the simplicity of a little child. The slightest attention to his wants, even if paid by a Negro, would evoke boundless gratitude, which he always expressed in the warmest terms. It was no uncommon thing for him to be filled with such mean thoughts of himself as to make him surprised that the crowds did not stone him. Many a time he said that he could wash Wesley's feet. The disagreeable parts of the following letter are due to anything but vanity, or I have misread him in every position in life, as well as in this, among the nobility. Besides, it should never be forgotten, that he used as much plainness of speech on religious subjects with the rich as with the poor—and his plainness was very plain indeed.

'August 21, 1748.

'Honoured Madam,—I received your ladyship's letter late last night, and write this to inform your ladyship that I am

quite willing to comply with your invitation. As I am to preach, God willing, at St. Bartholomew's, on Wednesday evening, I will wait upon your ladyship the next morning, and spend the whole day at Chelsea. Blessed be God that the rich and great begin to have an hearing ear. I think it is a good sign that our Lord intends to give to some at least an obedient heart. Surely your ladyship and Madam E. are only the first-fruits. May you increase and multiply! I believe you will. How wonderfully does our Redeemer deal with souls! If they will hear the gospel only under a ceiled roof, ministers shall be sent to them there. If only in a church, or a field, they shall have it there. A word in the lesson, when I was last at your ladyship's struck me—"Paul preached privately to those that were of reputation." This must be the way, I presume, of dealing with the nobility who yet know not the Lord. O that I may be enabled, when called upon to preach to any of them, so to preach as to win their souls to the blessed Jesus! I know that your ladyship will pray that it may be so. As for my poor prayers, such as they are, your ladyship hath them every day. That the blessed Jesus may make your ladyship happily instrumental in bringing many of the noble and mighty to the saving knowledge of His eternal Self, and water your own soul every moment, is the continual request of, honoured madam,

'Your ladyship's most obliged, obedient, humble servant,
'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

In a letter to Wesley, written a week later, he thus refers to the question of union: 'What have you thought about an union? I am afraid an external one is impracticable. I find by your sermons that we differ in principles more than I thought; and I believe we are upon two different plans. My attachment to America will not permit me to abide very long in England; consequently, I should but weave a Penelope's web if I formed societies; and if I should form them I have not proper assistants to take care of them. I intend, therefore, to go about preaching the gospel to every creature. You, I suppose, are for settling societies everywhere: but more of this when we meet.'

The following are some of the 'great and noble' who came to the preaching in the drawing-room of the Countess of Huntingdon: — The Duchess of Argyll, Lady Betty Campbell, Bubb Doddington, George Selwyn, the Duchess of Montagu, Lady Cardigan, Lord Townshend, Charles Townshend, Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Pitt, Lord North, Lord Sandwich. The doctrines which Whitefield taught found other believers besides the Countess. Lord St. John, half-brother of Bolingbroke, seems to have been a convert. His last words, spoken to the clergyman who attended him, were—'To God I commit myself: I feel how unworthy I am; but He died to save sinners, and the prayer of my heart now to Him is, God be merciful to me a sinner.' Lady Huntingdon observes, in a letter to Whitefield, to whom she is recounting St. John's last hours, 'This, my good friend, is the first-fruits of that plenteous harvest which I trust the great Husbandman will yet reap amongst the nobility of our land. Thus the great Lord of the harvest hath put honour on your ministry, and hath given my heart an encouraging token of the utility of our feeble efforts. Oh that He may crown them still more abundantly with His blessing! Some, I trust, are savingly awakened, while many are inquiring. My Lord Bolingbroke was much struck with his brother's language in his last moments. I have not seen him since, but am told he feels deeply. Oh that the obdurate heart of this desperate infidel may yet be shook to its very centre; may his eyes be opened by the illuminating influence of divine truth, and may the Lord Jesus Christ be revealed to his heart as the hope of glory and immortal bliss hereafter! I tremble for his destiny: he is a singularly awful character; and I am fearfully alarmed lest that gospel which he so heartily despises, yet affects to reverence, should prove eventually the savour of death unto death to his immortal soul.'

Bolingbroke was only moved so far as to offer himself as a champion of the Calvinistic doctrines; not that he cared for them, but they had a philosophical side, and he would not object to stand as the philosopher of Calvinistic Methodism! 'You may command my pen when you will,' he said to the Countess; 'it shall be drawn in your service. For, admitting the Bible to be true, I shall have little apprehension of maintaining the doctrines of predestination and grace against all your revilers.' What would have been the issue of a contest between Wesley and his lordship on the five points?

The eccentric Lady Townshend was one of the first to admire Whitefield's oratory; and probably she did so quite as much because such admiration was unusual among her friends as because the oratory was noble and commanding. When her freakish fancy pointed to an opposite course, she was equally ready to dislike and disparage her favourite. With equal facility could she turn Papist as Methodist; a cathedral or a tabernacle for her place of worship, it mattered not which, if she pleased her whim. Horace Walpole tells a characteristic story about her. 'Have you heard,' he says, 'the great loss the Church of England has had? It is not avowed, but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, as George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner, at half an hour after four, he saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Carracioli's chapel; he watched—saw her go in—her footman laughed—he followed; she went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion, she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up and knelt by her—conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her! In his most demure voice, he said, "Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our Church?" She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No; she cer-

tainly means to go armed with every viaticum: the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth!' Once Whitefield cherished some hope of her conversion, through a serious illness which she had; and as late as 1775 Lady Huntingdon wrote to her, when she was again in a similar condition, and evidently indulged in hopes such as had previously buoyed Whitefield up. She seemed to prefer Methodism for times of trial.

The Countess of Suffolk was neither so calmly impartial as Bolingbroke nor so obligingly changeful as Lady Townshend. Her circumstances—the loss of her husband and her only son—at the time that Lady Guildford took her to the Countess's to hear the Methodist chaplain, might have been thought favourable to her acceptance of the truths of religion; but she was stung and enraged by every word which Whitefield, ignorant both of her presence and her condition, said. Her self-control gave way as soon as he withdrew, at the close of the service. She then abused Lady Huntingdon to her face, in the presence of the illustrious congregation, and 'denounced the sermon as a deliberate attack upon herself.' Her relatives who were present—Lady Betty Germain, Lady Eleanor Bertie, and the Duchess Dowager of Ancaster—attempted in vain alternately to pacify her, by explaining to her that she was mistaken, and to silence her by command. Thinking herself insulted, she would not for some time hear reason; but at length she was prevailed upon to apologise, though only with a bad grace, to Lady Huntingdon for her rudeness. She was never seen again among Whitefield's hearers, nor did she ever really forgive the Countess; on her death-bed she denied the Countess permission to come and speak with her.

Lady Fanny Shirley, an aunt of Lady Huntingdon, the friend and neighbour of Pope, and the rival of Lady

Mary Wortley Montague, became, through the efforts of the Countess Delitz, a conspicuous member of the aristocratic Methodist circle, and had her change of mind duly chronicled in the gossiping letters of Walpole. 'If you ever think of returning to England,' he writes to Sir Horace Mann, 'as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe by that time it will be necessary; this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttleton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest.'

There can be no doubt that Walpole spoke the truth, both about the rapid increase of Methodism and its love for 'big sinners;' and some one who shared his alarm at its advance, through the popularity and success of Whitefield, even ventured to suggest to the king that the preacher should be restrained. 'I believe the best way,' said the king, 'will be to make a bishop of him!'

The Countess of Huntingdon told Mr. Barry, R.A., a story which confirms the sneer about big sinners. He reports it thus:—'Some ladies called one Saturday morning to pay a visit to Lady Huntingdon, and during the visit her ladyship inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach. Upon being answered in the negative, she said, I wish you would hear him; he is to preach to-morrow evening at such a church or chapel, the name of which the writer forgets—nor is it material. They promised her ladyship they would certainly attend. They were as good as their word; and upon calling on the Monday morning on her ladyship, she anxiously inquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield on the previous evening, and how they liked him. The reply was, "Oh,

my lady, of all the preachers we ever heard, he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things—would your ladyship believe it?—he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners that He did not object to receive even the devil's castaways. Now, my lady, did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born?" To which her ladyship made the following reply—"There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before; but as Mr. Whitefield is below in the parlour, we'll have him up, and let him answer for himself." Upon his coming up into the drawing-room, Lady Huntingdon said—"Mr. Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should come up and defend yourself. They say that in your sermon last evening, in speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms: That so ready was Christ to receive sinners who came to Him, that he was willing to receive even the devil's castaways." Mr. Whitefield immediately replied, "I certainly, my lady, must plead guilty to the charge; whether I did what was right or otherwise, your ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-looking aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the following manner: —"I believe, sir, you preached last evening at such a chapel?" "Yes, I did." "Ah, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of that chapel, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing—I went in; and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receiving the

devil's castaways. Now, sir, I have been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in his service, that I think I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?" Mr. Whitefield assured her there was no doubt of it, if she was but willing to go to Him. From the sequel, it appeared that it was the case, and that it ended in the sound conversion of this poor creature; and Lady Huntingdon was assured from most respectable authority, that the woman left a very charming testimony behind her that, though her sins had been of a crimson hue, the atoning blood of Christ had washed them white as snow.'

Whitefield's labours among the rich were relieved by the more congenial work of visiting some of the provincial towns. From Gloucester he wrote a letter to the Trustees of Georgia, which is painful to read, for its defence of slavery; nay, worse than that, its entreaty that slavery might be introduced where it did not already exist. The profit of the slave-trade was now becoming so great that all who had any interest in its extension were clamouring to have restrictions removed. The mercenary spirit was blind and deaf to the griefs and wrongs of the poor Africans; and it is deplorable that Whitefield, one of the most generous and self-denying of men, should have been affected with the popular tone of thought and feeling. It was often said, when slavery was the domestic institution of America, that contact with it too frequently dulled conscience, and turned anti-slavery men into pro-slavery men; and from that letter which, under the first burst of indignation at the sight of shameful cruelties, Whitefield wrote to the inhabitants of South Carolina, it would seem that he was no exception to the rule. His letter to the Trustees protests his interest in the welfare of the colony; but could he have seen the result of his policy, as it is now to be traced, in the blood and shame of the Negro, through many weary years, he

would have counted himself Georgia's worst enemy. His name has an unhappy distinction as the most famous of all who tried to turn Georgia into a Slave State. The following is his letter:—

'*To the Honourable Trustees of Georgia.*

'Gloucester, December 6, 1748.

'Honoured gentlemen,—Not want of respect, but a suspicion that my letters would not be acceptable, has been the occasion of my not writing to you these four years last past. I am sensible that in some of my former letters, through hurry of business, want of more experience, and in all probability too great an opinion of my sufficiency, I expressed myself in too strong, and sometimes unbecoming, terms. For this I desire to be humbled before God and man, knowing that, Peter like, by a misguided zeal, I have cut off, as it were, those ears which otherwise might have been open to what I had to offer. However, I can assure you, honoured gentlemen, to the best of my knowledge I have acted a disinterested part, and, notwithstanding my manifold mistakes and imprudence, I have simply aimed at God's glory and the good of mankind. This principle drew me first to Georgia; this, and this alone, induced me to begin and carry on the scheme of the Orphan House; and this, honoured gentlemen, excites me to trouble you with the present lines.

'I need not inform you, honoured gentlemen, how the colony of Georgia has been declining for these many years last past, and at what great disadvantages I have maintained a large family in that wilderness, through the providence of a good and gracious God. Upwards of five thousand pounds have been expended in that undertaking, and yet very little proficiency made in the cultivation of my tract of land, and that entirely owing to the necessity I lay under of making use of white hands. Had a Negro been allowed, I should now have had a sufficiency to support a great many orphans, without expending above half the sum which hath been laid out. An unwillingness to let so good a design drop, and having a rational conviction that it must necessarily, if some other method was not fixed upon to prevent it,—these two considerations, honoured

gentlemen, prevailed on me, about two years ago, through the bounty of my good friends, to purchase a plantation in South Carolina, where Negroes are allowed. Blessed be God, this plantation hath succeeded; and though at present I have only eight working hands, yet in all probability there will be more raised in one year, and with a quarter the expense, than has been produced at Bethesda for several years last past. This confirms me in the opinion I have entertained for a long time, that Georgia never can or will be a flourishing province without Negroes are allowed. But, notwithstanding my private judgment, I am determined that not one of mine shall ever be allowed to work at the Orphan House till I can do it in a legal manner, and by the approbation of the honourable Trustees. My chief end in writing this is to inform you, honourable gentlemen, of the matter of fact, and to let you know that I am as willing as ever to do all I can for Georgia and the Orphan House, if either a limited use of Negroes is approved of, or some other indented servants sent over. If not, I cannot promise to keep any large family, or cultivate the plantation in any considerable manner. My strength must necessarily be taken to the other side. I would also further recommend it to your consideration, honourable gentlemen, whether or not, as the Orphan House was and is intended for a charitable purpose, it ought not to be exempted from all quit-rents and public taxes, as I believe is customary universally for such institutions to be. And as most of the land on which the Orphan House is built is good for little, I would humbly inquire whether I may not have a grant for five hundred more acres that are not taken up, somewhere near the Orphan House? My intention is, if you, honourable gentlemen, are pleased to put the colony upon another footing—I mean in respect to the permission of a limited use of Negroes—to make the Orphan House not only a receptacle for fatherless children, but also a place of literature and academical studies. Such a place is much wanted in the southern parts of America, and, if conducted in a proper manner, must necessarily be of great service to any colony. I can easily procure proper persons to embark in such a cause, and I do not know but several families would go over, supposing I could give them a probable prospect of a support upon their honest industry. I could say more, but I

fear I have been already too prolix. I humbly recommend what has been urged to your consideration, and beg leave to subscribe myself, honourable gentlemen,

'Your most obedient, humble servant,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

Whitefield is seen, at the end of 1748, in kindly and close communion with the two foremost Nonconformists of his day. On November 25, he called at Lady Abney's to see Dr. Watts, who described himself as 'a waiting servant of Christ.' He helped to raise the venerable man to take some medicine; and within half an hour of his departure from the house, the 'servant' had ceased his 'waiting,' and entered into 'the joy of his Lord.'

Whitefield's letter to Doddridge, on December 21, is full of brotherly sympathy with the doctor in his troubles through the Moravians, who had disturbed his congregation. Whitefield had felt all the annoyance of having his work damaged and broken by meddling men, and could thoroughly enter into Doddridge's feelings. He speaks as a chastened, humbled, submissive, and charitably-minded man, not blaming his troublers more than he condemns himself, and gratefully acknowledging the personal benefit that their conduct, under the divine blessing, had been to him. It is with touching humility that he refers to those dark days when he came from America and found his converts turned against him. He says—'The Moravians first divided my family, then my parish at Georgia, and after that the societies which, under God, I was an instrument of gathering. I suppose not less than four hundred, through their practices, have left the Tabernacle. But I have been forsaken other ways. I have not had above an hundred to hear me where I had twenty thousand, and hundreds now assemble within a quarter of a mile of me who never come to see or speak to me, though they must own at the great day that I

was their spiritual father. All this I find but little enough to teach me to cease from man, and to wean me from that too great fondness which spiritual fathers are apt to have for their spiritual children.'

It is not less pleasant to find Whitefield and his old tutor together again at Bristol. Dr. R—— was now a prebendary, and when Whitefield called upon him he received him gladly. They talked about the Church and Methodism; and Whitefield told him that his judgment was riper than it had been at the outset of his career, and that as fast as he found out his faults he should be glad to acknowledge them. The prebendary replied that as Whitefield grew moderate, the offence of the bishops and other dignitaries would wear away—a change which Whitefield would have hailed with satisfaction, though he was content to be under displeasure; his great anxiety was to act an honest part, and to keep from 'trimming.' This is the last glimpse we shall get of the kindly man, who did Whitefield no slight service by his fatherly oversight, when misguided earnestness and anxiety in religion might have ruined Whitefield's energies for life.

The winter's work among the nobility damaged Whitefield's health not a little. He was glad to get away into the west, to revisit some of his former places of labour —Bristol, Plymouth, Exeter, Gloucester. Between January 28 and March 10, 1749, this feeble, suffering man performed a journey of six hundred miles, preaching as frequently as he ever had done in the days of health, and, notwithstanding the unseasonable time of the year for open-air services, often in the open air. His life was a faithful embodiment of some of his happy sayings; such as, 'I do not preach for life, but from life;' 'Like a pure crystal, I would transmit all the glory that God is pleased to pour upon me, and never claim as my own what is His sole property.' It was with much reluctance that he thought of turning from his beloved

'ranging' to renew his work in the Countess's house. The same diffidence which made him shrink from encountering the shocks of life, when he approached the American coast on his second visit to America, made him write to his friend Hervey—'Lady Huntingdon writes me word, that "the prospect of doing good at my return to London is very encouraging." Thither I am now bound. I go with fear and trembling, knowing how difficult it is to speak to the great so as to win them to Jesus Christ. I am sometimes ready to say, Lord, I pray Thee have me excused, and send by whom Thou wilt send. But divine grace is sufficient for me. My dear brother, fail not to pray for me, that I may hold on and hold out to the end, and in prosperity and adversity press forward with an even, cheerful, meek, and lowly mind towards the mark, for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.' In quite the same spirit he says to the same friend, a few weeks later, 'You judge right when you say, it is your opinion that I do not want to make a sect, or set myself at the head of a party. No; let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Jesus Christ may live. I have seen enough of popularity to be sick of it; and did not the interest of my blessed Master require my appearing in public, the world should hear but little of me henceforward.' There is a racy humour in some of his letters which makes his wisdom all the more palatable. To one brother minister he says, 'I am glad your children grow so fast; they become fathers soon; I wish some may not prove dwarfs at last. A word to the wise is sufficient. I have always found awakening times like spring times: many blossoms, but not always so much fruit. But go on, my dear man, and in the strength of the Lord you shall do valiantly.'

Thus he entered upon his weekly duty among the rich, not caring for fame, and not seeking it, as humble a clergyman as ministered in any English church; not sanguine

about the harvest of his new field, but still as eager to do his best as when he preached his first sermon, success and failure counting nothing with him in determining what he should attempt. Woe was unto him if he preached not the gospel; to the will of his Lord, and that only, did he look.

But other work than preaching demanded his attention; for it was no idle word which he spoke to his old tutor, when he told him that he would acknowledge his faults as fast as he found them out. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Lavington, furnished him with a fine opportunity of retracting many blameworthy words and deeds; and no part of his life is more remarkable than this for its exhibition of frankness and humility. The bishop wrote, in 1747, when Whitefield was absent in America, a treatise on 'The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists,' in which he attempted to draw a parallel between the ancient Church and the new sect, or rather the new men of his own Church. The subject was tempting to an enemy; and the argument adopted valid, if everything belonging to Popery be evil. The syllogism was—Everything belonging to Popery is bad; the enthusiasm of the Methodists and the Papists is the same; therefore the enthusiasm of the Methodists is bad. The identity of Methodist and Popish enthusiasm is traced with much patience. Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits are shown to be the true forerunners of Whitefield and Wesley! For, first—'For the better advancement of their purposes, both commonly begin their adventures with field preaching!' It is unquestionable that Whitefield said, that he never was more acceptable to his Master than when he was standing to teach in the open fields; and 'Peter of Verona, mirror of sanctity, of the holy order of Friars Preachers, had'—says Ribadeneira, in the 'Lives of the Saints'—'a divine talent in preaching; neither churches, nor streets, nor market-places, could contain the great

concourse that resorted to hear his sermons. He was the hammer and thunderbolt to break and crush heretics, and made inquisitor to punish and persecute them.' Secondly, 'At first the Methodists, as a show of humility, made it a point not to ride, either on horseback or in a coach; though occasionally, and for conveniency sake, they have thought proper to deviate from their rule. "I could no longer," says Mr. Whitefield, "walk on foot, as usual, but was constrained to go in a coach, to avoid the hosannas of the multitude." Very profane, unless it be a false print for huzzas. So was it one of St. Francis' rules "never to ride, but only in cases of manifest necessity or infirmity."' Thirdly, 'How good and saintlike it is to go dirty, ragged, and slovenly! And how piously did Mr. Whitefield, therefore, take care of the outward man! "My apparel was mean; I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have powdered hair; I wore woollen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes." Thus his predecessor in saintship, "Ignatius, loved to appear abroad with old dirty shoes, used no comb, let his hair clot, and would never pare his nails." A certain Jesuit was so holy that he had a hundred and fifty patches upon his breeches, and proportionably on his other garments.' Fourthly, 'Of this nature, likewise, is their utter condemnation of all recreation and diversion, in every kind and degree. Mr. Whitefield, in his letter from New Brunswick, declares, "That no recreations, considered as such, can be innocent. I now began to attack the devil in his strongest holds, and bore testimony against the detestable diversions of this generation." And what says the Papist? "St. Ignatius, by declaiming against cards and dice, prevailed upon a whole town to throw them into the river; and there was no more play there for three years."' Fifthly, 'Another bait to catch admirers, and very common among enthusiasts, is a restless impatience and thirst of travelling, and undertaking dangerous voyages, for the

conversion of infidels, together with a declared contempt of all dangers, pains, and sufferings. They must desire, love, and pray for ill-usage, persecution, martyrdom, death, and hell (? purgatory). Accordingly, our itinerant Methodists are fond of expressing their zeal on this account. Mr. Whitefield says, "When letters came from Messrs. Wesleys, and Ingham their fellow-labourer, their accounts fired my soul, made me even long to go abroad for God too; though too weak in body, I felt at times such a strong attraction in my soul towards Georgia, that I thought it almost irresistible." All this only shows the natural unsettled humour, the rapid motion of enthusiastic heads. "O how many times have the nuns seen their sister of Pazzi, drunk with zeal for the conversion of sinners and infidels, run about the cloisters and gardens, and other places, bemoaning that she was not a man, to go abroad, and gain erring souls!" The windmill is in all their heads.' Sixthly, 'I shall farther consider some of the circumstances attending their new ministration. What first occurs to my mind is the boasted success of their preaching, proved by the numbers of their followers and converts. But let us hear themselves. Mr. Whitefield says, "Thousands and ten thousands follow us: the fire is kindled, and I know that all the devils in hell shall not be able to quench it." This is a specimen of their success in conversions. And yet we can match them among their elder brethren. "St. Anthony had such a power over men and women that he converted all sorts of sinners, even usurers and common strumpets."' Seventhly, 'There is, however, reason to believe that the good work of Popery is carrying on, from some of their tenets and practices, over and above their stringing one extravagance upon another, in conformity with the Papal fanatics. To this purpose it might be remarked—what is manifestly true—that in their several answers and defences a strain of Jesuitical sophistry, artifice and craft,

evasion, reserve, equivocation, and prevarication, is of constant use. But to waive this. "How often," says Mr. Whitefield, "at the early sacraments have we seen Jesus Christ crucified, and evidently set forth before us!" Upon this, I asked, whether this did not encourage the notion of a real corporal presence in the sacrifice of the mass, and was not as good an argument for transubstantiation as the several fleshy appearances produced by the Papists?' Eighthly, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and ancient pagans, are all of the same seed; for, 'Seeing how artful the Methodists are in making diseases to be the workings of God's Spirit and signs of grace and sanctity, we may conclude that all their holinesses, Mr. Wesley, Mr. Whitefield, and the Pope, have embraced the religion of their pagan predecessors, who—as we read in divers authors—consecrated most kinds of distempers of the body and affections of the mind, erected temples and altars to fevers, paleness, madness, and death, to laughter, lust, contumely, impudence, and calumny.' Ninthly, as proof that Bishop Lavington is not jesting when he pretends to find the worst faults of Popery in Methodism, and that the parallel which he is trying to run between the enthusiasm of both can be carried out to the last, he even, after putting Wesley in the same category with Simon Magus, as a sorcerer and bewitcher of the people, shrinks not from charging the obscenities of the heathen mysteries upon the people whom he would defame. By some oversight, he did not mark that many women 'who were sinners' had been touched by Whitefield's appeals, or doubtless Whitefield's name would have appeared in the shameful pages which are devoted to this last argument against Methodism. Wesley is left without the countenance and company of his friend, who would gladly have borne the reproach with him. There is only one thing more painful than the reading of such unscrupulous attacks, and it is the assurance of Archdeacon

Moore that the assertion that 'Bishop Lavington in his latter days repented of his writings against the Methodists, I know to be without foundation, as far as his conversation could afford assurance to the contrary. To the very last he always spoke of them as a fraternity compounded of hypocrites and enthusiasts.'

A crushing answer might have been penned by almost any honest man; but Whitefield's 'Remarks upon the Pamphlet,' as he calls his reply, are better than any formal answer. Their spirit is something wonderful; and it is impossible to turn from perusing the bishop's slanders and abuse, to read Whitefield's reply, without feeling how good and blessed a thing is an honest, forgiving heart. Lavington had said that the Methodist preachers, like St. Anthony, were attended by 'a sturdy set of followers, as their guards, armed with clubs under their clothes, menacing and terrifying such as should dare to speak lightly of their apostle.' 'You add,' says Whitefield, '"I have heard it often affirmed;" and so might the heathens have said that they heard it often affirmed, that when the primitive Christians received the blessed sacrament, they killed a young child, and then sucked its blood. But was that any reason why they should believe it? It is true, indeed, some of the Methodist preachers have more than once been attended with a sturdy set of followers, armed with clubs and other weapons, not as their guards, but opposers and persecutors; and who have not only menaced and terrified, but actually abused and beat many of those who came to hear him whom you, I suppose, would call their apostle. Both Methodist preachers and Methodist hearers too, for want of better arguments, have often felt the weight of such irresistible power, which, literally speaking, hath struck many of them dumb, and, I verily believe, had it not been for some superior invisible guard, must have struck them dead. These are all the sturdy set of armed followers that the Methodists

know of. And whatever you may unkindly insinuate about my being aware of a turbulent spirit, a fighting enthusiasm, amongst them, because I said "I dread nothing more than the false zeal of my friends in a suffering hour," I think many years' experience may convince the world that the weapons of their warfare, like those of their blessed Redeemer and His apostles, have not been carnal; but, thanks be to God, however you may ridicule His irresistible power, they have, through Him, been mighty to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds in many a sturdy sinner's heart.'

Whitefield confessed that 'there is generally much—too much—severity in our first zeal; at least there was in mine;' also that his and Seward's treatment of Archbishop Tillotson 'was by far too severe. We condemned his state, when we ought only, in a candid manner, which I would do again if called to it, to have mentioned what we judged wrong in his doctrines. I do not justify it. I condemn myself most heartily, and ask pardon for it, as I believe he (Seward) would do, were he now alive. But, then, do not you still go on, sir, to imitate us in our faults; let the surviving Methodists answer for themselves; let Seward and Tillotson lie undisturbed.' Whitefield adds, on the subject of desiring persecution, 'Whatever can be produced out of any of my writings to prove that I have desired or prayed for ill-usage, persecution, martyrdom, death, &c., I retract it with all my heart, as proceeding from the overflowings of an irregular, though well-meant, zeal.' He also thanks Lavington for pointing out the 'very wrong expression' about the 'hosannas of the multitude.' 'Your remark,' he says, 'runs thus—"Very profane, unless it be a false print for huzzas." I could wish it had been so, but the word was my own; and though not intended to convey a profane idea, was very wrong and unguarded, and I desire may be buried in oblivion, unless you, or some other kind person, are

pleased to remind me of it, in order to lay me low before God and man.' The last admission of all is worth all the rest, and does honour to Whitefield's candour; it is a perfect atonement for his fault in repeating in public private things that occurred between himself and Wesley. He says: 'A review of all this, together with my having dropped some too strong expressions about absolute reprobation, and more especially my mentioning Mr. Wesley's casting a lot on a private occasion, known only to God and ourselves, have put me to great pain. Speaking of this last you say, "A more judicious sentiment, perhaps, never dropped from Mr. Whitefield's pen." I believe, sir, the advice given was right and good; but then it was wrong in me to publish a private transaction to the world, and very ill-judged to think the glory of God could be promoted by unnecessarily exposing my friend. For this I have asked both God and him pardon years ago. And though I believe both have forgiven me, yet I believe I shall never be able to forgive myself. As it was a public fault, I think it should be publicly acknowledged; and I thank a kind Providence for giving me this opportunity of doing it. As for the letters out of which you and the author of the "Observations on the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists" have taken so many extracts, I acknowledge that many things in them were very exceptionable, though good in the main, and therefore they have been suppressed some time. Casting lots I do not now approve of, nor have I for several years; neither do I think it a safe way—though practised, I doubt not, by many good men—to make a lottery of the Scriptures, by dipping into them upon every occasion.'

The whole of the summer, and the early part of the autumn, of 1749, were spent in a tour through the west, and through Wales; thousands answering his call, and coming, as of old, even when the rain rendered an open-

air service both uncomfortable and dangerous. For two days he sought retirement in his wife's house at Abergavenny (she was now on her way from Bethesda to join him), and found it 'so very sweet,' that he would have been glad never to have been heard of again. From thence he wrote to his brother at Bristol a letter which exhibits so many sides of his life and character that it demands a place in his biography:—

'Abergavenny, May 27, 1749.

'My very dear Brother,—Enclosed you have a letter from our good Lady Huntingdon, whom, I suppose, you will have the honour of receiving in a few days under your roof. Both before and ever since I left Bristol, I have been frequently thinking of the unspeakable mercies that the infinitely great and glorious God is pleased to pour down upon us. Surely the language of both our hearts ought to be, "What shall we render unto the Lord?" For my part, I am lost in wonder, and want a thousand lives to spend in the Redeemer's service. O, let not my dear brother be angry if I entreat him at length to leave off killing, and begin to redeem, time. A concern for your eternal welfare so affects me, that it often brings bodily sickness upon me, and drives me to a throne of grace, to wrestle in your behalf. Even now, whilst I am writing, my soul is agonising in prayer for you, hoping I shall see that day when you will have poured out on you a spirit of grace and of supplication, and look to Him whom we have pierced, and be made to mourn as one mourneth for a first-born. Till this be done, all resolutions, all schemes for amendment, will be only like spiders' webs. Nature is a mere Proteus, and, till renewed by the Spirit of God, though it may shift its scene, will be only nature still. Apply then, my dearest brother, to the fountain of light and life, from whence every good and perfect gift cometh.

'A worthy woman, in all probability, is going to throw herself under God into your hands. A considerable addition will be then made to your present talents, and consequently a greater share of care and circumspection necessary to improve all for the glory of Him who hath been always preventing and following you with His blessings. Should you prove any otherwise

than a pious husband, it will be one of the greatest afflictions I ever met with in my life. At present you can only hurt yourself, which is hurt enough; but then—forgive me, my dear brother; I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy. My tears shall be turned into prayers, and I will follow this letter with strong crying unto God in your behalf. My retirement here these two days hath been very sweet; but to-morrow I begin a three weeks' circuit. Next Sabbath I am to be at Carmarthen; the Friday following at Haverford West. For the present, adieu. That you may take Christ to be your all in all, and that the remainder of your life may be one continued sacrifice of love to Him who hath shed His precious blood for you, is the hearty prayer of, my dear brother,

'Yours most affectionately,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

His work among the rich was done with a scrupulous disregard of all self-interest. To a friend—in Bermudas, I conjecture, though there is no clue by which to identify him—who thought that Whitefield had carried religion very near the Court, if not quite into it, and that he might have influence enough to secure the appointment of a religious governor to some colony where a governor was wanted, he replied that he should be very shy to ask favours, even if he had interest at Court, lest he should be thought to preach for himself and not for Christ Jesus his Lord, and because he would fain convince all that he sought not theirs but them. Yet he would use his influence with equal freedom in other quarters, and especially if it was for anyone in more than usually humble circumstances. Such a worthy object came under his notice during this tour, an obscure dissenting minister, who had sold part of his library to finish the meeting-house in which he preached, whose dress was very mean—as well it might be, seeing he had but three pounds per annum from a fund, and the same sum from his people—who lived very low, but enjoyed much of God, and who was something of a poet; for

Whitefield found that he had as good an understanding of the figurative parts of Scripture as anyone that he 'knew of in the world.' How could he forbear using his interest with a rich and benevolent friend for such a 'poor, despised, faithful minister of Christ?' So he hints that four or five guineas might be bestowed on this Zachary, who also had a faithful Elizabeth.

A hard task for him was it to inspire other hearts with as much moral courage as always bore up his own. By word, as well as by example, by reproach, and by loving persuasion, he would try to free the fearful from the fear of man, which hindered their full and self-denying consecration to the will of Jesus Christ. One of the most difficult cases he ever had to manage was that of Dr. Stonhouse, of Northampton, an eminent physician, a friend of Doddridge, and a man of great refinement. Many were the expostulations of the bold evangelist before the shrinking man could be brought to a firm stand. The following is one of Whitefield's letters to him.

'Landovery, June 14, 1749.

'Dear Sir,—A few days ago I received a letter from Mr. C., in which yours to him, dated May 20th, was enclosed. It gave me some concern, and would have given me more, had not the same letter informed me that good Lady Huntingdon had written to you herself. Alas! my dear friend, what needless trouble do you give yourself, and into what difficulties does your fear of man, your too great attachment to the world, and an overweening fondness for your pretty character, every day bring you! Is it not time to drop our correspondence, when, on so slight an information, you could so much as suspect that I had betrayed that confidence you reposed in me, or believe that I read a letter wherein you declared yourself a Methodist, when I had never such letter from you. The only passage, as far as I can remember, that was read—and that, too, at my lady's request, if I mistake not—was that noble one wherein you said, "Let the world take my character, and tear it to pieces," &c. Are you ashamed, my dear friend, of the resolu-

tion? Or think you to put that in practice, and shun being called a Methodist? You might as well attempt to reach heaven with your hand; for, blessed be God, such an honour has He put upon the Methodists, that whoever renounces the world and takes up Christ's cross, and believes and lives the doctrines of grace, must be styled a Methodist, whether he will or not. Formerly it was "You are a Puritan;" now it is "You are a Methodist." And why does Mr. Stonhouse take such pains to declare he never will join the Methodists? Who ever asked him? Or what service could you do their cause by joining, unless your heart was more estranged from the world than at present it is? Would to God you were more likeminded with Mr. Hervey. He seems to have sat down and counted the cost. He seems to have begun at the right end, and to be fully convinced that there is no reconciling Christ and the world, God and mammon. My dear Mr. Stonhouse, suffer me to be free with you. Our Lord, I trust, has begun a good work in your soul; but, indeed, you have many lessons yet to learn. The great Physician must give many a bitter potion, in order to purge out the opinion you have of your own importance, and the too great desire you have to keep in with the world. Reproach you cannot shun, if you appear but a little for Christ; and you will not have more, perhaps not so much, if you show quite out. Perhaps you may say, "I have done this already:" do not, then, be ashamed of it, but go on; grow in grace; press forwards; and then I care not what declaration you make of your not intending to be a Methodist. Be a consistent Christian; live above the world; call not the fear of man Christian prudence; and then underneath you shall be God's everlasting arms. Thanks be to God, they have upholden me for some weeks last past.

'I have now been a circuit of several hundred miles. At Portsmouth and Gosport the word ran, and was glorified. In South Wales everywhere the fields have been white, ready unto harvest. Not a dog stirs his tongue. Last Sunday, I believe, I preached to near twenty thousand souls. Grace! grace! In about ten days I hope to be at Bristol. Soon after I propose to go to London, and from thence to Yorkshire and Scotland. Follow me with your prayers, and in return you shall be remembered by, very dear sir, your affectionate friend,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

His hope of being in Bristol within ten days was realised. The day of his arrival was exactly a month after the time of his beginning his circuit; and this is the account of his work:—'Yesterday God brought me here, after having carried me a circuit of about eight hundred miles, and enabled me to preach, I suppose, to upwards of a hundred thousand souls. I have been in eight Welsh counties, and I think we have not had one dry meeting. The work in Wales is much upon the advance, and likely to increase daily. Had my dear Mr. Hervey been there to have seen the simplicity of so many dear souls, I am persuaded he would have said, "*Sit anima mea cum Methodistis!*" But everyone to his post. During this excursion I have been kept happy inwardly, and well in body till the latter end of last week, when the Lord was pleased to lay His hand upon me, so that I was almost brought to the grave. But He that wounds heals also.'

Soon afterwards Whitefield resumed his work in London for a little while, and then returned into the west, where Methodist doctrines were agitating all minds, and where he was an especial object of interest, on account of his reply to the first part of Bishop Lavington's pamphlet. The journey has as many incidents as would serve to form the remarkable parts of many a life, but in this career they are in danger of being passed over as commonplace. It would be a rare thing in the life of any clergyman were he, on being recognised as he passed through a town, to be asked and entreated by a humble unknown woman to stay and give the people a sermon; and upon consenting to do so, soon to find himself surrounded with 'a great company.' And the next day the congregation at the same place was still greater. This happened at Wellington, when Whitefield rode through it.

All along his way he found the good seed of past sowing times springing up and promising an abundant harvest,

At Plymouth the wonderful power which attended his first and second visit was making things look quite new. His pamphlet in reply to the bishop had been useful to some; its candour and simplicity deserved nothing less. The bishop, when asked by some one whether he had seen it, replied, 'Yes: Whitefield writes like an honest man, and has recanted several things; but he goes on in the same way yet.' His lordship also promised a second part of his pamphlet, which in due time appeared; but as it was mainly directed against Wesley, in Wesley's hands Whitefield was content to leave it.

The bishop was troubled with Methodists in his own diocese, and among his own clergy, as well as with those itinerants who, like many Catholic 'enthusiasts,' were fond of travelling to make converts. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, vicar of St. Gennis was one of these undesirable 'sons.' He was an able, vivacious, bold man, and, before his adoption of the new views, the favourite of rollicking squires, and of brother clerics who cared more for the fleece than the sheep. He was somewhat restive under prelatical rule; and when Lavington threatened him to his face that he would pull off his gown, Thompson immediately pulled it off himself, and throwing it at the feet of the astounded bishop, exclaimed, 'I can preach the gospel without a gown.' The bishop thought it was best to send for him, and try to soothe him. Next he had the mortification of seeing Whitefield welcomed to Thompson's home, from whence he had thought to banish him, and the two friends fraternising with such cordiality as only men whose endangered friendship has stood firm can feel.

The bishop was not, however, to go without his gratification. In his presence, and in that of many of his clergy, Whitefield was for the fourth time violently assaulted while preaching the gospel. The blow of a cudgel at Basingstoke, the thump of a sod from a Staf-

fordshire heathen, and the pelting with the refuse of a Moorfield's fair, were followed by a stunning blow from a great stone, which struck deep into Whitefield's head, and almost rolled him off the table, from which, amidst an awful stillness, he was addressing ten thousand hearers. A second stone, also meant for him, struck a poor man quite to the ground. A third, aimed at the same object, fell and did no damage. This was done in the presence of the man who had unblushingly repeated the lie, that Methodist preachers were often attended with a set of sturdy fellows carrying clubs under their clothes, to make the congregations reverence their preaching apostle; nor did he mount the table to express his shame and regret at being the witness of such an outrage, neither did he act the part of the kind Samaritan to the injured man. The only alleviating thought to this story is that the bishop and his clergy do not seem to have been accessory to the assault. Whitefield, never wishful to magnify his deeds and sufferings, nor to exaggerate another's fault, simply says that it was 'a drunken man' who threw three great stones at him; but the assailant must have been tolerably sober when once he aimed so well as to hit his man on the head, and the next time threw with such force as to lay a man on the ground; neither do drunken men often manage to carry three large stones into a dense crowd.[1]

[1] It would have been more becoming a Christian bishop had Dr. Lavington tried to reform the heathen of Exeter, instead of wasting his time in slandering others who did his neglected work. For the sake of truth it should be stated that the city had a band of ruffians called 'Church Rabble,' or 'The God-damn-me Crew,' who carried persecution to every length short of death. In 1745, the crew, led by a bailiff, a sexton, a parish-clerk, and several tradesmen, and encouraged by many 'gentlemen,' who placed themselves in windows to see the obscene sport, abused the Methodists as they would, neither the mayor nor the magistrates interfering to stop them. They kicked the men and subjected them to every abuse and indignity. They rubbed the faces of the women with lamp-black and oil; they beat their breasts with their clenched fists; they stripped them almost naked, then turned the rest of their clothes over their heads, and in that condition kicked or dragged

Weak and suffering, yet a moral conqueror, Whitefield returned to London; not forgetting on his way to call at Dorchester gaol, to comfort John Hayne, a soldier who had headed a revival movement among his comrades in Flanders, and since his return home had preached in Methodist fashion, and been rewarded for his zeal by a place among knaves and felons!

Whitefield's 'grand catholicon' under both public and domestic trials—preaching—was now used by him with unremitting diligence; and in the autumn of 1749 we find him in a new district, and amongst a people as different from those of the west of England as Yorkshire moors are different from Devonshire lanes and orchards. It was the splendid autumn season when he first clambered up that steep road 'winding between wave-like hills that rise and fall on every side of the horizon, with a long, illimitable, sinuous look, as if they were a part of the line of the great serpent, which, the Norse legend says, girdles the world;' and was received at bleak little Haworth, sacred both to piety and genius, by William Grimshaw, the incumbent. The old parsonage (not the one in which the Brontës afterwards lived), standing half a mile from the church, and commanding from its windows a wide view of the valley of the Worth, and from its door, before the present ugly shed was built in front of it, the view of the interlacing hills towards Keighley, the sheltered valley at their feet, and the swelling moors, traced with winding roads, that lie bordering on the moors of Ilkley, was solid and weather-beaten, like the sturdy man who then inhabited it. I do not know whether his eye often lingered

them along the street, or rolled them in the gutters or in mud heaps prepared for them. To save herself from one of the mob who attempted even worse outrage, one woman leaped from the gallery of the meeting-house to the floor. The riot lasted for hours, and in the presence of thousands.—See 'An Account of a late Riot at Exeter,' by John Cennick, 1745; and 'A brief Account of the late Persecution and Barbarous Usage of the Methodists at Exeter,' by an Impartial Hand, 1746. The riot occurred in 1745; Lavington's treatise was written in 1747; Whitefield was assaulted in 1749.

on the beauty and grandeur that lay around his home; perhaps at the most it would be a hurried glance he would give, when he halted for a moment on the door-stone, as he went forth to preach, or returned from the same duty; for he was an untiring apostle of the truth, and it would be little time that he could find for communion with nature. His work was to soften and change the rugged, hardened sinners of the village and of all the district around, as far as his iron strength could carry him; and for that he must only exchange the saddle where he made his sermons for the pulpit where he preached them. An all-absorbing thing was the enjoying and teaching those truths which had turned his own soul from sin to holiness, and which had changed a clergyman, a mere professional, who entered 'holy orders' with the unholy wish to get the best living he could, into a loving shepherd, who sought the lambs and the sheep by night and day, in summer and winter, in 'weariness and painfulness,' nor ever thought of his sacrifice, if so be he might save that which was lost. Thirty times a week would he preach in cottage or church, or on hill-side; it was an idle week when he preached but twelve times. Neither was he satisfied simply to preach, to get through his subject; he would dwell with unwearied patience on each part of his message, loving the tenderness and mercy of which it spoke, and anxious that the feeblest mind should also love and understand it. He wore no 'cloke of covetousness;' he used no 'flattering words;' he sought no 'glory of men.' 'Affectionately desirous' of his people, he would have imparted to them not the gospel of God only, but also his own soul, because they were dear to him. Truer and kinder shepherd never tended flock than this 'overseer' of the flock of God among the hills. Much has been said about his eccentricities, but these were little noticed by his people, who lived daily in the light of his

shining purity, and received in their every sorrow and in their every joy the sympathy of his faithful heart. His wonderful visions have been turned against him as a reproach to his soundness of judgment; but were visions no more talked of than were his by him, and were they always connected with such untiring diligence and such ungrudging labour as enriched his life, then might we pray for men of visions to be quickly multiplied.

His church always presented a remarkable appearance on the Sunday. The shepherding of the week made a full fold that day. Weavers and farmers, shepherds and labourers, came from the remotest parts of his wild district to hear his words of grace and truth, and listened as if they felt the power of another world resting on their spirits. When Whitefield first visited them, which was in September 1749, six thousand people stood in the churchyard to hear him, and above a thousand communicants approached the table with feelings of awe and joy. So great a number could have been collected together in this thinly populated district only by a strong desire to hear an unequalled preacher, whose fame was familiar through the lips of their pastor, and by a deep and real interest in the great subjects on which he discoursed; as the congregations at Cambuslang and in the American woods were called together. 'It was,' says Whitefield, 'a great day of the Son of Man.'

Whitefield paid his first visit to Leeds at the request of one of Wesley's preachers and of all Wesley's people; he was welcomed by all, and had a congregation of ten thousand to hear him. About the same time he visited Armley, Pudsey, and Birstal.[1]

[1] Tradition still retains a story about the preaching at Birstal. Nancy Bowling, a pious old maid of Heckmondwike, who died thirty years ago, at the advanced age of eighty, used to tell how the wind blew from Birstal towards Heckmondwike when Whitefield preached, and that his voice could be heard on Staincliffe Hill, a mile and a half from where he stood, crying, 'O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!' The story must have been told her; but most likely she had heard Whitefield preach, as she was ten years old when he died.

Proceeding northwards, he met Charles Wesley returning from Newcastle, where Methodism had already won a remarkable triumph, and where he had been confirming the believers. Only two months before, there had been some conference between them and Harris about union or united effort, which had ended in nothing; it is thus noticed by Charles in his journal:—'1749, Thursday, August 3. Our conference this week with Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Harris came to nought; I think through their flying off.' The conference may have been about the societies founded by Whitefield, which, on account of his inaptitude for their management, and dislike of being at the head of any organised body, were now an irksome burden. At any rate, it is certain that by September, and no doubt before leaving London for Yorkshire, he had given over the immediate care of all his societies to Harris, that he might be 'a preacher at large,' which was the dearest delight of his heart. Yet when Charles and he met, somewhere on the great north road, Charles immediately turned his horse's head round towards Newcastle, and went (a pleasant sight to see) to introduce his brother in Christ to the Methodist pulpit in that town. Fortunately, Charles, in the exuberance of his joy over the happy event, wrote a letter giving an account of what took place; it reflects the highest credit upon the spirit in which the three friends were now doing their work:—

'Sheffield, Sunday morning, October 8, 1749.

'My dear Friend,—I snatch a few moments before the people come to tell you what you will rejoice to know—that the Lord is reviving His work as at the beginning; that multitudes are daily added to His church; and that G. W. and my brother and I are one—a threefold cord which shall no more be broken. The week before last I waited on our friend George to our house in Newcastle, and gave him full possession of our pulpit and people's hearts; as full as was in my power to give. The Lord united all our hearts. I attended his successful ministry

for some days. He was never more blessed or better satisfied. Whole troops of the Dissenters he mowed down. They also are so reconciled to us as you cannot conceive. The world is confounded. The hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice. At Leeds we met my brother, who gave honest George the right hand of fellowship, and attended him everywhere to our societies. Some at London will be alarmed at the news; but it is the Lord's doing, as they, I doubt not, will by-and-by acknowledge. My dear friends, Mrs. B. and D., shall have the full account not many days hence, if the Lord bless my coming in as He has blessed my going out. On the next Lord's day I shall rejoice to meet you at His table. Remember, at all times of access, your faithful and affectionate servant in the gospel,

'C. W.'

This second visit to Leeds, to which Charles refers, was after a ride with Whitefield through part of Lancashire and part of Cheshire. It made the established and dissenting clergy very angry, and their churches and chapels echoed with the thunder of their displeasure.

'Brother Charles' and 'honest George' did something more at Newcastle than preach; and the good feeling of Wesley at Leeds was more praiseworthy than it looks at first sight. They robbed Wesley of a worthy wife, and he generously forgave them, though feeling the loss most acutely. When Whitefield went to Newcastle there was living in that town an excellent woman, a widow, called Mrs. Grace Murray, for whom Wesley felt a strong affection, and whom he had engaged to marry early in October. Unfortunately for him the lady had a warm heart towards John Bennet, another of Wesley's spiritual children; and notwithstanding she had preferred (hardly with noble-mindedness) the offer of the great Methodist leader to that of the humbler itinerant, when Charles Wesley and Whitefield pressed her to marry Bennet, she consented, and did so. There can be no doubt that Whitefield played but a secondary part in this blamable transaction, and that Charles was the real cause of the

marriage with Bennet. His notion seems to have been that his brother ought to hold himself free for the work of superintending the numerous societies now planted all over the country, and that marrying would shackle him; and with this notion Whitefield would readily sympathise, although he ought to have known that as marriage had not hindered him from taking one journey nor made him preach one sermon less, it was quite as likely that Wesley could hold on his way with undiminished zeal. This much may, perhaps, be said in excuse, that Charles Wesley, when he got the cares of a family, did not attend to public duties with the same diligence which he showed when a bachelor; and that Whitefield may have felt it difficult to leave his wife, as he was always obliged to do, when he undertook some of his long and trying journeys. When Whitefield married it was for the sake of Bethesda, where he wanted some one to take charge of the orphans; but a single summer had proved too much for Mrs. Whitefield's health, and she was just returned in a very feeble state. But when all is admitted, it was unjustifiable presumption for Charles Wesley and Whitefield to interfere with John's approaching nuptials; and the success of their action was a bitter disappointment to him.

It was November now, and, says Whitefield, 'indeed it begins to be cold abroad.' Winter was warning him home to his tabernacle; so he only called at Sheffield, Nottingham and Ashby, on his way southwards. At Sheffield he unwittingly gave the Wesleys a most appropriate return for their kindness at Leeds and Newcastle. What he did will best appear from the narrative of Charles Wesley; for we can understand his marvellous power only as we understand the condition of the society in the midst of which he appeared but as a wayfaring man, and the difficulties over which it triumphed. There is also the greater pleasure in quoting the narrative, because the events recorded serve to display the high

courage which always carried the Wesleys like heroes through their dangers.

'1743, Wed. May 25th.—In the afternoon I came to the flock in Sheffield, who are as sheep in the midst of wolves, the ministers having so stirred up the people, that they are ready to tear them in pieces. Most of them have passed through the fire of stillness, which came to try them, as soon as they tasted the grace of the Lord.

'At six o'clock I went to the society-house, next door to our brother Bennet's. Hell from beneath was moved to oppose us. As soon as I was in the desk with David Taylor, the floods began to lift up their voice. An officer—Ensign Green—contradicted and blasphemed. I took no notice of him, and sung on. The stones flew thick, hitting the desk and people. To save them and the house, I gave notice I should preach out, and look the enemy in the face.

'The whole army of the aliens followed me. The captain laid hold on me, and began reviling. I gave him for answer, "A Word in Season; or, Advice to a Soldier;" then prayed, particularly for His Majesty King George, and preached the gospel with much contention. The stones often struck me in the face. After sermon, I prayed for sinners, as servants of their master, the devil; upon which the captain ran at me with great fury, threatening revenge for my abusing, as he called it, "the King his master." He forced his way through the brethren, drew his sword, and presented it to my breast. My breast was immediately steeled. I threw it open, and, fixing mine eye on his, smiled in his face, and calmly said, "I fear God, and honour the King." His countenance fell in a moment; he fetched a deep sigh, put up his sword, and quietly left the place.

'To one of the company, who afterwards informed me, he had said, "You shall see, if I do but hold my sword to his breast, he will faint away." So, perhaps, I should, had I had only his principles to trust to; but if at that time I was not afraid, no thanks to my natural courage.

'We returned to our brother Bennet's, and gave ourselves up to prayer. The rioters followed, and exceeded in their outrage all I have seen before. Those of Moorfields, Cardiff, and Walsall were lambs to these. As there is no king in

Israel—no magistrate, I mean, in Sheffield—every man does as seems good in his own eyes. Satan now put it into their hearts to pull down the society-house; and they set to their work, while we were praying and praising God. It was a glorious time with us. Every word of exhortation sunk deep; every prayer was sealed; and many found the Spirit of glory resting on them.

'One sent for the constable, who came up, and desired me to leave the town, "since I was the occasion of all this disturbance." I thanked him for his advice, withal assuring him "I should not go a moment sooner for this uproar; was sorry for their sakes that they had no law or justice among them; as for myself, I had my protection, and knew my business, as I supposed he did his." In proof whereof, he went from us, and encouraged the mob.

'They pressed hard to break open the door. I would have gone out to them, but the brethren would not suffer me. They laboured all night for their master, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house. I could compare them to nothing but the men of Sodom, or those coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce. Their outcries often awaked me in the night; yet, I believe, I got more sleep than any of my neighbours.

'Thursday, May 26th.—I took David Taylor, and walked through the open street to our brother Bennet's, with the multitude at my heels. We passed by the spot where the house stood; they had not left one stone upon another. Nevertheless, the foundation standeth sure, as I told one of them, and our house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The mob attended me to my house with great civility; but, as soon as I was entered the house, they renewed their threatenings to pull it down. The windows were smashed in an instant; and my poor host so frightened, that he was ready to give up his shield.

'He had been for a warrant to Mr. Buck, a justice of peace, in Rotherham,[1] who refused it him, unless he would promise to forsake this way.

[1] The large town of Sheffield, which now numbers about 230,000 inhabitants, was a small town of 10,000 when Charles Wesley wrote; and the fine valley—now choked with manufactories—which connects it with Rotherham was like the beautifully wooded vale in which Gurth and Wamba fed the swine of Cedric the Saxon.

'The house was now on the point of being taken by storm. I was writing within, when the cry of my poor friend and his family, I thought, called me out to these sons of Belial. In the midst of the rabble, I found a friend of Edward's, with the Riot Act. At their desire, I took and read it, and made a suitable exhortation. One of the sturdiest rebels our constable seized, and carried away captive into the house. I marvelled at the patience of his companions; but the Lord overawed them. What was done with the prisoner I know not; for in five minutes I was fast asleep, in the room they had dismantled. I feared no cold, but dropped asleep with that word, "Scatter Thou the people that delight in war." I afterwards heard that within the hour they had all quitted the place.'

Three years later Charles Wesley found 'the hardened sinners at Sheffield' still the same; and felt himself constrained to warn them from the awful words: 'Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah!' God filled his mouth with judgments against them, which he trembled to utter and they to hear; yet he had no deeper satisfaction than that of having delivered his own soul. Other labourers toiled, and then came Whitefield, the success of whose preaching is thus noticed by Charles Wesley, eighteen months after Whitefield's visit: 'At two I rejoiced to meet some of our dear children in Sheffield. I encouraged them by that most glorious promise—"Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." The door has continued open ever since Mr. Whitefield preached here, and quite removed the prejudices of our first opposers. Some of them were convinced by him, some converted, and added to the church. "He that escapes the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay."'

He was no mighty man, glorying in his strength, who won these conquests over fierceness, rage, and hate, but one who passed his days in humble watchfulness and dependence upon heavenly aid. When others were wonder-

ing at his unflagging devotion, he was 'more afraid of declining in the latter stages of his road than of anything else.' There was not a grain of self-satisfaction in him. He was hungering and thirsting after simplicity and godly sincerity. He was subjecting all personal interests to the glory and kingdom of his Lord. 'If souls were profited he desired no more.' Every expense was contracted with miserly vigilance, that he might have the more to give to the poor, and for the furtherance of the gospel. And in every sacrifice made, in every reproach endured, there was before his soul the image of his humbled, homeless, suffering Redeemer, cheering and reviving and defending him. He had struggled upwards to a glorious height of consecration and love, yet was he ever mindful of the past, when self-will and fear of contempt marred the beauty and excellence of his piety, and anxious for the day of his final emancipation from sin. 'O, my dear sir,' he exclaims to a friend, 'this pretty character of mine I did not at first care to part with; 'twas death to be despised, and worse than death to think of being laughed at by all. But when I began to consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, I then longed to drink of the same cup; and, blessed be God, contempt and I are pretty intimate, and have been so for above twice seven years.' Humility was now one of the most conspicuous among all that radiant cluster of virtues and graces which crowned his head like stars. 'O that I may learn from all I see to desire to be nothing!' he cries out, 'and to think it my highest privilege to be an assistant to all, but the head of none. I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's own dear children, and makes them to mistake passion for zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above. For my own part, I find it much easier to obey than govern, and that it is much safer to be trodden under foot than to have it in one's power to serve others so.

This makes me fly from that which at our first setting out we are too apt to court. Thanks be to the Lord of all lords for taking any pains with ill and hell-deserving me! I cannot well buy humility at too dear a rate.'

He went to 'golden seasons' in London, in the winter of 1749-50. Large congregations were gathered together in the Tabernacle, at six in the morning. The nobility were preached to, and poor people and orphans were not forgotten. He tells Lady Huntingdon that he 'hopes to write to the poor baker soon;' and to Habersham at the orphan-house he sends word that he has agreed to take 'little Joseph and his sister,' also that he hears there is a little infant besides the other two, and that he would willingly have it also, if it could be kept till it was about three years old: for, says he, 'I hope to grow rich in heaven by taking care of orphans on earth.' Habersham is further instructed to let Mrs. V. (probably some widow) and the other poor of Savannah reap the benefit of the crop, if it answers expectation. 'Pray let one barrel of rice be reserved for them.'

Something, I know not what, excepting the remembrance of the kind treatment which he had received from the Wesleys at Newcastle and Leeds, induced him to offer to preach in Wesley's chapel. His friendly advance was kindly met; and he preached four or five times to large congregations, and administered the sacrament twice. Wesley also came to the Tabernacle, and preached for Whitefield, and administered the sacrament to twelve hundred communicants.

It was during this winter that Whitefield said something to the Countess of Huntingdon about her becoming a 'leader;' but his language, as now read, without any knowledge of what may have passed in private conversation, cannot be safely interpreted. He may have meant a leader in the sense in which Wesley was one; but it seems inconsistent to be blessing God that he himself was

not a leader, not a head of any party, and at the same time to be pleading with another person to assume that very position. He may have meant a leader of his societies; but Harris already had charge of them. And he may have meant a leader only in the general sense of her ladyship's standing forward as a witness for Christ; but that she had done for a long time. Any and every construction that can be put upon the words—'A leader is wanting: this honour hath been put on your ladyship by the great Head of the church'—is open to objection; and they all may safely be left in their original obscurity.

His work among the nobility which was in a fair measure satisfying even to him, with his spiritual conceptions of the work of God, was now the subject of conversation at court, as well as in private circles. The following anecdote, which he communicated to the Countess, will show how his friends were observed: he says—'His Majesty seems to have been acquainted with some things about us, by what passed in his discourse with Lady Chesterfield. The particulars are these: her ladyship had a suit of clothes on, with a brown ground and silver flowers, which was brought from abroad. His Majesty coming round to her, first smiled, and then laughed quite out. Her ladyship could not imagine what was the matter. At length His Majesty said—"I know who chose that gown for you; Mr. Whitefield: and I hear that you have attended on him this year and a half." Her ladyship answered—"Yes, I have, and like him very well;" but after she came to her chair was grieved she had not said more; so that I find her ladyship is not ashamed.'[1]

Early in 1750, London was several times shaken with earthquakes; and the state of excitement into which it

[1] Did Whitefield choose the King's coat as well as Lady Chesterfield's gown? For it was 'sober brown, trimmed with lace, and blue cuffs.' Perhaps His Majesty took a hint from the quiet taste of the Methodist peeress.

and other causes threw the people, gave Whitefield the grandest opportunity of his life for displaying the fulness of his love and the strength of his faith in God. The first shocks were felt on the 8th of February, and on the 8th of March there came another, at a quarter-past five in the morning. There was no more harm done than the rocking of the houses and the tumbling down of some chimneys; but men's hearts failed them for fear. There was talking about judgment and the last day. A soldier, bolder and more fanatical than the rest of the people, announced the coming overthrow of a great part of the city on a certain night, and of course at the dreariest hour of that night, between twelve and one o'clock. Multitudes fled the city altogether, while others crowded the fields and open places for safety from falling houses. The Methodist chapels had enormous congregations, and Charles Wesley distinguished himself by preaching to them; indeed he was just announcing his text to his morning congregation when the shock of March 8 made the Foundry tremble as if it would fall, and the women and children cry out for terror. Whitefield sought his congregation in Hyde Park on the dreaded night of the soldier's prediction. He warned and entreated them all to prepare for the coming of the Son of Man, an event much more stupendous and important than that which they now expected every moment to see. Neither moon nor star shed any light upon audience or preacher, and only one voice was heard in the still darkness, like a voice crying in the wilderness. It spoke of mercy and judgment, and could hardly have spoken in vain.

The winter in London had been very trying to Whitefield's health, if refreshing to his heart; throughout the whole of it his body was a daily trial to him, and sometimes he could 'scarce drag the crazy load along.' It was with delight that he saw spring return, and that he went off into the west for a time of ranging. He went

with his hands so full of work, and moved so rapidly from place to place that he could hardly find time to eat. He found it exceedingly pleasant, and hoped now, in his Master's strength, 'to begin beginning to spend and be spent for Him!' Twelve times in six days did he preach at Plymouth, and the longer he preached, the greater became the congregations, and the mightier his word. Still he was not satisfied. He wanted 'more tongues, more bodies, more souls for the Lord Jesus;' had he been gifted with ten thousand, Christ should have had them all.

It was inevitable that his flaming zeal, kindled as it was by the love of the Lord Jesus, and burning only for His glory, should fire all the district through which he passed. Gloucester, Bristol, Plymouth, and Cornwall right to the Land's End, were all ablaze with religious fervour. He seemed to travel in the strength of the Holy Ghost, and to be independent of that crazy body which had oppressed him in London. Friends were jubilant at his coming; and when he was speaking at Bideford, where there was 'one of the best little flocks in all England,' the bold vicar of St. Gennis almost fell under the mighty power of God which came down upon the people. Enemies too were active; one obscure clergyman saying with much self-importance, that as Whitefield was coming he must put on his old armour. He did put it on, and on the Sunday morning, with Whitefield for a hearer—for Whitefield still loved to enter as a hearer the church which had done her best to silence him as a preacher—delivered himself of some hearty abuse from the text, 'Beware of false prophets.' The slain evangelist had a congregation of ten thousand next morning (Monday) to hear him!

Such exertions as he put forth could not fail to do him physical mischief. That pain which he felt as he came last from Scotland was not inactive; it now and again pierced him, and stayed his headlong pace; it had

plagued him in London when he was preaching four times a day; and when he was over the first burst of effort in the west, and thought himself so much better for the change, it returned upon him with increased power. He had continued vomitings which 'almost killed him,' he says; and yet the pulpit was his only cure, so that his friends began to pity him less, and to leave off that 'ungrateful caution, "Spare thyself!"'

I cannot learn that one day's rest was permitted his body, when he returned to London from the west. Early in May 1750, he started for Ashby, where Lady Huntingdon was lying ill, whom he hoped God's people would keep out of heaven as long as possible, by their prayers. He had some pleasant interviews with Doddridge, with Stonhouse (now a clergyman, and not afraid to attend Whitefield's preaching in the fields, nor to take the evangelist's arm down the street), with Hervey and Hartley. At Ashby there began the first of a series of little incidents in this town which well illustrate what kind of a life his was. 'The kind people of Ashby,' he says, 'stirred up some of the baser sort to riot before her ladyship's door, while the gospel was preaching; and on Wednesday evening, some people on their return home narrowly escaped being murdered. Her ladyship has just received a message from the justice, in order to bring the offenders before him.' After passing through Nottingham, Mansfield, and Sutton, at which places his message was reverently listened to by vast numbers, another rough reception was given him at Rotherham. The crier was employed to give notice of a bear-baiting. At seven o'clock on a Saturday morning the 'bear' had his congregation round him; then the drum sounded, and several watermen came with great staves to the baiting; the constable was struck; two of the mobbers were apprehended, but afterwards rescued. One of the most active opponents of Whitefield at Rotherham, but

afterwards one of his best friends, was one Thorpe, who also thought to make merry with his public-house friends at the evangelist's expense. He and three others engaged to compete, in a public-house, for a wager, at mimicking Whitefield. His competitors took their turns first; then he jumped on the table, saying, 'I shall beat you all.' According to the terms of the contest, he opened the bible at haphazard, and took the first text that his eye fell upon, which was this, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' The words pierced his conscience at once; and instead of mimicking, he began to preach in right earnest, neither thoughts nor language failing him. His audience hung their heads in silence and gloom; none attempted to interrupt him as he went on to make remarks which filled his own mind with amazement and terror. His sermon—which he always afterwards affirmed was preached by the help of the Spirit of God—ended, he descended from the table, and left the room in silence, without noticing any one. Afterwards he joined Ingham's society, then Wesley's, and finally becoming an Independent, settled as the pastor of the Independent church at Masbro'.[1] The people of Bolton rivalled those of Rotherham in rudeness and violence; a drunkard stood up behind Whitefield to preach; and a woman twice attempted to stab the person who erected the preaching-stand in her husband's field. At Newby Cote, from whence he wrote the letter detailing the treatment he had received at Bolton, he had to append to his letter, at seven on the morning after writing it, a postscript which

[1] Whitefield's house was often the village inn, and there he was exposed to annoyance both from drunkards and gamblers. One night the room in which he and a friend slept was next to that in which a set of gamblers were carousing; and their foul language so troubled him that he felt he must go and reprove them. In vain did his friend try to dissuade him. He went and spoke, but apparently without any effect. When he returned and lay down again, his friend said, 'What did you gain by it?' 'A soft pillow,' he answered, and soon fell asleep.

ran thus: 'This last night Satan hath showed his teeth. Some persons got into the barn and stable, and have cut my chaise, and one of the horses' tails. What would men do, if they could?' It was reserved for 'a clergyman at Ulverstone, who looked more like a butcher than a minister,' to render the last of those insults which Whitefield bore during this journey. He came with two others, and charged a constable to take Whitefield into custody; 'but,' adds Whitefield, 'I never saw a poor creature sent off in such disgrace.' Thus 'the poor pilgrim went on' from town to town, from county to county.

The journey had also its bright side. Sheffield 'hardened sinners' were visibly altered in their looks since the last visit, and received the word with such gladness that many went away because they could not come near enough to hear. The moors around Haworth were thronged on Whit Sunday with thousands of people, and the church was thrice almost filled with communicants. 'It was a precious season,' writes Whitefield. Much of his work was done in the circuit of his old friend Ingham (now married to Lady Margaret Hastings), and in Ingham's company and with his assistance. No doubt the long-continued and faithful efforts of Ingham, together with the indefatigable efforts of the Wesleyan Methodists, and of such men as Grimshaw, had well prepared the soil. 'Other men laboured, and he entered into their labours;' nor does he overlook the fact.

His motto for the journey—'*crescit eundo*'—was well sustained; he kept the wheels oiled by action. He found that 'the best preparation for preaching on the Sunday was to preach every day in the week.' Increasing in power as he went, he reached Edinburgh at the end of two months, during which time he had preached more than ninety times, and to perhaps as many as one hundred and forty thousand people.

His coming was hailed with joy in Scotland; larger

congregations than ever waited on his word; and results, not so striking, but quite as useful, followed his efforts as formerly. His general plan was to preach twice every day, the first time early in the morning, and the second in the evening at six; but one day he preached thrice, and another day four times. This exertion proved too much. Ralph Erskine and he met, and shook hands. The pamphleteers were quiet; and many of his enemies were glad to be at peace with him. 'The parting was rather more affectionate than ever,' he says, 'and I shall have reason to bless God for ever for this last visit to Scotland.'

His active life did not altogether remove him from the quiet sphere of an ordinary pastor; and sometimes we find him comforting the dying, and preparing them for their change. Such work awaited him on his return to England. The Honourable Miss Hotham, daughter of Lady Gertrude Hotham, received her last religious teaching from him, and some account of her last end, as given in a letter written by Whitefield, will shed another ray of light upon the evangelist and his work. He says—'I think it is now near three weeks since good Lady Gertrude desired me to visit her sick daughter. She had been prayed for very earnestly the preceding day, after the sacrament, and likewise previous to my visit in Lady H.'s room. When I came to her bedside she seemed glad to see me, but desired I would speak and pray as softly as I could. I conversed with her a little, and she dropped some strong things about the vanity of the world, and the littleness of everything out of Christ. I prayed as low as I could, but in prayer—your ladyship has been too well acquainted with such things to call it enthusiasm—I felt a very uncommon energy and power to wrestle with God in her behalf. She soon broke out into such words as these—"What a wretch am I!" She seemed to speak out of the abundance of her heart, from

a feeling sense of her own vileness. Her honoured parent and attendant servant were affected. After prayer she seemed as though she felt things unutterable, bemoaned her ingratitude to God and Christ, and I believe would gladly have given a detail of all her faults she could reckon. Her having had a form of godliness, but never having felt the power, was what she most bewailed.

'I left her: she continued in the same frame; and when Mrs. S. asked her whether she felt her heart to be as bad as she expressed herself, she answered—"Yes, and worse." At her request, some time after this, I gave her the holy communion. A communion indeed it was. Never did I see a person receive it with seemingly greater contrition, more earnest desire for pardon and reconciliation with God through Christ, or stronger purposes of devoting her future life to His service. Being weak, she was desired to keep lying on her bed. She replied—"I can rise to take my physic, shall I not rise to pray?" When I was repeating the communion office she applied all to herself, and broke out frequently aloud in her applying. When I said—"The burden of them is intolerable," she burst out—"Yea, very intolerable:" with abundance of such like expressions. When she took the bread and wine, her concern gave her utterance, and she spake like one that was ripening for heaven. Those around her wept for joy. My cold heart also was touched; and I left her with a full persuasion that she was either to be taken off soon, or to be a blessing here below. I think she lived about a week afterwards. She continued in the same frame as far as I hear, and I trust is now gone where she will sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb for ever and ever.

'The thought of this comforts good Lady Gertrude, and the same consideration, I am persuaded, will have the same effect upon your ladyship. Only methinks I

hear your ladyship add—"No: I will not stop here. By divine grace I will devote myself to Jesus Christ now, and give Him no rest, till I see the world in that light as dear Miss Hotham did, and as I myself shall, when I come to die. I will follow my honoured mother as she follows Jesus Christ, and count the Redeemer's reproach of more value than all the honours, riches, and pleasures of the world. I will fly to Christ by faith, and through the help of my God, keep up not only the form but also the power of godliness in heart and life."'

The end of 1750 and the beginning of 1751 do not appear to have been so stirring as other times in Whitefield's life; but the fact is that his public labours, numerous and exhausting as ever, when he was well enough to work at all, were considerably overshadowed by personal affliction and the affliction of his wife and friends. At first, and for some short time after his return from Scotland, all was most pleasant and most quiet. He looks at home in his house adjoining the Tabernacle There he entertains his dearly beloved friend Hervey, whose bad health has made a change of air necessary, and whom Dr. Stonhouse cannot help with medicine. Whitefield thinks himself the debtor by Hervey's 'kindness in coming up to be with him.' Wesley too comes up one morning to breakfast with him; and then to pray with him. 'His heart,' as Wesley says, 'was susceptible of the most generous and the most tender friendship. I have frequently thought that this of all others was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections!' Charles Wesley, too, had the same judgment upon this point, and said of him—

> 'For friendship formed by nature and by grace,
> His heart made up of truth and tenderness,
> He lived, himself on others to bestow.'

It is in the spirit of this beautiful expression of his,

'It is my comfort that those who are friends to Jesus shall live eternally together hereafter,' that he comes in from the Tabernacle to enjoy the conversation of his friend; and by and by goes down to Ashby to see the Countess and four clergymen who are enjoying her hospitality. He says that she looks like 'a good archbishop with his chaplains round him.' They have 'the sacrament every morning, heavenly conversation all day, and preaching at night.' He calls this 'living at court indeed.' Nor is the 'heavenly conversation' without wit and pleasantry, for Whitefield was one of the cheerfullest of men. 'Strong good sense, a generous expansion of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the brightest cheerfulness and the promptest wit,' Toplady says, 'made him one of the best companions in the world.'

But it is only for a few days that we see him spending a life so free from the strain of preaching to thousands. He is hardly withdrawn from the fields, yet is longing to die preaching in them. His favourite caution to ministers —'Beware of nestling'—is never out of mind; and although he has won converts in this short stay at Ashby, he is soon off to London, and plunged into all the excitement of his countless labours.

Two months' work brought on a violent and dangerous fever, which confined him to his room for two weeks. He soon was well enough to engage again in his work; but he had thought to have cast anchor in 'the haven of eternal rest.' Half regretfully he received the summons 'to put out to sea again;' but his thought for himself was quickly consumed in the old passion of his soul—love of others—and he wished that he might live to direct them to the haven he had almost sighted.

His wife, too, was in very delicate health, near her third confinement; and after that event, she still continued for some time in a precarious state. Not a word

fell from his pen about his third child, which was probably still-born.

Trouble next fell upon Lady Huntingdon, and what affected her affected him. She was, indeed, unwell at the same time as Whitefield, but in January 1751, she became much worse, and he was sent for to see her at once. When he arrived at Ashby, he found her somewhat better, but her sister-in-law, Lady Frances Hastings, lying dead in the house. What had been his feelings during his own affliction, and in what way he preferred to die, if he might have any choice, will appear from the following letter :—

'Ashby Place, January 29, 1751.

'My very dear Sir,—It is high time to answer your kind letter. I am doing it at Ashby, whither I rid post, not knowing whether I should see good Lady Huntingdon alive. Blessed be God, she is somewhat better, and, I trust, will not yet die, but live, and abound yet more and more in the work of the Lord. Entreat all our friends to pray for her. Indeed she is worthy.

'Her sister-in-law, Lady Frances Hastings, lies dead in the house. She was a retired Christian, lived silently, and died suddenly without a groan. May my exit be like hers! Whether right or not, I cannot help wishing that I may go off in the same manner. To me it is worse than death to live to be nursed, and see friends weeping about one. Sudden death is sudden glory. Methinks it is a falling asleep indeed, or rather a translation. But all this must be left to our heavenly Father. He knows what is best for us and others. Let it be our care to have all things ready. Let the house of our hearts and our temporal affairs be put in order immediately, that we may have nothing to do but to obey the summons, though it should be at evening, cock-crowing, or in the morning. Physicians that are always attending on the dying, one would imagine, should in a peculiar manner learn to die daily. May this be your daily employ! I believe it is, though, like me, you must complain that the old man dies hard. Well, has he got his deadly blow? Die, then, he shall, even that death to which he put our Lord. Oh! that the language of our hearts may

always be, "Crucify him—crucify him!" This is painful; but the Redeemer can help us to bear it.

'"Thou wilt give strength, Thou wilt give power;
Thou wilt in time set free;
This great deliverance, let us hope,
Not for ourselves, but Thee."

'I write this out of the fulness of my heart. You will receive it as such, and remember me in the best manner to all friends. We have had good times. All glory be to Jesus through all eternity!

'Yours, &c.,
'G. W.'

Whitefield's preaching this winter was as remarkable as on any previous winter for its efficacy in comforting mourners, in cheering the faithful, and in converting the impenitent. When he finished, and started for Bristol, in March, he wrote a characteristic letter to his friend Hervey, urging him to come to Lady Huntingdon at Bristol; 'for,' he says, 'she will have nobody to give her the sacrament unless you come!' Nevertheless Hervey did not obey the summons, because his health would not permit him. Whitefield proceeds in his letter: 'I ventured the other day to put out a guinea to interest for you. It was to release an excellent Christian, who, by living very hard, and working near twenty hours out of four and-twenty, had brought himself very low. He has a wife and four children, and was above two guineas in debt. I gave one for myself and one for you. We shall have good interest for our money in another world.'

This year his mind was much relieved about Georgia, because the introduction of slaves was at length permitted by the government. The pertinacity of those who wanted to make money out of their fellow-men outwearied the better feelings and holier principles of those who saw in the trade a violation of human rights and a political curse; and free scope was given for the capture

of Negroes in Africa, and for their introduction into America. Whitefield's remarks upon his new acquisition are too strange, as coming from one who had just helped the poor, indebted Christian, to be omitted. They cause a sigh of regret that he had never heard of the humane efforts of Las Casas to undo the kind of mischief which he was about to perpetrate with heart and soul, believing it to be a work of God; for, much as he abhorred Roman Catholicism, there was charity enough in him to have learnt a lesson from the fine old Spaniard. 'Thanks be to God,' he says, 'that the time for favouring that colony'—Georgia—'seems to be come. I think now is the season for us to exert our utmost for the good of the poor Ethiopians. We are told, that even they are soon to stretch out their hands unto God. And who knows but their being settled in Georgia may be over-ruled for this great end? As for the lawfulness of keeping slaves, I have no doubt, since I hear of some that were bought with Abraham's money, and some that were born in his house. And I cannot help thinking, that some of those servants mentioned by the apostles in their epistles were or had been slaves. It is plain that the Gibeonites were doomed to perpetual slavery, and though liberty is a sweet thing to such as are born free, yet to those who never knew the sweets of it, slavery perhaps may not be so irksome.

'However this be, it is plain to a demonstration, that hot countries cannot be cultivated without Negroes. What a flourishing country might Georgia have been, had the use of them been permitted years ago! How many white people have been destroyed for want of them, and how many thousands of pounds spent to no purpose at all! Had Mr. Henry'—Matthew Henry?—'been in America, I believe he would have seen the lawfulness and necessity of having Negroes there. And though it is true that they are bought in a wrong way

from their own country, and it is a trade not to be approved of, yet as it will be carried on whether we will or not, I should think myself highly favoured if I could purchase a good number of them, in order to make their lives comfortable, and lay a foundation for breeding up their posterity in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. You know, dear sir, that I had no hand in bringing them into Georgia; though my judgment was for it, and so much money was yearly spent to no purpose, and I was strongly importuned thereto, yet I would not have a Negro upon my plantation, till the use of them was publicly allowed in the colony.' (It will be remembered that he 'had a hand' in urging on the alteration of the law.) 'Now this is done, dear sir, let us reason no more about it, but diligently improve the present opportunity for their instruction. The Trustees favour it, and we may never have a like prospect. It rejoiced my soul to hear that one of my poor Negroes in Carolina was made a brother in Christ. How know we but we may have many such instances in Georgia ere it be long? In the fall, God willing, I intend seeing what can be done towards laying a foundation.'

How complete and miserable a failure was the attempt to unite slavery and Christianity will be seen by and by. Meanwhile, we think of the orphans being habituated to look upon Negroes as a servile race, of their growing to manhood and womanhood educated in the ideas of slaveholders, and of their being able to throw over all the abominations of the system the reputation of a philanthropist so humane and a saint so sincere and so holy as was George Whitefield; neither can we forget that every man who owned a slave would be able to justify it by Whitefield's example.

On March 30, 1751, Whitefield writes from Plymouth: 'I suppose the death of our Prince has affected you. It has given me a shock.' The Prince of Wales counted

many of Lady Huntingdon's friends among his political supporters, and she herself, before her conversion, often attended his court. Politics and Methodism had a remote connexion with each other. Many who assembled in the Prince's drawing-room at Leicester House might next be seen at Chelsea, or at Audley Street, listening to Whitefield. The Countess, however, when she embraced the truth and ordered her life according to its law, withdrew from fashionable life, and sought her pleasure in acts of devotion and in good works. Her absence from court was not unnoticed by the Prince; and inquiring one day of Lady Charlotte Edwin where she was, he received the laconic, mocking answer: 'I suppose praying with her beggars.' The Prince shook his head, and turning to Lady Charlotte, said, 'Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven.'

The Countess was very anxious to know what were the religious principles of the Prince toward the close of his life; and, to satisfy herself, wrote to Mr. Lyttleton, who had been the Prince's secretary, and was of like mind with her ladyship upon religious subjects, making inquiries of him. It was but little that could be learned. She says, 'It is certain that he was in the habit of reading Dr. Doddridge's works, which had been presented to the Princess, and has been heard to express his approbation of them in the highest terms. He had frequent argument with my Lord Bolingbroke, who thought his Royal Highness fast verging towards Methodism, the doctrines of which he was very curious to ascertain. His lordship told me, that the Prince went more than once to hear Mr. Whitefield, with whom he said he was much pleased. Had he lived, it is not improbable but Mr. Whitefield would have been promoted in some way.'

From January 1751 to December 1752 there occurred

nothing that deserves detailed record in a life like this, where effort was generally at the full stretch, and where sufferings, both mental and bodily, as well as joys, abounded. We are prepared to hear of journeys and voyages made with the promptness of a general at the head of an attacking army; and of weariness and sickness paid as the price for the risks run. A few pages of Whitefield's letters carry us into Wales, where, since nothing is said about it, we must imagine what work he did; and into Ireland, where he was received into the house of Mr. Lunell, a Dublin banker, and where the people welcomed him, everything, apparently, having prepared his way. Dublin was soon aroused by his earnest words, and 'Moorfields auditories' rewarded him for his toil, as they stood with solemn countenances, like men who were hearing as for eternity. Athlone and Limerick, where as a hunger-bitten, weary traveller, he had preached fourteen years before, next heard his voice. Then Waterford and Cork, where he stood unhurt in the midst of a populace which had shamefully treated the Methodists whom the Wesleys and their helpers had gathered into a society. Hundreds in that city prayed him to continue among them; and many Papists promised to leave their priests, if he would consent to the request; but their pleading and promising were alike ineffectual. He was soon in Dublin again, and as quickly away to Belfast and other places in the north. What the efforts of the people of Cork and the tears of the people of Dublin could not procure—a few days' longer stay—the importunity of the people of Belfast won from him. The numbers that attended were so large, and the prospect of doing good was so promising, that he grieved he had not come among them sooner. And all the while he had been performing these journeys and labours in the heat of summer, and under physical weakness which caused violent vomiting, attended with great loss of blood

after preaching! Yet in five days he was at Glasgow, in the house of his old friend Mr. Niven, a merchant, who lived above the cross. The enthusiasm of Cambuslang days still burned in the hearts of the peasantry and the weavers in the country, and by three o'clock in the morning many of them were on their way to the city, to hear him on the day of his farewell preaching. In Edinburgh, whither he went next, the selecter society living in the capital evinced, along with the poor and the degraded, as strong a desire to receive his message. More work brought on more hæmorrhage and more prostration, until his body was almost worn out. Riding recruited him; and he was no sooner in London than he took ship for his fourth voyage to America, his seventh across the Atlantic. After spending the winter in America, he embarked for his eighth voyage in the spring, and was in England preaching and journeying as usual through the whole of the summer. He retired to London for the winter of 1752; but at 'the end of what exertion and triumph did that laborious repose come! His progress through the north of England towards London was a sublime march. From Sheffield he wrote that since his leaving Newcastle, he had sometimes scarce known whether he was in heaven or on earth. As he swept along from town to town, thousands and thousands flocked twice and thrice a day to hear the word of life. 'A gale of divine influence everywhere attended it.' He continued his work until he reached Northampton, where he took coach for London. No wonder that, on his arrival in the city, it seemed as if the broken tabernacle of the body must release the ardent spirit that quickened it. Moreover, the inner life was as intense as the outward was active and busy. 'O, my dear friend,' he exclaims to a correspondent, 'what manner of love is this, that we should be called the sons of God! Excuse me. I must pause awhile. My

eyes gush out with water; at present they are almost fountains of tears. But thanks be to God they are tears of love!'

The ties which bound Charles Wesley and Whitefield together were as strong, if not stronger, than those which united the two brothers. From that morning when they first breakfasted together at Oxford to the day when the news of Whitefield's death reached Charles, they loved each other with surprising tenderness and steadfastness. Both of them open, frank, emotional, their souls clave to each other in sympathy and confidence. Much as Whitefield esteemed and venerated Wesley for his zeal, his courage, and his labours, much as he loved him as a brother in Christ Jesus, there was a measure of coldness and reserve in the older man which repelled him, and would not allow him the openness and confidence of intercourse which he enjoyed with Charles. Whitefield must also have felt the chilling influence of Wesley's imperiousness; whereas Charles was truly a brother, with no thought of leading or ruling. It thus happened that in all the correspondence before the unfortunate breach, Charles manifested the most anxious concern for the consequences, while John was self-contained, though grieved and wounded. And thus it was that when Charles himself was nigh to a breach with his brother, he turned for counsel to his friend.

To what circumstances that threatened rupture was owing, there are at present no means of deciding; the letter of Charles to Whitefield was probably destroyed, and nothing remains to afford any clue. It is well known that immediately after the breach with Whitefield, Charles had some tendency to leave his brother and join the Moravians, but that trouble had long gone by. The brothers were also somewhat alienated in heart in consequence of John's marriage, but that too was a thing of the past. The letter of Whitefield, which was

dated 'London, Dec. 22, 1752,' must stand alone, and make its own impression, which will probably be something like this: the brothers had a partial misunderstanding with each other, which Whitefield deprecated, while he felt that it was not always easy to keep on good terms with the elder one, and that therefore Charles might ultimately be compelled to separate from him. Nor is it any injustice to say that Wesley was not a man with whom it was easy to be on good terms; for his lofty claims must have fretted his brethren, and created uneasiness. The letter ran thus: 'I have read and pondered upon your kind letter with some degree of solemnity of spirit. In the same frame I would now sit down to answer it. And what shall I say? Really I can scarce tell. The connexion between you and your brother hath been so close and continued, and your attachment to him so necessary to keep up his interest, that I would not willingly for the world do or say anything that may separate such friends. I cannot help thinking that he is still jealous of me and my proceedings; but, I thank God, I am quite easy about it. I more and more find that he who believeth doth not make haste; and that if we will have patience, we shall find that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, however it may seem to have taken very deep root, shall be plucked up. I have seen an end of all perfection, and expect it only in Him, where I am sure to find it, even in the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. He knows how I love and honour you and your brother, and how often I have preferred your interest to my own. This, by the grace of God, I shall still continue to do.' It does not need to be added that the evil was averted, and that the brothers worked together to the last.

It was Christmas 1752 when Whitefield wrote this letter. Looking round upon the circle of his friends at this friendliest season of the year, we miss some kind,

familiar faces. His mother's face is not there; she had died a year before, while he was paying his last visit to America. Doddridge's face is not there; he died at Lisbon, and the news of his decease followed Whitefield to America. Like the soldier on the battlefield, who can but drop a word of pity for a fallen comrade and lift up a prayer for himself, Whitefield could only say, 'Dr. Doddridge, I find, is gone; Lord Jesus, prepare me to follow after!' The face of 'good Bishop Benson' is not there; he died on August 30, 1752. His last days verified the remark of the Countess of Huntingdon. 'My Lord! mark my words: when you are on your dying bed, Whitefield's will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence.' On his dying bed, he sent Whitefield a present of ten guineas for the orphan-house as a token of his regard, and begged to be remembered in his prayers. The face of Whitefield's only sister is not there. Her house in Bristol had been his home and also his early Sunday morning preaching room in that city; and when she died he believed that she had entered into 'the rest that remains for the people of God.' The face of Ralph Erskine is not there. His death occurred on November 6, 1752; and when the intelligence was brought to Ebenezer, he said with great emotion, 'And is Ralph gone? He has twice got the start of me; he was first in Christ, and now he is first in glory.' But the start was not a long one; for Ebenezer Erskine was now an old man, and worn with heavy labours. On June 2, 1754, he followed his brother quietly and gently; as one sleeping and resting himself after toil, he went to his reward.

CHAPTER XII.

1753–1770.

CHAPEL BUILDING—ATTACKS BY ENEMIES—INFIRMITIES—HIS DEATH—THE RESULTS OF HIS WORK.

No small portion of the year 1753 was spent by Whitefield in what he called cross-ploughing the land; and what that work was is well enough known without our following him from field to field. But while he thought that he was the happiest man who, being fond neither of money, numbers, nor power, went on day by day without any other scheme than a general intention to promote the common salvation amongst people of all denominations, his attention was forcibly called to the work of providing a permanent place of worship for his followers in London. The churches were as inaccessible to Methodists as ever; but had they been open probably few would have cared to enter them, for the freedom of the Tabernacle was in their estimation preferable to the unalterable forms of the Church. The Tabernacle was still the wooden building that was hastily erected at the time of the division between the Calvinists and the Arminians. The idea of a permanent building seems to have been first suggested by the Countess of Huntingdon; but Whitefield was slow to move. In the winter of 1752 she and Lady Frances Shirley again urged the work upon his attention, and this time he was brought to their side, and began to collect money. His people responded with their usual liberality, and contributed a hundred and seventy six pounds on one Sunday. With eleven hundred

pounds in hand, he, on March 1, 1753, laid the first brick of the new Tabernacle, which was to be eighty feet square, and built around the old place. The ceremony was performed with great solemnity, and Whitefield preached a sermon from the text—'In all places were I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee.' Three months later the Tabernacle was ready to receive its congregation; and he opened it by preaching in it morning and evening, to four thousand people or more.

In the spring of this year Whitefield came into serious collision with the Moravians. The reports of their proceedings and of their financial position which he published in 'An Expostulatory Letter' to Count Zinzendorf, were brought to his ears by one whom Peter Böhler stigmatises as an apostate; but there can be no doubt that Whitefield had his information from more sources than one; and as Böhler was assailed in the letter, his phrase must be somewhat discounted. A man might be an apostate from Moravianism, and yet a true witness. Whitefield opened his letter with a protestation that a real regard for his king and country, and a disinterested love for his Saviour and his Saviour's church, would not let him keep silence longer with respect to the shocking things of which he had heard, and the offences which had swelled to such an enormous bulk. According to the statements which he had received, there had been much foolishness and some wickedness practised by the Brethren. On Easter-day they would walk round the graves of their deceased friends, attended with hautboys, trumpets, French-horns, &c. They perfumed their meeting-rooms to prepare them for the entrance of our Lord. They had pictures of particular persons painted and exposed in their assemblies. They dressed the women with knots of particular colours, to indicate whether they were married or marriageable, single or widows, together with other distinctions that cannot be named. Many of them

were in debt to an enormous amount. Zinzendorf was directly taxed with owing sundry persons forty thousand pounds. Böhler was charged with some ridiculous follies. The Royal Exchange rung with the tale of their money delinquencies. Families were ruined by them, or kept in anxious suspense. Whitefield, therefore, exhorted them to remember their former days, and to return to the simpler and holier communion which they had forsaken. He warned them that God generally suffers 'Babels to be built pretty high' before He comes down to confound the language of the builders; that if knaves are employed, as they commonly are, God's honour is concerned to discover them; and that if any of His children are undesignedly drawn into the mischief, He will, for their sakes, rebuke the tempter, and make a way for them to escape.

Böhler wrote to Whitefield, and denied the particular things with which he had charged him. He also said that the Brethren had been charged with faults of which they were not guilty, either in whole or in part; but how that denial can be made to agree with Böhler's words to his congregation on April 9, 1753 (fifteen days before Whitefield's letter was written), I cannot see:— 'Brother Böhler "wished the brethren might attain such converse with the Saviour, that all old things might be done away thereby, and particularly the guilt any of us may have contracted, in these intricate and confused times, by want of sufficient love to Him and His blood-bought congregation."' It is true that he does not confess to any other guilt than that of a declension in love; but the spiritual condition which he deplores testifies of other faults. Neither does Whitefield appear to have been so rash and heedless as Böhler asserts he was; for even in respect of Böhler's character he had not spoken until after some of the Brethren themselves had expressed dissatisfaction with their teacher. A month before the

appearance of Whitefield's letter, Böhler had refrained from communicating at the Lord's table with his church, not on account of any condemnation or guilt felt in his own mind, but because some of the brethren and sisters were not satisfied with him. Even had the Brethren been free from all blame, it is evident that when Whitefield expostulated with them he had some good reasons for his act. But they were not free from blame. Count Zinzendorf answered Whitefield, with much confidence and not a little manifest annoyance, in a letter which no more deals with the broad case than does Böhler's. He said—'As yet I owe not a farthing of the 40,000*l.* you are pleased to tell me of; and if your precipitate officiousness should save me and those foreigners you forewarn so compassionately from that debt, your zeal would prove very fatal to the English friends you pity, it seems, no less than the Germans.' How was the salvation of the foreigners to prove the ruin of the English? Because they, that is, Zinzendorf, had bound himself for thirty thousand pounds as a security to help the English Brethren out of an alarming difficulty. There was debt, there was the danger of imprisonment, there was scandal, just as Whitefield had stated.

The Count's words, which describe the state of things at the end of 1752 and the beginning of 1753, are as follows:—'I asked the Lord whether I was to think of going to prison. The decision was in the negative. I forbade Johannes' writing to Lusatia of my dangerous position; for I was not sure whether my imprisonment might not stand in the licence of Satan from our Saviour. Ordering my papers to be packed up, I prepared everything as though I was to go to gaol that afternoon, after which I enjoyed a quiet siesta. In the very hour when payment was due, and no delay admissible, for London seemed to be made of iron, Hockel entered my room

with tears of anguish in his eyes. There was a strange conflict going on in my mind. Our Saviour had assured me, by means of the lot, that I should be able to pay this day and in this very hour. It was one peculiar feature of my course not to be able to foresee everything, but to consign certain things entirely to His wise government; and I had promised Him so to do, as confidingly as if the desired help were in my own house. Yet the exercise of this kind of faith, just then, was far from being agreeable. At this moment Jonas (Weiss) entered the room with a letter from Cornelius de Laer, enclosing a draft for 1,000*l.*; upon seeing which Hockel's tears of anguish were changed to those of joy. The imprisonment would have been no disgrace to myself; the whole city knew that the Brethren owed me 30,000*l.*, and that my security had saved them from bankruptcy.' On Good Friday of the same year fifteen Brethren were in danger of imprisonment for debt, but were spared the disgrace by the Count's becoming their security to discharge the debt and interest within four years.

The fact is that the 'diaconies' of England, Holland, and Germany were almost bankrupt through foolishly attempting work for which they had not the means. When the money became due, they often had to give securities of the poorest kind. They also, in England at least, thoughtlessly misled the Count by not informing him of the whole of their liabilities. It was truly a 'sifting-time,' as they called it; and while they cannot be exonerated from grave censure, their ignorance and mistaken piety were not corrupted with any admixture of dishonesty.[1]

Besides the unsatisfactory replies of Böhler and Zinzendorf, Whitefield received a letter from a Moravian friend,

[1] 'Memoirs of James Hutton,' &c. By Daniel Benham, pp. 265–312; and Appendix, pp. 561–565.

to which he wrote a reply, part of which is here transcribed:—

'My dear Man,—Though my wife hath not sent me the letter, yet she writes me, "That you have sent me a threatening one." I thank you for it, though unseen, and say unto thee, if thou art thus minded, "What thou doest, do quickly." Blessed be God, I am ready to receive the most traitorous blow, and to confess before God and man all my weaknesses and failings, whether in public or private life. I laid my account of such treatment before I published my expostulatory letter; and your writing in such a manner convinces me more and more that Moravianism leads us to break through the most sacred ties of nature, friendship, and disinterested love. But my wife says you write, "That I am drunk with power and approbation." Wast thou with me so long, my dear man, and hast thou known me no better? What power didst thou know me ever to grasp at? or what power am I now invested with? None that I know of, except that of being a poor pilgrim. And as for approbation, God knows I have had little else besides the cross to glory in since my first setting out. May that be my glory still! My wife says likewise that you write, "The bulk of my letter is not truth." So says Mr. Peter B.; nay, he says "that all is a lie;" and I hear he declares so in the pulpit. So that, whether I will or not, he obliges me to clear myself in print; and if he goes on in this manner, will not only constrain me to print a third edition, but also to publish the dreadful heap that lies behind. My answers to him, the Count, and my old friend H., are almost ready. O, my dear man, let me tell thee that the God of truth and love hates lies; and that course can never be good which needs equivocations and falsehoods to support it. God willing, you shall have none from me. I have naked truth. I write out of pure love; and the Lord Jesus only knows what unspeakable grief and pain I feel when I think how many of my dear friends have so involved themselves. If anything stops my pen, it will be concern for them, not myself. I value neither name, nor life itself, when the cause of God calls me to venture both. Thanks be to His great name, I can truly say that no sin hath had dominion over me; neither have I slept with the guilt of any known, unpretended sin lying upon my heart. If you will tell me, I

will be obliged to you. In the meanwhile, I wish thee well in body and soul, and subscribe myself, my dear John,

'Your very affectionate, though injured, friend,

'For Christ's sake,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

His open-air preaching was concluded this year in a way too beautiful to be left without notice. He had opened in Bristol another chapel, called by the same name as that in London,[1] and then started for Somersetshire. He writes, on December 1, that on the Tuesday before, he had preached at seven in the evening to a great multitude in the open air; that all was hushed and exceeding solemn; that the stars shone with great brightness; that then, if ever, he had by faith seen Him who calls them all by their names; and that his soul was filled with holy ambition, and he longed to be one of those who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. His hands and body had been pierced with cold; 'but what,' he asks, 'are outward things when the soul within is warmed with the love of God?'

Much and sincerely as he desired his crown and joy, it seemed at this time as if another were to precede him. His friend Wesley was ill of what the physicians thought was galloping consumption. Whitefield pitied the church and himself, but not Wesley. He almost grieved to think that he must stay behind in 'this cold climate,' whilst Wesley took 'his flight to a radiant throne prepared for him from the foundations of the world.' Then again, he

[1] Lord Chesterfield contributed twenty pounds towards the erection of the Bristol Tabernacle; but begged that his name might not appear in any way. Sainte Beuve says that he feared ridicule; and very likely that feeling made him wish his name to be withheld. He seems also to have been afraid of Lady Huntingdon's importunities, and a little impatience with her is perceptible. 'Really,' he said, 'there is no resisting your ladyship's importunities. It would ill become me to censure your enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Whitefield. His eloquence is unrivalled, his zeal inexhaustible; and not to admire both would argue a total absence of taste, and an insensibility not to be coveted by anybody.'

thought how 'poor Mr. Charles' was to be pitied, upon whom double work would come. The time was full of sorrow; and it gave Whitefield and the Countess an excellent opportunity to serve their friends. The Countess and another lady, just arrived in Bath from London, went from Bath to Bristol, to inform Charles of his brother's dangerous state. He immediately started for London, and found John at Lewisham; he fell on his neck and wept. Prayer was now offered in all the Methodist societies for the recovery of their great leader; and Charles records that a change for the better came when the people were praying for him at the Foundry. Hope, however, had been relinquished by all; and Wesley had written his epitaph, which was a longer composition than Whitefield had penned for his own tombstone, but similar in spirit. Whitefield wrote from Bristol to both the brothers, but enclosed John's letter in Charles's. Few things reflect more honour upon his warmheartedness than these words.

'Being unexpectedly brought back from Somersetshire, and hearing you are gone upon such a mournful errand, I cannot help sending after you a few sympathising lines. The Lord help and support you! May a double spirit of the ascending Elijah descend and rest on the surviving Elisha! Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours. A wife, a friend, and brother ill together. Well, this is our comfort, all things shall work together for good to those that love God. If you think proper, be pleased to deliver the enclosed. It was written out of the fulness of my heart. To-morrow I leave Bristol, and purpose reaching London by Saturday morning or night. Glad should I be to reach heaven first; but faith and patience hold out a little longer. Yet a little while, and we shall be all together with our common Lord. I commend you to His everlasting love; and am, my dear friend, with much sympathy,

'Yours, &c.,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

To the Reverend Mr. John Wesley.

'Bristol, December 3, 1753.

'Reverend and very dear Sir,—If seeing you so weak, when leaving London, distressed me, the news and prospect of your approaching dissolution hath quite weighed me down. I pity the church, and myself, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and ere long you will enter into your Master's joy. Yonder He stands with a massy crown, ready to put it on your head amidst an admiring throng of saints and angels. But I, poor I, that have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left behind to grovel here below! Well, this is my comfort, it cannot be long ere the chariots are sent even for worthless me. If prayers can detain them, even you, reverend and very dear sir, shall not leave us yet; but if the decree is gone forth that you must now fall asleep in Jesus, may He kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love. If in the land of the living, I hope to pay my last respects to you next week; if not, reverend and dear sir, farewell! *I præ, sequar, etsi non passibus æquis.* My heart is too big, tears trickle down too fast, and, I fear, you are too weak for me to enlarge. May underneath you be Christ's everlasting arms! I commend you to His never-failing mercy, and am, very dear sir,

'Your most affectionate, sympathising, and afflicted younger
'brother in the gospel of our common Lord,
'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

It will have been noticed from the letter to Charles Wesley that Charles's wife was ill, as well as his brother. She was seized with small-pox in a virulent form, and as soon as he could leave London he started for Bristol, to wait on her; while at the same time Whitefield, hastened by the entreaties of Lady Huntingdon, went from Bristol to London. Lady Huntingdon's friendship for Charles Wesley and his wife was of the most practical kind, inducing her to go twice a day to their house, to wait on Mrs. Wesley. It now fell to Whitefield's lot to communicate with Charles respecting the health of Wesley,

and to sympathise with him in his trouble for his wife. One of his letters ran thus:—

'London, December 13, 1753.

'My dear Friend,—The Searcher of hearts alone knows the sympathy I have felt for you and yours, and what suspense my mind hath been in concerning the event of your present circumstances. I pray and enquire, enquire and pray again, always expecting to hear the worst. Ere this can reach you, I expect the lot will be cast either for life or death. I long to hear, that I may partake like a friend either of your joy or sorrow. Blessed be God for that promise whereby we are assured that "all things shall work together for good to those that love Him." This may make us at least resigned, when called to part with our Isaacs. But who knows the pain of parting, when the wife and the friend are conjoined? To have the desire of one's eyes cut off with a stroke, what but grace—omnipotent grace—can enable us to bear it? But who knows, perhaps the threatened stroke may be recalled? Surely the Lord of all lords is preparing you for further usefulness by these complex trials. We must be purged, if we would bring forth more fruit. Your brother, I hear, is better; to-day I intended to have seen him, but Mr. Blackwell sent me word he thought he would be out for the air. I hope Mr. H. is better; but I can scarce mention anybody now but dear Mrs. Wesley. Pray let me know how it goes with you. My wife truly joins in sympathy and love. Night and day indeed you are remembered by, my dear friend,

'Yours, &c.,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

After continuing in danger for more than twenty days, Mrs. Wesley was deemed convalescent by her medical attendants; and when the good news reached Whitefield, in a letter from Lady Huntingdon, he at once gave private and public thanks for her recovery. Alas! a blow almost as heavy as the loss of Mrs. Wesley now fell on Charles; when the mother was recovering, her only child, an infant boy, caught her malady and died. The little one bore his uncle's name.

Meanwhile, Wesley disappointed his friends' fears by slowly regaining his strength. He who seemed so nigh his rest returned to work for almost forty years longer, and, among other services, preached the funeral sermon of his brother Whitefield. It was the cause of sincere joy to Whitefield to see his fellow-labourers spared to stand by his side; he prayed that the Wesleys might both spring up afresh, and their latter end increase more and more. 'Talk not of having no more work in the vineyard,' he wrote to Charles, 'I hope all our work is but just beginning. I am sure it is high time for me to do something for Him who hath done and suffered so much for me. Near forty years old, and such a dwarf! The winter come already, and so little done in the summer! I am ashamed; I blush, and am confounded.'

This winter of affliction for the Wesleys was one of much physical prostration to Whitefield also; every sermon, he says, was fetched out of the furnace. When spring came he sailed with twenty-two orphans for Georgia, viâ Lisbon. This was his ninth voyage; and his reason for making it by way of Lisbon was that as a preacher and a Protestant he might see something of the superstitions of the Church of Rome. For this purpose he could have chosen no better season and no better place; he was in time for all the pageantry and activity of Easter week. A gentleman of the factory, whose brother had received good through Whitefield's preaching, welcomed the evangelist to his house, and afforded him every opportunity of gratifying his wishes. Nor were these the wishes of idle curiosity. Whitefield delighted in travelling for the sake of preaching and also for the sake of seeing men and things. He thought that it expanded a man's mind to see strange places and fresh customs; and there can be no doubt that his own wide charity was due in no small degree to his intercourse with men of all classes, of all churches, and of many

nations. At first he did not care much for the distinctions between churches; and when Quakers, Independents, Presbyterians, and Baptists showed him equal kindness wherever he travelled, and displayed the great qualities of purity and love, he cared yet less. A more impartial Christian it would be hard to find. He expected perfection in none, and hailed every tendency to it in all. Even Lisbon was to do more than present him with things to be hated and shunned. Amid so much that was against his judgment and conscience, there were things to delight his taste. The singing in St. Domingo church by the Dominican friars, while the Queen performed her devotions there, was 'most surprisingly sweet.' The action of the preachers, a great number of whom he heard, struck him as most graceful. '*Vividi oculi, vividæ manus, omnia vivida.*' He thought, as he beheld their impressive gesticulation and heard their tender tones, that English preachers, who have truth on their side, would do well to be a little more fervent in their address, and not let falsehood and superstition run away with all that is pathetic and affecting. The city was a scene to make him all eye and ear. There were images of saints with lanterns burning in front of them, and churches hung with purple damask trimmed with gold. There were the richest and noblest of the land bowing before the gorgeous altars, or hurrying from church to church to offer their sacrifices. There was the spectacle of the King, attended with his nobles, washing the feet of twelve poor men, and of the Queen and her royal daughters doing the same thing to twelve poor women. There were processions of penitents, headed by preaching friars bearing crucifixes in their hands, which they held up before the eyes of the devotees as they exhorted them to fresh acts of sacrifice. His soul was moved with pity as he saw by moonlight one night some two hundred penitents, dressed in white linen vestments,

barefooted, and with heavy chains attached to their ankles, which made a dismal noise as they passed along the streets; some carried great stones on their backs, and others dead men's bones and skulls in their hands; most of them whipped and lashed themselves with cords, or with flat bits of iron. Even in the moonlight the effects of their heavy penances could be seen on their red and swollen backs. It struck him as a horrible sight, in the same church where he so greatly admired the singing, that over the great window were the heads of many Jews, painted on canvas, who had been condemned by the inquisition, and carried out from that church to be burnt. 'Strange way this of compelling people to come in!' he exclaimed. 'Such was not thy method, O meek and compassionate Lamb of God! But bigotry is as cruel as the grave.' The whole time was, as he said, instructive, though silent.

His wife was not with him this voyage, indeed she seems to have performed but one long journey with him after their marriage. Her health was unequal to the trials of an American summer; and it would have been useless for her to have travelled with him as a companion from place to place. He could but leave her to her own resources and to the kindness of his friends—not a pleasant position for a wife, but the best in which he could place her, unless he relinquished his evangelistic work, and that would simply have overturned his whole plan of life, and violated his most solemn convictions. He implored one of his London friends to visit his wife frequently—'Add to my obligations,' he said, 'by frequently visiting my poor wife. Kindnesses shown to her in my absence will be double kindnesses.'

With a family, but not with his wife, he arrived at Bethesda, which he found in a flourishing state, as was also the colony. He had a hundred and six persons, black and white, to provide for and to guide; and he

seems to have known the ages and capabilities and condition of all at the orphan-house, and often to have sent specific and peremptory directions concerning particular cases. Honour, too, was beginning to come to early and faithful colonists. His friend Habersham, who came over with him at his first voyage, and to whom he committed the temporal affairs of the orphan-house, was now appointed secretary to the colony; afterwards he became president of the council and Commons House of Assembly. Whitefield himself received from the new college of New Jersey, for which he had greatly exerted himself before leaving England, the degree of Master of Arts. Altogether a better reception was given him by the country than he had received fourteen years before, and that, as we have seen, was gratifying enough. His weaknesses still clung to him, that is, his weaknesses of the flesh, and from this time he may be considered a confirmed invalid who refused to be invalided; but his strength of heart was not at all diminished, and when he got as far north as Portsmouth, he said in the quietest way, 'I am now come to the end of my northward line, and in a day or two purpose to turn back, in order to preach all the way to Georgia. It is about a sixteen hundred miles' journey.' This was he who was ashamed of his sloth and lukewarmness, and longed to be on the stretch for God! Yet again, when his ride of two thousand miles was ended, and when he had preached for nearly five months, he longed to have time to spend in retirement and deep humiliation before that Saviour for whom he had done so little!

Whitefield's tenth voyage was performed in the spring of 1755. About two months after his arrival in England his friend Cennick died. 'John Cennick,' he said, 'is now added to the happy number of those who see God as He is. I do not envy, but want to follow after him.' If not a strong Christian, Cennick was a very devout one;

and the church cannot forget her indebtedness to him for a few good hymns which he added to her treasury. Some tender, beautiful lines, headed '*Nunc dimittis*,' were found in his pocket-book when he died; here are some of them:—

'I never am forsaken or alone;
Thou kissest all my tears and griefs away;
Art with me all night long, and all the day:
I have no doubt that I belong to Thee,
And shall be with Thee to eternity.
I would not Thee offend—Thou know'st my heart—
Nor one short day before Thy time depart:
But I am weary and dejected too,
O let me to eternal Sabbath go.'

Whitefield found the Methodists very lively in England, and had the pleasure of hearing that several clergymen were preaching those truths which he had done so much to propagate. But enemies were also alert. He found it difficult to keep clear of collision with Wesley's friends, his own admirers and they being, as usual, as careless about unneighbourly acts as their leaders were anxious to love and serve one another. He also had open and dangerous opposition from some ruffians in the metropolis. It was to be expected that one who eclipsed the best actors of the day in grace of action and naturalness of expression, and who, at the same time, assailed theatre going with unsparing severity, would be attacked in turn. Slander and falsehood had shot a feeble missile at him when he last visited Scotland, but had given him no trouble. In Glasgow he warned his hearers to avoid the playhouse, which was then only the wooden booth of some strolling players, and represented to them the pernicious influence of theatres upon religion and morality; about the same time the proprietor of the booth ordered his workmen to take it down. This simple affair was thus reported in the 'Newcastle Journal,' when he got as

far south as that town: 'By a letter from Edinburgh we are informed that on the 2nd instant, Mr. Whitefield, the itinerant, being at Glasgow, and preaching to a numerous audience near the playhouse lately built, he inflamed the mob so much against it, that they ran directly from before him, and pulled it down to the ground. Several of the rioters are since taken up, and committed to gaol.' The next trouble with admirers of the stage was of a complicated kind, and it is difficult to say how much they were to blame; for playhouses, a bishop and his vestry, and Roman Catholics, who hated King George, are mingled in a ludicrous medley in the story. It is possible to get consistency only by supposing that all these hated the Methodist for special reasons of their own, and were, by this common feeling, banded against him: even hatred of the same thing will make enemies 'wondrous kind' for a season. Some religious people, apparently the Dissenters, had built a chapel, called Long Acre Chapel, near the playhouses. It was an unconsecrated building, duly licensed for preaching; its minister was the Rev. John Barnard, an Independent, one of Whitefield's converts. Mr. Barnard asked Whitefield to preach in his chapel twice a week, and Whitefield consented to do so on the understanding that he might use the liturgy, if he thought proper; for he judged that he might 'innocently preach the love of a crucified Redeemer, without giving any just offence to Jew or Gentile, much less to any bishop or overseer of the Church of God.' Every one was not of his mind. A band of roughs were hired to disturb him while he preached, by making a noise with a copper furnace, bells, drums, &c., at the chapel door. Part of their pay came from some gentlemen of the vestry of the Bishop of Bangor and Dean of Westminster, Dr. Zachariah Pearce; and they did their work to perfection. They used more dangerous means of silencing the obnoxious preacher than drums; they threw stones through the

windows at him, and always missed him, though some one else suffered; they rioted at the door, and abused him and his congregation as they were leaving the chapel. Things were serious, though Whitefield with his strong sense of humour called their behaviour 'a serenading from the sons of Jubal and Cain.' An appeal made by him to a magistrate procured protection for a time. An appeal to Dr. Pearce was less successful; that prelate forbade his preaching in the chapel again; but his inhibition was useless. Whitefield continued his work. The bishop's vestry now revived the persecution by the mob; and Whitefield made repeated appeals to this exemplary overseer to stay the violence, and he appealed in vain! Several persons were seriously injured; and he himself was threatened with death. Once when he entered the pulpit, he found a letter laid upon the cushion, which threatened him with 'a certain, sudden, and unavoidable stroke, unless he desisted from preaching and pursuing the offenders by law.' It was his determination, formed with the advice of some members of the government, to prosecute the offenders, that made them assail him in this cowardly way; and it is certain that there were some with audacity and wickedness enough to give the stroke. For some unusual purpose a man followed him into the pulpit of the Tabernacle while the Long Acre trouble was at the worst; and it was generally supposed that he was an assassin. Whitefield dared the worst, and let the prosecution go on, until its preparation to enter the King's Bench terrified his enemies. One of them also had previously come under better influences, and regretted the part he had taken in paying ruffians to commit violence.

The letters to the Bishop of Bangor are important for more than the information they give of the rioting. They give us a last explanation and vindication of the course which Whitefield had followed for so many years, and

which he followed to his death. The letters of the bishop to Whitefield were not published, because Whitefield thought that it would be a breach of courtesy to proclaim their contents, and his lordship, fearing exposure, had signified his intention to use his right as a peer to hinder them from appearing; but it is easy to see what their substance must have been, from the answers they received. Dr. Pearce had charged Whitefield with unfaithfulness to the Church of England, and the reply was: 'For near these twenty years last past, as thousands can testify, I have conscientiously defended her homilies and articles, and upon all occasions spoken well of her liturgy. Either of these, together with her discipline, I am so far from renouncing, much less from throwing aside all regard to, that I earnestly pray for the due restoration of the one, and daily lament the wanton departure of too, too many from the other. But, my lord, what can I do? When I acted in the most regular manner, and when I was bringing multitudes even of Dissenters themselves to crowd the churches, without any other reason being given than that of too many followers after me, I was denied the use of them. Being thus excluded, and many thousands of ignorant souls, that perhaps would neither go to church nor meeting-houses, being very hungry after the gospel, I thought myself bound in duty to deal out to them the bread of life. Being further ambitious to serve my God, my king, and my country, I sacrificed my affections, and left my native soil, in order to begin and carry on an orphan-house in the infant colony of Georgia, which, through the Divine blessing, is put upon a good foundation. This served as an introduction, though without my design, to my visiting the other parts of his Majesty's dominions in North America; and I humbly hope that many made truly serious in that foreign clime will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

'Your lordship judgeth exceeding right when you say, "I presume you do not mean to declare any dissent from the Church of England." Far be it from me: no, my lord, unless thrust out, I shall never leave her, and even then (as I hope whenever it happens it will be an unjust extrusion) I shall continue to adhere to her doctrines, and pray for the much wished for restoration of her discipline, even to my dying day. Fond of displaying her truly Protestant and orthodox principles, especially when church and state are in danger from a cruel and popish enemy, I am glad, my lord, of an opportunity of preaching, though it be in a meeting-house; and I think it discovers a good and moderate spirit in the Dissenters, who will quietly attend on the Church service, as many have done and continue to do at Long Acre Chapel, while many, who I suppose style themselves her faithful sons, by very improper instruments of reformation, have endeavoured to disturb and molest us.'

Another extract from the same letter cannot be read without great pain by anyone who holds that the acceptance of creeds or the subjection to canons ought to be made in simple, literal honesty, without qualifications or reservations of any kind. Whitefield's answer to the bishop might be irrefragable if treated upon the ground on which he placed it; but truth should not be made dependent upon the customs of any class of men, otherwise the law of God is made void by human tradition. Neither were matters mended by his appealing so solemnly to the Almighty, as he did in the following words: 'But, my lord, to come nearer to the point in hand—and for Christ's sake let not your lordship be offended with my using such plainness of speech—I would, as in the presence of the living God, put it to your lordship's conscience whether there is one bishop or presbyter in England, Wales, or Ireland, that looks upon our canons as his rule of action? If they do, we are all

perjured with a witness, and consequently in a very bad sense of the word irregular indeed. When canons and other church laws are invented and compiled by men of little hearts and bigoted principles on purpose to hinder persons of more enlarged souls from doing good, or being more extensively useful, they become mere *bruta fulmina*; and when made use of only as cords to bind up the hands of a zealous few, that honestly appear for their king, their country, and their God, like the withes with which the Philistines bound Samson, in my opinion they may very legally be broken. . . . As good is done, and souls are benefited, I hope your lordship will not regard a little irregularity, since at the worst it is only the irregularity of doing well.' Impossible as it is to withold sympathy from an irregular well-doer, who was singled out as the object of pastoral warnings and the mark of scoundrels' brickbats, while card-playing, gambling, idle clergymen were passed by without rebuke or punishment, there is no gainsaying that he was irregular. To judge his conscience is not our office; but it would have made one inconsistency the less in his life, had he severed himself from a church with which he could hold but a nominal connexion so long as he persisted in his irregularities; and it would have been a yet happier thing had no church been so rigid in its forms as to make the warmest zeal and the tenderest love in its communion things which it could not tolerate, and yet remain true to its constitution. It is strange when the best Christian becomes the most objectionable member of a church.

Early in 1756, the year which our narrative has now reached, a great change passed over Whitefield's personal appearance. The graceful figure, which was familiar on many a common and park and market-cross of England, which Londoners knew so well as he rapidly walked their streets, and country-people recognised as he dashed along their lanes, attended by a knot of brethren on horseback,

in haste to meet some mighty congregation, or rode slowly along, pondering his next sermon or silently communing with God—that figure which was associated with the godly young man who entranced and awed his countrymen—was now changed, when he was forty-two years old, into the heavy, corpulent, unwieldy form, which engravers have preserved for us in their likenesses of the great preacher.[1] The observation of 'the common people who heard him gladly,' has pictured him in happy lines, as they knew him in his earlier and in his later days. It is the bold and active young preacher whom we see when we hear him described by a poor man as one who 'preached like a lion.' It is the stout man of middle-age whom we see when another describes him as 'a jolly, brave man, and sich a look with him.'[2] And no doubt his kindly face and rounded form did make him seem 'a jolly, brave man;' but the truth is, that this change was owing wholly to disease. It was neither less work nor less care that made him seem so hale. As for work, he says—'I have been enabled to preach twice and thrice a day, to many, many thousands for these two months last past. And yet I cannot die. Nay, they tell me I grow fat. I dread a corpulent body; but it breaks in upon me like an armed man.' Preaching failed to cure, it rather increased, his complaint. When advised by a physician to try a perpetual blister for an inflammatory

[1] These likenesses were a great bugbear to him; he especially disliked that in which he is represented with his hands lifted above his head, an attitude which he seldom assumed, and but for a moment. He used to say that he should hate himself were he 'the sour-looking creature' they represented him to be.

[2] The words are those of an aged Oxfordshire peasant, and were spoken in answer to the question, whether he remembered Whitefield's appearance. 'Ay, sure,' said he, 'he was a jolly, brave man; and what a look he had when he put out his right hand thus, to rebuke a disturber as tried to stop him, under the pear-tree. The man had been very threatening and noisy; but he could not stand the look. Off he rode, and Whitefield said, "There he goes: empty barrels make most din."'

quinsey, he changed the receipt and tried perpetual preaching; and he vigorously and perseveringly applied the same remedy to corpulency, flux, and asthma, but not with the same success. He was doomed to carry a heavy burden of flesh.

He had care as well as work. It had been his plan to give those who helped at the orphan-house no certain income, or a very slender one: he said that if they loved him, they would serve him disinterestedly; he asked nothing for his own exhausting toils but food and raiment, and judged that others should be equally devoted. This surrounded him with sycophants, who pretended to be as highminded as he wanted to see them, and who humoured his impatience of contradiction, but who at the same time served themselves in an underhanded way. He could be roughly honest himself, and might well have borne with it among the managers of his institution; the smooth deceit which crept into office turned upon him and pierced him, when its time came. He thus complains of a loss which he suffered:—'I find that poor N. P. is engaged, and that some good friends in Carolina have been instrumental in drawing him from the care of a family, over which I thought divine Providence had made him overseer, and where I imagined he intended to have abode at least for some years. I know not what reason I have given him to suspect my confidence was weakened towards him. I could do no more than trust him with my all, and place him at the head of my affairs and family without the least check or control. Add to all this that, notwithstanding the disparity of age, I consented that he should have my dear friend's sister, with whom I thought he might live most usefully and happily at Bethesda, if you pleased, as long as you both should sojourn here below; and you know what satisfaction I expressed when I took my leave. But it seems my scheme is disconcerted, and my family like to be brought

into confusion. Alas! my dear Mrs. C., if this be the case, whom can I send that I may hope will continue disinterested long? But, you know, this is not the first time that I have been wounded in the house of my friends.

'I pity Dr. —— from the bottom of my heart. Never was I wrote to, or served so, by any from Bethesda before. Lord Jesus, lay it not to his charge. Lord Jesus, suffer us not to be led into temptation. I did not think to write so much. I rather choose to spread all before Bethesda's God.'

When Whitefield had got one permanent chapel in London, he began to feel that it would be useful to have a second, in another part of the city. The foundation stone of Tottenham Court Chapel was accordingly laid on May 10, 1756, and the building opened for worship on November 7, the same year. It was becoming a difficult question for the increasing number of Methodists, who, like Whitefield and Wesley, nominally adhered to the Established Church and called themselves Churchmen, to determine their standpoint. Churchmen they might be in name and spirit and faith, but Churchmen in modes of action they were not. As Methodists they were no part of the Church of England, neither would she recognise them; yet they were not Dissenters. They did not feel the objections of the Independents to Episcopacy; they did not feel the scruples of Baptists about the baptism of infants; they did not feel the repugnance of Quakers to forms and sacraments of every kind; they did not feel the abhorrence of Presbyterians of prelates and the liturgy. Neither state nor church had made any provision for this new people. The action of the church had already been taken; it now remained for the state to determine its mode of procedure. It quietly let Methodism fall into the ranks of dissent, politically considered. There was a Toleration Act, and the worshippers

in the new tabernacles and chapels that were beginning to multiply might avail themselves of its protection. Hence it has followed, that this movement which arose at Oxford, which was impelled and guided by duly ordained clergymen, and which might have crowded the Church of England with vast congregations of devout and holy people, has become more and more thoroughly identified with the oldest and most extreme forms of dissent in this land. Whitefield's chapels and those of the Countess of Huntingdon are all Independent chapels, the use of the liturgy in some of them not hindering either minister or congregation from declaring that they regard the union of state and church as an unholy alliance, damaging to the church and burdensome and useless to the state. Even the society which Wesley established, and the members of which he so solemnly counselled to abide loyal to the church of which he was a minister, has gradually gone the way of all dissenting societies; it has also declared firmly that it will not return to the ancient fold, to which it has been invited to return. It is thus happening that Methodism, which never contemplated any severance from the church at all, is actually threatening to bring about the dissolution of a bond which has existed ever since the Reformation. Its numbers are multiplied by tens of thousands; its chapels throng every town, and stand in every village of England; its ministers and lay preachers and helpers are legion; the sacraments of religion, baptism and the Lord's Supper, are duly administered within its pale; its adherents are married and buried by their own spiritual teachers. A denomination or denominations constituted and managed in this way are not likely to long for other pastures and another fold. Nor is their unwillingness to be absorbed or appended as an auxiliary decreased by some petty annoyances, remnants of former days, to which they are subjected. Their social disadvantages in villages and

country districts, and the rudeness which too often shocks and pains them at the parish churchyard, where their ministers cannot inter their dead when they have been baptized according to the forms, and by a clergyman, of the Established Church, and where the clergyman will not give them Christian burial when they have not been so baptized, serve to excite their anger and hostility. As Englismen they cannot help asking themselves what is their fault, what their sin, that they should be thus treated; and when they see that it is only their love of Methodism and their attendance upon its services, they cleave all the more closely to their denomination. How distant does all this seem to be from the day when Whitefield strove to put his new chapel in Tottenham Court Road under the protection of the Countess of Huntingdon, and thus to preserve it for the Church; and when the Countess herself was annoyed at nothing so much as at the idea of one of her ministers becoming a Dissenter. Berridge of Everton wrote to her twenty years after the opening of this chapel, and seven after the death of Whitefield, in a strain which shows that even at that time, although she had practically been a Dissenter for forty years, she disliked her position, and was impatient when anyone told her the bare truth about it. But Berridge was an honest man, and minded little how anyone resented his plain speaking. His language to the Countess was—'However rusty or rickety the Dissenters may appear to you, God hath His remnant among them; therefore lift not up your hand against them for the Lord's sake, nor yet for consistency's sake, because your students are as real Dissenting preachers as any in the land, unless a gown and band can make a clergyman. The bishops look on your students as the worst kind of Dissenters; and manifest this by refusing that ordination to your preachers which would be readily granted to other teachers among the Dissenters.' There are other

passages in the same letter which describe, almost with the accuracy of prophecy, the course of future events in Methodism and in the Establishment, and which might afford food for profitable thought even yet.

With regard to his new chapel, Whitefield wrote to Lady Huntingdon to say that they had consulted the Commons about putting it under her Ladyship's protection, and that the answer was: 'No nobleman can license a chapel, or in any manner have one put in his dwelling-house; that the chapel must be a private one, and not with doors to the street for any persons to resort to at pleasure, for then it becomes a public one; that a chapel cannot be built and used as such without the consent of the parson of the parish, and when it is done with his consent, no minister can preach therein, without licence of the bishop of the diocese.' 'There seems then,' he says, 'to be but one way, to license it as our other houses are; and thanks be to Jesus for that liberty which we have.' There was the same crush of hearers, when the place was opened, as there had been at the Tabernacle. Many great people came, and begged that they might have a constant seat. A neighbouring physician called it 'Whitefield's soul-trap,' and by that name it was commonly known among the foolish scoffers. Among the distinguished visitors who were accommodated in Lady Huntingdon's pew, Lord Chesterfield might not unfrequently be seen; and once his rigid decorum and self-possession were as much overpowered by the eloquence of the preacher, as if he had been a peasant at a Cambuslang preaching, or a Welsh miner among a host of his countrymen shouting 'Gogoniant! bendith iti!'[1] Whitefield, who

[1] 'At seven of the morning,' says Whitefield, 'have I seen perhaps ten thousand from different parts, in the midst of sermon, crying, "Gogunniant, bendyitti," ready to leap for joy.' A Welsh friend informs me that Whitefield must have meant, 'Gogoniant! bendith iti!' i.e. 'Glory! blessed be Thou!' The exclamation may still be heard in Calvinistic Methodist chapels.

was unrivalled in description, could easily make his hearers see with his eyes, and feel with his heart; and on this occasion he was giving a vivid and horrifying picture of the peril of sinners. He carried his audience out into the night, and nigh to a dangerous precipice, where in the feeble light might be seen, dim and staggering, the form of an old man, a blind beggar, deserted by his dog. The old man stumbles on, staff in hand, vainly endeavouring to discover his way. His face is towards the cliff; step by step he advances; his foot trembles on the ledge; another moment, and he will lie mangled in the valley below; when up starts the agonised Chesterfield, crying as he bounds forward to save him, 'Good God! he is gone!'

Oratory so perfect and so exciting could not fail to bring some actors among the motley throng that listened to it. Foote and Garrick might sometimes be seen side by side; their opinion was that the sermon was preached best when preached for the fortieth time. All its weaknesses were cut off, and all its ineffective parts suppressed; all its impressive passages were retained, and improved to the uttermost, and his memory holding with unerring accuracy what he wished to say, his tone, and look, and gesture, were adapted to its utterance with perfect art. Yet he was not bound by memory, but seized upon any passing circumstance, and turned it to account. The heavy thunder-cloud hanging on the horizon, and the flash of lightning which rent its bosom were, for his field congregations, his most vivid emblems of the coming day of wrath. A scoffer's levity would point his stern rebuke; and a penitent's tear seen in some bedimmed eye would prompt a word of loving encouragement.

It was more than the oratorical display which attracted to the 'soul-trap' Shuter, who was pronounced by Garrick the greatest comic genius he had ever seen.[1] Shuter had a warm, kind heart, and must have felt his better

[1] 'Life of David Garrick.' By Percy Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 311.

nature moved by the humanity of the teaching of Whitefield. It was he who came to the rescue of a remarkable play which was rejected by Garrick, Powel, and Colman; Goldsmith thanked him with tears in his eyes for having established the reputation of his 'Good Natur'd Man,' when they had deemed it unfit for production on the stage.[1] He also acted in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' At the time of his first coming to hear Whitefield he was acting the part of Ramble in 'The Rambler.' The name of the play tempted Whitefield into that playing upon words to which he was somewhat addicted, and in the use of which he did not always exhibit the best taste. Seeing Shuter sitting in the front of the gallery—they were by this time known to each other personally—he fixed his eye upon him, and exclaimed in his warm invitation to sinners to come to the Lord Jesus: 'And thou, poor Ramble, who hast long rambled from Him, come thou also. O end thy ramblings by coming to Jesus.' Shuter went to Whitefield at the close of the service, and said to him: 'I thought I should have fainted—how could you serve me so?' But neither this pointed appeal, nor many others to which he listened, succeeded in drawing him from his unsatisfying life to a nobler career. His part in the production of Goldsmith's plays, which appeared two years before Whitefield's death, shows that he continued to follow his old calling. There is, however, an anecdote told of him which proves that the old thoughts and feelings were not extinguished, if they were not sufficiently strong to rule him. The Rev. Mr. Kinsman, who was an intimate friend of his, and had tried hard to wean him from his profession, met him one day in Portsmouth, and said to him that he had been preaching so often, and to such large congregations, that his physician advised change of air for his health. 'And I,' said Shuter, 'have been acting till ready to die; but oh,

[1] Forster's 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith,' p. 458.

how different our conditions! Had you fallen, it would have been in the service of God; but in whose service have my powers been wasted? I dread to think of it. I certainly had a call once, while studying my part in the park, and had Mr. Whitefield received me at the Lord's table I never should have gone back; but the caresses of the great, who, when unhappy, want Shuter to make them laugh, are too seducing. There is a good and moral play to-night; but no sooner is it over than I come in with my farce of "A Dish of all Sorts," and knock all the moral on the head.' When his friends rated him as a Methodist, because they had seen him with Mr. Kinsman, he said: 'A precious method is mine; no, I wish I were; if any be right, they are.' Lady Huntingdon gives us yet another glimpse of this kind-hearted actor. Writing from Bath to Lady Fanny Shirley, she says: 'I have had a visit from Shuter, the comedian, whom I saw in the street, and asked to call on me. He was wonderfully astonished when I announced my name. We had much conversation; but he cannot give up his profession for another more reputable. He spoke of Mr. Whitefield with much affection, and with admiration of his talents. He promised to come some other time, when he had more leisure for conversation. Poor fellow! I think he is not far from the kingdom.'

Much has been said of Whitefield's efforts for his orphan-house, and of the success with which he pleaded its claims; but let it not be thought that he never sent the collection-box round for any other object. He would help others when debt and anxiety pressed upon himself; the money which would have freed him was cheerfully sent to meet other wants. He often preached for the French Protestants in Prussia, who had suffered much at the hands of the Russians, and collected as much as fifteen hundred pounds for them. Many of the nobility attended his chapels while he was making this effort; and

the King of Prussia sent him his thanks for it. At another time he collected in his chapels, on one day, five hundred and sixty pounds, for 'the relief of the German Protestants and the sufferers by fire at Boston.' But on this occasion he resorted to a strange stratagem. At the close of the sermon, he said: 'We will sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion may sneak off.' Not one stirred; he then ordered the doors to be closed, and descending from the pulpit held the plate himself![1] It was a common thing to make a collection for the orphan-hospital in Edinburgh, when he visited Scotland. He also made a levy on the generosity of the Glasgow people, and taught them practical charity, as he did all who heard him. Franklin's story of the man who borrowed money for the collection at Philadelphia, is matched by a story of Whitefield's power in this Scotch city. An officer, who knew Whitefield's influence, laid a wager with another who was going to hear him with a prejudiced mind, that he would feel himself obliged to give something, notwithstanding his dislike. The wager was accepted; and the challenged man went to church with empty pockets. But Whitefield so moved his heart that he was fain to borrow from his neighbour, and his bet was lost.

In May, 1757, Whitefield was the most highly honoured man in Edinburgh; the next month he was mobbed and stoned in Dublin. Several Scotch towns had previously made him a freeman; and this year he received the marked respect of the ministers of the General Assembly, and of the Lord High Commissioner. From the aristocracy of Scotland he went to the Ormond and Liberty

[1] I am not fully satisfied that this anecdote is authentic; it is inserted here upon the authority of 'Sketches of the Life and Labours of the Rev. George Whitefield,' issued by the Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.

Boys of Ireland, and at their hands received the last violence to which he was to be subjected. He has told the tale himself:—

'Dublin, July 9, 1757.

'My dear Friend,—Many attacks have I had from Satan's children, but yesterday you would have thought he had been permitted to have given me an effectual parting blow. You have heard of my being in Ireland, and of my preaching daily to large and affected auditories, in Mr. Wesley's spacious room. When here last, I preached in a more confined place in the week-days, and once or twice ventured out to Oxminton Green, a large place like Moorfields, situated very near the barracks, where the Ormond and Liberty, that is, High and Low Party, Boys generally assemble every Sunday to fight with each other. The congregations there were very numerous; the word seemed to come with power; and no noise or disturbance ensued. This encouraged me to give notice that I would preach there again last Sunday afternoon. I went through the barracks, the door of which opens into the Green, and pitched my tent near the barrack walls, not doubting of the protection, or at least the interposition, of the officers and soldiery, if there should be occasion. But how vain is the help of man! Vast was the multitude that attended. We sang, prayed, and preached without molestation; only now and then a few stones and clods of dirt were thrown at me. It being war-time, as is my usual practice, I exhorted my hearers not only to fear God, but to honour the best of kings; and, after sermon, I prayed for the success of the Prussian arms. All being over, I thought to return home the way I came, but, to my great surprise, access was denied; so that I had to go near half a mile from one end of the Green to the other, through hundreds and hundreds of Papists, &c. Finding me unattended (for a soldier and four Methodist preachers, who came with me, had forsook me and fled), I was left to their mercy; but that mercy, as you may easily guess, was perfect cruelty. Volleys of hard stones came from all quarters, and every step I took a fresh stone struck, and made me reel backwards and forwards, till I was almost breathless, and all over a gore of blood. My strong beaver hat served me, as it were, for a skull-cap for awhile; but at last that was knocked off, and my head left quite defenceless. I received

many blows and wounds; one was particularly large and near my temples.[1] I thought of Stephen; and as I believed that I received more blows, I was in great hopes that like him I should be despatched, and go off in this bloody triumph to the immediate presence of my Master. But providentially, a minister's house lay next to the Green; with great difficulty I staggered to the door, which was kindly opened to and shut upon me. Some of the mob in the meantime having broke part of the boards of the pulpit into large splinters, they beat and wounded my servant grievously in his head and arms, and then came and drove him from the door. For a while I continued speechless, panting for, and expecting, every breath to be my last. Two or three of the hearers, my friends, by some means or other got admission; and kindly, with weeping eyes, washed my bloody wounds, and gave me something to smell to, and to drink. I gradually revived, but soon found the lady of the house desired my absence, for fear the house should be pulled down. What to do I knew not, being near two miles from Mr. Wesley's place. Some advised one thing, and some another. At length, a carpenter, one of the friends that came in, offered me his wig and coat, that I might go off in disguise. I accepted of, and put them on, but was soon ashamed of not trusting my Master to secure me in my proper habit, and threw them off with disdain. I determined to go out, since I found my presence was so troublesome, in my proper habit. Immediately deliverance came. A Methodist preacher, with two friends, brought a coach; I leaped into it, and rid in gospel triumph through the oaths, curses, and imprecations of whole streets of Papists unhurt, though threatened every step of the ground. None but those who were spectators of the scene can form an idea of the affection with which I was received by the weeping, mourning, but now joyful Methodists. A Christian surgeon was ready to dress our wounds, which being done, I went into the preaching-place, and, after giving a word of exhortation, joined in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Him who makes our extremity his opportunity, who stills the noise

[1] Some time after this adventure, when De Courcy, an Irish clergyman, visited London, and was introduced to Whitefield, the latter held his head downwards, and putting his hand upon a deep scar in it, said, 'This, Sir, I got in your country for preaching Christ.'

of the waves, and the madness of the most malignant people. The next morning I set out for Port Arlington, and left my persecutors to His mercy, who out of persecutors hath often made preachers. That I may thus be revenged of them is the hearty prayer of,

'Yours, &c.,

'GEORGE WHITEFIELD.'

It is satisfactory to learn from another of his letters that the stoning was not in consequence of his having spoken against Papists in particular, but for exhorting all ranks to be faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to King George. His prudence in avoiding unnecessary offence was as great as ever.

To escape the danger of open-air preaching was to encounter the danger of ministering in two large chapels all the winter through; and in the winter of 1757-8 Whitefield suffered so much that he was put upon 'the short allowance,' as he called it, of preaching but once a day, and thrice on a Sunday. With so little to do, he began to examine things that were near him; and finding that round his chapel there was 'a most beautiful spot of ground,' he designed a plan for building twelve almshouses upon it. Some other 'good folks' agreed with him, and soon one hundred pounds of the necessary four hundred were in his hand. The houses were to be for godly widows, who were to have half-a-crown a week from the sacrament money. The cost of building them was defrayed by private subscriptions, the public being kept in ignorance of the scheme until the whole sum was promised. In June 1758 the houses received their first inmates, and stood as 'a monument that the Methodists were not against good works.'

The summer travels of 1758 were begun at Gloucester, and continued into Wales; and it is grievous to mark the increasing difficulties under which they were undertaken. No trifle ever hindered this willing traveller, but he is

compelled to say to a friend—'This tabernacle makes me to groan. The one-horse chaise will not do for me; as it will not quarter, I am shaken to pieces. Driving likewise wearies me, and prevents my reading; and if the road be bad my servant that rides the fore-horse is dirtied exceedingly. I have therefore sent to Mr. S.'s about the postchaise, and desired him to beg the favour of you, my dear sir, to look at it, and let me know your thoughts. This is giving you trouble, but you are my friend.' Possibly the weakness of the body added to the fervour of the spirit, and increased the interest of the congregations.

When he visited Scotland in 1759, he exhibited his disinterestedness in a very marked way, by refusing either for himself personally, or for his orphan-house, the estate, both money and lands, valued at seven thousand pounds, of a Miss Hunter, which she offered him.

From the account already given of the kindly feeling of Shuter the comedian for Whitefield, and of the visits paid by the chief of actors to the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, it might be supposed that actors were among Whitefield's friends; that is to say that they admired his talents, and respected his character and his calling, while refusing to yield to his warnings and entreaties to seek another profession; but such was not the case. To be inferior to him in histrionic talent would not calm the fretful temper which most of them had. Garrick would doubtless have been better pleased had the public called Whitefield the Garrick of the pulpit, and not himself 'the Whitefield of the stage.' He could not always disguise his pleasure when another actor was burlesqued and mimicked, and his feelings would hardly be more generous towards a Methodist preacher. Dr. Johnson, guided no doubt by what he saw and knew of the actors of his day, never made a truer remark than when he observed that the stage made

'almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.' To these qualities he might have added, for a description of the staff of actors who are the most brilliant in the history of the English stage, envious, faithless, deceptive. Drury Lane and Covent Garden fought each other in no very honourable way; to strike a cowardly blow at a rival was not an unpardonable sin. Cibber, with all her tenderness and pathos, could not endure another's success; Macklin was always conceited, selfish, and fierce; and Foote was as savage as he was witty. When they envied each other's triumphs, and mimicked each other's manner, it was hardly likely that they could refrain from burlesquing Whitefield, to amuse their audiences, and to gratify themselves. It may be something to their credit that the scandalous work was undertaken by the most unscrupulous of their number. Foote first of all entertained the playhouse goers by imitating Whitefield's appearance and manner of speaking. Finding himself so successful he next wrote a comedy, called the 'Minor,' which affected to kill Methodism by ridicule, and took the chief part in it himself. There is not one happy line in it, and it is as destitute of wit as of piety. Its immense run in London, where it was acted at both theatres, must have been due altogether to Foote's acting. There was something in the impudence of the opening sentence worthy of both author and performer: 'What think you of one of those itinerant field-orators, who, though at declared enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles and, at the same time, pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?'[1]

[1] The favourite dish of the pocket-picking Mr. Squintum, as Foote, alluding to Whitefield's defect, called the greatest of the field-orators, was a cow-heel. He would cheerfully say, as he sat down to it, 'How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon Dr. Squintum, and see a cow-heel only upon his table.'

'I consider those gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself. Ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison.'

The chief character is Mrs. Cole, or old Moll, a convert of Whitefield; and the colour of her piety appears in her offering a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram to some one, to make him also a convert. Herself she thus describes—'No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tattered garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him, I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no—'

These are the least objectionable parts of the production; its worst are best left alone.

Whitefield, on hearing of the merriment of the town at his expense, simply said—'All hail such contempt!' But his friends were not content to remain inactive. The Rev. Mr. Madan wrote to Garrick on the intended representation of the play at Drury Lane. Lady Huntingdon waited upon the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, and applied for its suppression altogether—a most proper request, apart from anything that was levelled against Methodists; for its impurity condemned it. Yet his lordship could only assure her that had the evil tendency of the play been found out before it was licensed, licence would have been refused; as it was, he could do nothing immediately. The Countess next appealed to Garrick, who promised to use his influence in excluding it for the present, and added 'that had he been aware of the offence it was calculated to give, it should never have appeared with his concurrence.' Nevertheless the offence was continued.

Foote showed his brutality by bringing the play upon the stage at Edinburgh, within two months after Whitefield's death; but its indecency, combined with the heartlessness of caricaturing a man who had never entered the city but to bless it, and who was just dead,

emptied the theatre after the first night, and made many a pulpit thunder out rebukes. Edinburgh had more self-respect than London.

Whitefield was this same year brought into contact with the notorious Earl Ferrers, cousin of Lady Huntingdon. When this wild, boastful, reckless peer was tried for the murder of his steward, Mr. Johnson, there were sitting in the House of Lords a little group of Methodists, drawn thither by the regard they had for Lady Huntingdon, and the interest they took in all that concerned her. George Whitefield and his wife, Charles Wesley and his wife, and one Mrs. Beckman, 'a truly good woman,' sat side by side, waiting till half-past eleven o'clock for the Lords to assemble; then they saw them enter in great state—barons, lords, bishops, earls, dukes, and the Lord High Steward. Besides them, there were in the House most of the royal family, the peeresses, the chief gentry of the kingdom, and the foreign ambassadors. The trial over, and the peers having declared their verdict, the wretched man was sent for to the bar, to hear from the judge the unanimous judgment of all his peers that he was guilty of felony and murder. His execution was delayed from April 16 to May 5, an interval which he spent in careless self-indulgence, so far as he could get indulgence, and in total indifference to all the religious solicitude shown in his behalf. Lady Huntingdon restrained him a little, and kept him from appearing utterly shameless. He twice received Whitefield very politely; but his heart was unmoved. His last words before the bolt was drawn were: 'O God, forgive me all my errors; pardon all my sins.'

The Methodists laid themselves open to some criticism by the great anxiety which they manifested respecting the last words and deeds of men. That the root of it was true love for man, there can be no doubt; it was the same feeling which made them so abundant in

labours for the healthy and strong; but they might wisely have refrained from laying such emphasis upon last utterances. While they did well to leave nothing undone to bring the sinner to repentance, they should, in all cases where the life had been wicked, have withheld an opinion about the final destiny. It is both touching and pitiful to see how Lady Huntingdon collected evidence respecting the religious opinions of the Prince of Wales towards the end of his life; and it was a terrible blow to her and her co-religionists when Earl Ferrers remained impenitent to the end, notwithstanding private and public prayer offered on his behalf, and all manner of entreaties addressed to him. A humble, holy life can have but one issue, and all who have lived it may be confidently said to be with Christ; an unholy life, concluding with a testimony that certain truths have been accepted, must have an uncertain issue, so far as we who remain can see; and it is best to be silent about it, though we may hope for the best. Some blame may be fairly charged as well upon an earnest piety as upon a gross superstition, for making last confessions and last actions appear in the eyes of many as of more importance than daily repentance, daily faith, and daily good works.

An unusually sad and weary tone is perceptible in nearly all Whitefield's letters of 1761, nor did he write many. For weeks he did not preach a single sermon; the ability to say but a few words was gratefully received as a little reviving in his bondage. He was beginning to know what nervous disorders are, and was thankful when his friends were prudent, and did not press him to preach much. His prayer was for resignation, so long as the Lord Jesus enforced silence upon him. As to the cause of his weakness and sickness, he thought it was the loss of his usual voyages, which certainly had always been an acceptable cessation of the toils of preaching, if they often brought the quieter and

less exhausting toils of writing. Thus he proceeded slowly from place to place, getting as far north as Edinburgh, where he had to say, 'Little, very little can be expected from a dying man.' It was his old enjoyment, field-preaching, which revived him again. The open sky above his head, the expansive landscape, and the sight and sound of all nature's charms, refreshed him, as an imprisoned Indian would live a new life at the sight and touch of the prairie. 'How gladly would I bid adieu to ceiled houses and vaulted roofs!' he exclaimed, when he resumed his open-air work. Yet his revival was only temporary; winter prostrated him as much as ever, and he was fain to make arrangements for sailing to America the following summer. The condition and wants of Bethesda, and his own feeble health, seemed to tell him that he must attempt another voyage. He accordingly persuaded his friends, Mr. Robert Keen, a woollen-draper in the Minories, and Mr. Hardy, to accept the office of trustees to the two London chapels and all his other concerns in England. He told them that their compliance with his request would relieve him of a ponderous load which oppressed him much. When they accepted the responsibility, he entreated Mr. Keen not to consult him upon anything, unless absolutely necessary; for, he added, 'the Lord, I trust and believe, will give you a right judgment in all things.' In this confidence he was not mistaken; his friends proved true to him and true to the cause which he served. But before we see him on board ship at Greenock, where he embarked for his eleventh voyage, there is an assailant to be answered, and a faithful labourer to be laid in his grave.

The assailant was Dr. Warburton, who since 1759 had filled the place of 'good Bishop Benson,' as bishop of Gloucester. Where Whitefield had found kindness and help, he was now to encounter fierce and uncompro-

mising hostility. Warburton was totally opposed to the doctrines of Methodism; and the success they had gained in the land was a sufficient reason for his attempting to demolish them. Even before the death of the charitable Doddridge, he showed his dislike of 'enthusiasm' in a characteristic way, by rating Lady Huntingdon and Doddridge in Lady Huntingdon's house, where he was paying the dying man a farewell visit before his departure for Lisbon. Neither the politeness due from guest to hostess, nor the consideration due to a feeble friend, could restrain his vehement temper. On another occasion, he provoked a skirmish at Prior Park—afterwards his own residence—where he met Dr. Hartley, Dr. Oliver, Mr. Allen, and Lady Huntingdon. Dr. Hartley having spoken in laudatory terms of Whitefield's abilities, and respectfully of his doctrines, Warburton remarked, 'Of his oratorical powers, and their astonishing influence on the minds of thousands, there can be no doubt: they are of a high order; but with respect to his doctrines, I consider them pernicious and false.' The conversation grew into a debate, and the debate became so warm that Warburton, pressed by argument and sorely ruffled in temper, hastily left the room, no doubt leaving as many marks as he carried with him. He was now to strike a heavier and more effective blow at 'the false and pernicious doctrines,' which were spreading and triumphing on every hand.

The work he wrote was called a vindication of the office and operations of the Holy Spirit from the insults of infidelity and the abuses of fanaticism. As by Bishop Gibson, at whose hands Warburton had received ordination to the priest's office, so by Warburton, the fanatics were more warmly assailed than the infidels. Indeed, the word used by Warburton is less courteous than Gibson's; with Gibson the Methodists were 'enthusiasts;' with Warburton they are 'fanatics.' Nay, fanatics on the

title-page is changed into 'fools' in the preface; and we are treated to an ingenious piece of reasoning to harmonise Solomon's seemingly contradictory advice, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him,' and 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.' It need hardly be said which of these methods a man of the bishop's temper would be sure to adopt with infidels and Methodist fanatics. True, he says some wise, charitable things in the preface about the unwisdom of the defender of religion imitating the insulter of it in his modes of disputation, which may be comprised in sophistry, buffoonery, and scurrility; but he soon forgot his own counsel. It was more than he could do to treat a Methodist with fairness or charity.

His book might have done one great service to the Church had it been devoted only to the discussion of a question which he introduces as but a stepping-stone to his conclusions against the infidels and the fanatics, namely, the inspiration of Holy Scripture. His sober, thoughtful view of that great subject might have saved Christianity from many a reproach, had it been commonly adopted by the believers of our faith. But the conclusion he wanted to reach was something subversive of the Methodistical belief concerning the operations of the Holy Ghost upon the heart of man; substantially the same view which Bishop Gibson had advanced against 'enthusiasm,' but supported by a greater show of reasoning. He says 'On the whole, then, we conclude that all the scriptures of the New Testament were given by inspiration of God; and thus the prophetic promise of our blessed Master, that the Comforter should abide with us for ever, was eminently fulfilled. For though, according to the promise, His ordinary influence occasionally assists the faithful of all ages, yet His constant abode and supreme illumination is in the sacred scriptures of the

New Testament.' This establishes the first of the two points which were to be proved, namely, that the Comforter was given (1.) to enlighten the understanding, and (2.) to purify and support the will. His light shines in the word of God only, and not in our heart; and this word of God is of miraculous production. As to the Spirit's action upon the will, that also was miraculous. The next point to be settled was, 'whether, from the primitive ages down to these latter times, the Holy Ghost hath continued to exercise either part of His office in the same extraordinary manner in which He entered upon it, when His descent on the Apostles was accompanied with all the sensible marks of the Divinity.' This leads to an examination of the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, from which the bishop seeks to prove that after the establishment of the Church by miraculous power everything was withdrawn from her excepting charity. The reasons for this change in the divine working among men are three: First, the minds of the Apostles were rude and uninformed, strangers to all celestial knowledge; but now we possess the truth, we hold the rule of faith. Secondly, 'the nature and genius of the gospel were so averse to all the religious institutions of the world, that the whole strength of human prejudices was set in opposition to it:' but now, 'whatever there may be remaining of the bias of prejudice (as such will mix itself even with our best conclusions), it draws the other way.' In view of this fact, it is absurd of the fanatics to speak in their journals as if we lived in a land of pagans, with all their prejudices full blown. Thirdly, the abatement of the influences of the supporting Spirit of grace is due to the peace and security of the Church; the profession of the Christian faith is attended with ease and honour; the conviction of human reason is abundantly sufficient to support us in our religious perseverance.

To these views Whitefield wrote an answer, in the form of a letter to a friend, which he called 'Observations on some fatal mistakes in a book lately published, and entitled, &c.' He fairly and exactly summed up the bishop's reasoning by saying that, in effect, it robbed the Church of its promised Comforter, and thereby left us without any supernatural influence or divine operations whatsoever. Left in this forlorn state, and yet told by the bishop that charity is the one thing which is to abide in the Church for ever, Whitefield asks, with pertinence and force—'Now can human reason, with all its heights; can calm philosophy, with all its depths; or moral suasion, with all its insinuating arts, so much as pretend to kindle, much less to maintain and blow up into a settled, habitual flame of holy fire, such a spark as this in the human heart?' Upon our ability to do without the Holy Ghost he remarked with a pungency which Warburton must have felt keenly: 'Supposing matters to be as this writer represents them, I do not see what great need we have of any established rule at all, at least in respect to practice, since corrupt nature is abundantly sufficient of itself to help us to persevere in a religion attended with ease and honour. And I verily believe that the Deists throw aside this rule of faith entirely, not barely on account of a deficiency in argument to support its authenticity, but because they daily see so many who profess to hold this established, self-denying rule of faith with their lips, persevering all their lives long in nothing else but an endless and insatiable pursuit after worldly ease and honour.' He proceeds—'The scriptures are so far from encouraging us to plead for a diminution of divine influence in these last days of the gospel because an external rule of faith is thereby established, that, on the contrary, we are encouraged by this very established rule to expect, hope, long, and pray for larger and more extensive showers of divine influence than any former

age hath ever yet experienced.' Warburton fared worse at Whitefield's hands, when the manner and language of his book and its personal references were dealt with: — 'Our author,' says Whitefield, 'calls the Rev. Mr. John Wesley "paltry mimic, spiritual empiric, spiritual martialist, meek apostle, new adventurer." The Methodists, according to him, are "modern apostles, the saints, new missionaries, illuminated doctors, this sect of fanatics. Methodism itself is a modern saintship. Mr. Law begat it, and Count Zinzendorf rocked the cradle, and the devil himself is man-midwife to their new birth." And yet this is the man who in his preface to this very book lays it down as an invariable maxim "that truth is never so grossly injured, or its advocates so dishonoured, as when they employ the foolish arts of sophistry, buffoonery, and personal abuse in its defence."' He concluded by recommending Warburton and all who hated Methodism to seek its extinction by a safer and more honourable method than abuse, the method recommended by Bishop Burnet for the extinction of Puritan preachers—'Out-live, out-labour, out-preach them.' Had the bishop tried that way, he might have found that he succeeded ill without that heavenly influence which he did his utmost to disparage.

It is not without interest to observe that Whitefield's first and last discussion was with a bishop, and upon the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. Years of labour had only strengthened his persuasion that the Comforter still abides personally with believers, and that without His action upon the heart no man can be led into the new life in Christ Jesus.

Before Whitefield sails we must notice the death of his friend Grimshaw, which occurred on April 7, 1763. Whether they met as Whitefield travelled north I cannot say; but it is most probable they did, as Whitefield was at Leeds in March, and he seldom got so near

Haworth without affording himself the pleasure of preaching there. No such startling and appalling, as well as happy, effects had ever attended his ministry as were felt there. It was as if the very voice of God were speaking, when once he cried out to a man who had seated himself on the tower of the church, 'Man, I have a word for thee;' that man was afterwards found among Grimshaw's converts. More solemn was the effect of his words on another occasion. He was standing on the scaffold which used to be erected for these outside gatherings; worship had been offered by the congregation; the time for the sermon had come; all eyes were turned upon him and all ears waiting for his first words, when he was seen to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Silently they waited; then, looking round upon them, he lifted up his hands, and earnestly invoked the presence and working of the Holy Ghost. A little while longer, and he announced with solemn voice and manner the solemn text, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.' He paused, and while he did so 'a wild shriek of terror arose from the midst of the mass.' Some confusion followed, but Whitefield exhorted the people to remain still, while Grimshaw pressed into the crowd, to see what had happened. Hastening back in a few minutes, he said as he approached the scaffold, 'Brother Whitefield, you stand amongst the dead and the dying; an immortal soul has been called into eternity; the destroying angel is passing over the congregation; cry aloud, and spare not!' The people were then told that one of their number had died. A second time the text was announced, 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' Again, from the spot where Lady Huntingdon and Lady Margaret Ingham were standing, arose a second shriek; and a shudder of awe ran through every heart, when it was known that a second person had died. Not over-

come by the terror of the scene, but strengthened by the secret Helper whose grace he had implored, Whitefield commenced again, and proceeded, 'in a strain of tremendous eloquence' to warn the impenitent of their perilous position. Fear and eager interest were in all hearts, as the silent, motionless congregation listened to his word; for had not the decree come forth against two souls, and who knew but that it might next come to him?

Such preaching as this might lead to the opinion that Whitefield was always either solemn or vehement; but really no one could have tried more ways than he; and faithful as he was, he was not always faithful enough for the stern preacher of the moors. It was common for him to expose the mistakes and pretensions of professors of religion, and getting on that topic before Grimshaw's congregation, it occurred to him that his remarks could hardly be appropriate to them; he therefore proceeded to say that as they had long enjoyed the ministry of a faithful pastor they must surely be a sincerely godly people, when Grimshaw interrupted him, and cried out, 'O sir, for God's sake do not speak so; I pray you, do not flatter them; I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open!'

If Grimshaw was not mistaken in this judgment, which was probably spoken early in his ministry, a great change must have passed over his congregation through his labours. He afterwards assured Romaine that not fewer than twelve hundred were in communion with him; most of whom, in the judgment of charity, he could not but believe to be one with Christ. The church could not hold the number who sometimes came to communicate, and one congregation would withdraw for another to fill its place. In one instance, when Whitefield was present, thirty-five bottles of wine were used in the ordinance.

The complaint which carried Grimshaw off was putrid fever, caught by him in visiting his flock, among whom it was working most fatally. For one-and-twenty years had he proved himself a good minister; not one soul was there in all the district of his travels with whose spiritual condition he was unacquainted; and after he died, no parishioner could hear his name mentioned without tears.

It may have been of Grimshaw that Whitefield was specially thinking when he said, 'Others can die, but I cannot.' Ready to fall, as it seemed, yet able to do something, he sailed for America the sixth time on June 4, 1763, and after a twelve weeks' voyage landed in Virginia. 'Jesus,' he says, 'hath made the ship a Bethel, and I enjoyed that quietness which I have in vain sought after for some years on shore. Not an oath to be heard, even in the greatest hurry. All hath been harmony and love. But my breath is short, and I have little hopes since my last relapse of much further public usefulness. A few exertions, like the last struggles of a dying man, or glimmering flashes of a taper just burning out, is all that can be expected from me. But blessed be God, the taper will be lighted up again in Heaven.'

From Virginia he proceeded northwards to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; and was so much strengthened by the cold as to be able to preach thrice a week. There was such a flocking of all ranks in New York to his preaching as he had never seen there before. It was in this city that he gained one of his greatest oratorical conquests; and a comparison of the anecdote with that which relates Chesterfield's excitement will serve to show his mastery over all classes of people. On this occasion he was preaching before the seamen of New York, 'when suddenly, assuming a nautical tone and manner that were irresistible, he thus suddenly broke in with, "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway

over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves arise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?"' This appeal instantly brought the sailors to their feet with a shout, 'The long boat! take to the long boat!'

His power to engage the attention of shipbuilders was as great as that of exciting sailors, one builder declaring that he could build a ship from stem to stern every Sunday under the sermon at the parish church, but could not get a plank down when Whitefield preached.

Still, his success was not uniform, only he would have success, if it could be gained. If the fault were in his own heart, he would pray, while he preached, for help from above. If the fault were in his hearers he would correct it; if they were thoughtless, he would charge them with it as they sat; if they were stupid and uninterested, he would ask them whether he was preaching to men or to stones. Dr. Young is said to have sat down and wept when his royal hearers slept during his sermon; but Whitefield would have done something very different, most likely what he did to a small American congregation on a rainy day. A curious student from Princeton (New Jersey) College was present, and has told the story. The first part of the sermon made no impression upon the student, and he began to say to himself, 'This man is not so great a wonder after all. His ideas are all common-place and superficial—mere show, and not a great deal even of that.' The congregation seemed as uninterested as himself, one old man, who sat in front of the pulpit, having fallen sound

asleep! Whitefield now stopped; his face darkened with a frown; and changing his tone, he cried out, 'If I had come to speak to you in my own name, you might rest your elbows on your knees, and your heads upon your hands, and sleep; and once in a while look up and say, "What does the babbler talk of?" But I have not come to you in my own name. No: I have come to you in the name of the Lord of Hosts'—here he brought his hand and foot down with a force that made the building ring—'and I must and will be heard!' The congregation started, and the old man awoke. 'Ay, ay,' said Whitefield, fixing his eyes on him, 'I have waked you up, have I? I meant to do it. I am not come here to preach to stocks and stones; I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, and I must, and I will, have an audience.' There was no more sleeping or indolence that day.[1]

Other things besides preaching filled his mind when, after a long delay in the north of the colonies, he travelled to Bethesda, and reached it, as he had so often done before, in time to spend Christmas with the orphans. It had long been his wish to add to the orphanage a college like New Jersey, for the training of gentlemen's sons; and now, along with the pleasure which he felt in seeing the peace and plenty of his cherished retreat, he had the satisfaction of thinking that his second project would be accomplished. He memorialised the Governor, James Wright, Esq., setting forth in his petition that in addition to his original plan, which he had carried out these many years at great expense, he had long wished to make further provision for the education of persons

[1] Garrick, so it is affirmed, used to say that Whitefield could make people weep merely by his enunciation of the word Mesopotamia, or by the pathos with which he could read a bookseller's catalogue! Garrick did not say that he had ever seen this feat performed; he surely must have been befooling some too warm admirer of the preacher, to see how much he could believe.

of superior rank, who might thus be fitted for usefulness, either in church or state; that he witnessed with pleasure the increasing prosperity of the province, but saw with concern that many gentlemen, who would have preferred having their sons educated nearer home, had been obliged to send them to the northern provinces; that a college in Georgia would be a central institution for the whole of the southern district, and might even count upon many youths being sent from the British West India Islands and other parts; that a considerable sum of money was soon to be laid out in purchasing a large number of Negroes, for the further cultivation of the orphan-house and other additional lands, and for the future support of 'a worthy, able president, professors, and tutors, and other good purposes intended;' he therefore prayed his Excellency and the members of His Majesty's Council to grant him in trust two thousand acres of land on the north fork of Turtle River, or lands south of the river Altamaha. This memorial was supported by an earnest 'Address of both Houses of Assembly,' which bore the signature of James Habersham as president. His Excellency gave a favourable answer, and referred the matter to the home authorities.

It was necessary, therefore, for Whitefield to return to England, and watch the progress of his idea there. The accounts of the orphan-house had been audited before the Honourable Noble Jones (not an unknown name in this life), and it was found that all arrears were paid off; and that there were cash, stock, and plenty of all kinds of provision in hand. There was no danger, for at least a year, of any going back. This lifted a great load off Whitefield's mind; and when the day of his departure came, he had 'a cutting parting.' 'And now,' he said, 'farewell, my beloved Bethesda! surely the most delightfully situated place in all the southern parts of America. What a blessed winter have I had! Peace, and love, and

harmony, and plenty, reign here.' But the pilgrim spirit was not dead in him; he was still an evangelist. Not long after his departure for the north, he declared that his pilgrim kind of life was the very joy of his heart; and that a 'little bit of cold meat and a morsel of bread in a wood, was a most luxurious repast,' for the presence of Jesus was all in all, whether in the city or the wilderness.

Work and sickness had wrought a striking change in Whitefield's appearance when he ended his twelfth voyage. That his health must have been grievously broken is evident from his touching appeal to his friends Keen and Hardy: 'Stand, my friends,' he said, 'and insist upon my not being brought into action too soon. The poor old shattered barque hath not been in dock one week, for a long while. I scarce know what I write. Tender love to all.' Asthma had now firmly seated itself in his constitution, and he felt sure that he should never breathe as he would, till he breathed in yonder heaven. Wesley was painfully struck when he met him towards the close of the year in London. 'I breakfasted,' he says in his journal, 'with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years; and yet it pleases God that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five-and-twenty, only that I have fewer teeth and more grey hairs.' A month later Wesley again wrote in his journal—'Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.'

The silver cord was not even yet to be loosed, although the body appeared to be ready for the grave, and the soul for heaven. Lady Huntingdon was increasing the number of her chapels. She had one at Brighton, which

was partly due to Whitefield's preaching under a tree behind the White Lion Inn; she had another at Norwich; and a third at Tunbridge Wells; and when she had got one finished at Bath, Whitefield must needs open it. He went and preached one of the sermons on October 6, 1765. It was a chapel in which many of the witty and the learned were to hear his expositions of truth. It had also a strange corner, called 'Nicodemus's Corner,' into which Lady Betty Cobbe, daughter-in-law of the Archbishop of Dublin, used to smuggle bishops, whom she had persuaded to go and hear Whitefield, but who did not want to be seen in such a place as an unconsecrated chapel. The curtained seats just inside the door were both convenient and secret.[1]

It had once been a cherished object with Wesley to form 'an active and open union' between all Methodist clergymen, of whom there were about forty in the Church of England; but his plan, when submitted to them, was not adopted, and he was obliged to stand in his singular position as the head of his society. Something more practical came of a kind of union between himself, his brother, Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon, which was suggested by the Countess. When he was preaching in Scotland and the north of England, an earnest request came to him at Rotherham, from ——, 'whose heart,' he says, 'God has turned again, without any expectation of mine,' praying him to come to London. 'If no other good result from it,' he says, 'but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompense for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day; and, let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on hand in hand, through honour and dishonour.' The fruit of the union was first gathered in the Countess's chapel at Bath, where,

[1] Were these pews the originals of those abominable curtained pews which may yet be seen in some Dissenting chapels?

to the surprise of many, Wesley preached to a large and serious congregation, and fully delivered his own soul. Walpole was one of the hearers, and thought that Wesley was 'wondrous clever, but as evidently an actor as Garrick!' An equally kind reception was given to Wesley by Whitefield's friends, when he reached Plymouth. He was invited to preach in the Tabernacle in the afternoon; and in the evening he was offered the use of Whitefield's room at the dock, but large as it was, it could not hold the congregation.

The references of Charles Wesley to this union are as warm, or warmer than those of his brother. He writes to his wife to tell her, among other things, that his brother had come. 'This morning,' he says, 'we spent two blessed hours with G. Whitefield. The threefold cord, we trust, will never more be broken. On Tuesday next my brother is to preach in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath. That and all her chapels (not to say, as I might, herself also) are now put into the hands of us three.' It was a time when the two sections of Methodism strove for the mastery in brotherly love. Whitefield 'was treated'—such is Charles Wesley's language—'most magnificently by his own begotten children, for his love to us.'

The Countess was nothing behind in kindliness. A letter from her to Wesley, dated September 14, 1766, ran thus: 'I am most highly obliged by your kind offer of serving the chapel at Bath during your stay at Bristol; I mean on Sundays. It is the most important time, being the height of the latter season, when the great of this world are only in the reach of the sound of the gospel from that quarter. The mornings are their time; the evenings the inhabitants chiefly. I do trust that this union which is commenced will be for the furtherance of our faith and mutual love to each other. It is for the interest of the best of causes that we should all be found,

first, faithful to the Lord, and then to each other. I find something wanting, and that is a meeting now and then agreed upon that you, your brother, Mr. Whitefield and I, should at times be glad regularly to communicate our observations upon the general state of the work. Light might follow, and would be a kind of guide to me, as I am connected with many.'

One, not less kind, not less broad in charity than any, was silent upon the union. It was all that Whitefield could do to preach occasionally, and watch over the interests of Bethesda; others must chronicle passing events.

And how was the plan for a college at Bethesda prospering? First of all Whitefield waited a long time, to give the home authorities the fullest opportunity of maturing their thoughts; but by delay they intended hindrance, not help. He therefore memorialised His Majesty, praying that since the colonists were deeply interested in the scheme, and were impatiently waiting for information, something might be done. Now came the intricacies of 'red-tape.' The original memorial of Whitefield, supported by the 'Address' of the colonial Houses of Assembly, was remitted to the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, and they sent it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who effectually frustrated its intention by a bigoted demand that the charter of the college, were one granted, should contain a clause making it obligatory to appoint none but a member of the Church of England to the office of head master. To this demand Whitefield offered respectful but uncompromising opposition. He had no objection to the election of such a master, provided the wardens chose him freely; indeed his preference went that way, but rather than bind the wardens, there should be no college at all. Whitefield showed himself to be as far advanced on this subject of college constitution and management as the most liberal

men of a century later. He would have no exceptional privilege for a churchman; he would not have the daily use of the liturgy enjoined; he would not have one doctrinal article entered in the charter. His letter to the archbishop stating and defending his views is as noble and catholic a production as ever came from his pen, while its references to himself and his toils are as pathetic as they are modest. Why did he object to a compulsory clause respecting the master? Was he opposed to the Church of England? By no means: the majority of the wardens were sure to be of that communion, and their choice would be sure to fall upon a master like themselves in belief; but choice and compulsion were very different things. Did he dislike the liturgy? No: he loved it, and had injured himself by his frequent reading of it in Tottenham Court Chapel; moreover, it had been read twice every Sunday in the orphan-house from the day of the first institution of the house. Did he disbelieve the doctrinal articles? No: on the contrary, his acceptation of them was as literal and honest as man could give, and he had preached and upheld them everywhere.[1] The whole question turned upon freedom or compulsion. As for the orphan-house, Whitefield thought that an institution to which Dr. Benson had made a dying bequest and for which he had offered his dying prayers, had some claim upon the archbishop also; and as for himself he had no ambition to settle as the first master of the college; his 'shoulders were too weak for the support of such an academical burden, his capacity by no means extensive enough for such a scholastic trust.' To be a presbyter at large was the station to which God had called him for

[1] The last time he was in America, that is, the time when his memorial was written, he had strongly recommended the homilies to a large audience in one of the 'politest places on the continent,' probably Philadelphia or Boston; and the next day numbers went to the stores to purchase them. The store-keeper was puzzled with the word, and asked his customers what muslins they meant, whether they were not *hummins?*

thirty years; and now his only ambition was that the last glimmerings of an expiring taper might guide some wandering sinners to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

All that he could say could not move either the archbishop or the Lord President; for was not the memorialist a Methodist? and was he not pleading for liberty of thought and action? In reply to their remarks upon the disputed points, Whitefield said that, in addition to all the reasons already given, his reputation for truthfulness was at stake, and he might not trifle with it. From the first, whenever he had been asked 'upon what bottom the intended college was to be founded,' he had repeatedly and readily replied, 'Undoubtedly upon a broad bottom;' he had even gone so far as to say from the pulpit that it should be upon 'a broad bottom and no other;' and how could he now withdraw from his word? More than that, most of the money which he had collected for the orphan-house had been given by Dissenters, and could he be so basely ungrateful as to deny them admission to the very place which their liberality had created and sustained? If it were asked by what warrant he had said that the college should stand only on a liberal charter, he replied, 'Because of the known, long-established, mild, and uncoercive genius of the English Government; because of his Grace's moderation towards Protestant Dissenters; because of the unconquerable attachment of the Americans to toleration principles; because of the avowed habitual feelings and sentiments of his own heart.' He wrote as feeling that his very piety and salvation were involved in the position he assumed, and his last words to the archbishop are well worth preserving: 'If I know anything of my own heart,' he said, 'I have no ambition to be looked upon at present, or remembered for the future, as a founder of a college; but I would fain, may it please your Grace, act

the part of an honest man, a disinterested minister of Jesus Christ, and a truly catholic, moderate presbyter of the Church of England. In this way, and in this only, can I hope for a continued heartfelt enjoyment of that peace of God which passeth all understanding, whilst here on earth, and be thereby prepared to stand with humble boldness before the awful, impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls at the great day.'

His plan was defeated, for the present at least. In order to uphold his reputation in America, he published his correspondence with the archbishop, and sent it to the Governor of Georgia for circulation. To come as near his idea as possible, he now proposed to add a public academy to the orphan-house, and to form a proper trust, to act after his decease, or even before, with this proviso, that no opportunity should be omitted of making fresh application for a college charter, 'upon a broad bottom, whenever those in power might think it for the glory of God and the interest of their king and country to grant the same.' Thus his 'beloved Bethesda' would not only be continued as a house of mercy for orphans, but be confirmed as a seat and nursery of sound learning and religious education to the latest posterity. Great and worthy aspirations, which were doomed to disappointment!

In 1768 six students of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, were expelled the University, for holding Methodistical tenets, for taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the scriptures, for singing hymns in private houses, and for being tradesmen before entering as students. They used to meet at the house of a Mrs. Durbridge, where Dr. Stillingfleet, then a fellow of Merton College, would expound and pray, and invite them to do likewise; they also engaged in religious work in the cottages of the poor. Their tutor, who was subject to attacks of insanity, first accused them to Dr. Dixon, the principal, as enthusiasts,

who talked of inspiration, regeneration, and drawing nigh to God; but Dr. Dixon treated the charge as an evidence that the tutor's complaint was troubling him again. He had full confidence in the character of the students. The tutor next lodged his charge with Dr. Durell, the Vice-Chancellor, who was of opinion that any more Whitefields or Wesleys at Oxford would be a great calamity, and that the offenders should at once be cited before a visitatorial tribunal. The members of the tribunal were nominated; the notice of citation was nailed upon the college door; and the students appeared to answer the charge. They had warm friends in several heads of houses, and Dr. Dixon generously pleaded their cause. It was in vain. The Vice-Chancellor and the rest of the tribunal declared them worthy of expulsion, and sentence was accordingly pronounced against them.

But the judges did not escape public censure. It was to be expected that the Methodists would be against them; they were also opposed by men of equal standing in the Church with themselves. Whitefield could not let the matter pass without notice; and he wrote and published a letter to Dr. Durell, besides showing the students much private sympathy. As to the charges, what evil or crime worthy of expulsion, he asked, could there be in having followed a trade before entering the University? and whoever heard of its being accounted a disparagement to any great public character that he had once been a mechanic? Why, David was a shepherd, and even Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter. But the delinquents had been found guilty of praying. And how could that, he demanded, disqualify them for the private or public discharge of their ministerial functions? But it was extempore prayer that they had used. Extempore prayer a crime! It was not a crime to be found in any law-book, neither had anyone been called before the bar of any public court of judicature to answer for it for at

least a century. Expelled for extempore praying! Then it was high time there were some expulsions for extempore swearing, which was surely the greater sin of the two. But these men sang hymns. Yes, he replied, and so did David; and this very exercise of praise are we taught by St. Paul to cultivate. Praise! Well, Catholic students might sing; then why not Protestants? Ought Protestants to be less devout than Papists? And if the Duke of Cumberland allowed his pious soldiers to sing, why should the Vice-Chancellor of a University forbid his pious students? Or was there more harm in hearing a psalm-tune than in listening to the noise of box and dice, which was not an unknown sound even at Oxford?

Thus far his polemics. We must now follow him to other engagements. As if with an expectation of soon dying, he now began to collect his letters; and to this forethought we are indebted for the best story of his life. He felt that another voyage to America, whither he must go again on account of Bethesda's affairs, would probably be the last; and he begged his friends Keen and Hardy to let him have his papers and letters, that he might revise and dispose of them in a proper manner.

It was in June and July, 1768, that he paid his last visit to Edinburgh, always a dear city to him. He thanked God for ordering his steps thither. The congregations in the orphan-house park were as large and attentive as those which he addressed when he was called a godly youth by his friends, and a minister of the devil by his enemies. Great was their affection for him, and his only danger was that of 'being hugged to death;' for there were friends of twenty-seven years' standing, and spiritual children of the same age, who remembered the days of old. They were seeking after their first love; and the Spirit of God seemed to be moving amongst them. He often got into the open air upon what he was beginning fondly to call his 'throne;'

and indeed he was a king of men when there. 'O to die there!' he exclaimed; then, checking himself, he added, 'Too great, too great an honour to be expected!' No doubt the parting was as painful as any he had ever known; and he was wont to call parting days 'execution days.'

Soon after his return to London, Mrs. Whitefield was seized with an 'inflammatory fever,' and died on August 9, 1768. He preached her funeral sermon from a very singular text, Romans viii. 20—'For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope.' Unfortunately, that sermon is not preserved, and the only references made by him to the event are very trifling, and throw no light upon his domestic life. He calls the death an 'unexpected breach,' and says that he feels the loss of his 'right hand' daily. Cornelius Winter, who lived in Whitefield's house for some time, is more explicit, and says 'He was not happy in his wife; but I fear some, who had not all the religion they professed, contributed to his infelicity. He did not intentionally make his wife unhappy. He always preserved great decency and decorum in his conduct towards her. Her death set his mind much at liberty. She certainly did not behave in all respects as she ought. She could be under no temptation from his conduct towards the sex, for he was a very pure man, a strict example of the chastity he inculcated upon others.' Equally clear is the testimony of Berridge, only he lays the fault all on one side; he says 'No trap so mischievous to the field-preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every hedge-corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles [Wesley], and might have spoiled John [Wesley] and George [Whitefield], if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets. Dear George has now got his liberty again, and he will 'scape well if he is not

caught by another tenterhook.' The evidence upon this point of Whitefield's life might be completed by the publication of some manuscript letters of Whitefield to his wife and of her to him, which are now unwisely kept from the public; but I understand that they show that his domestic life, as much of it as he ever knew, was not happy.

Philip (in his 'Life and Times of Whitefield') did his best to overturn Winter's statement, and, without sufficient reason, as I think, called it rash; of Berridge's language he knew nothing; and of the private letters he never heard. Taking a survey of all that bears upon the unsettled question—the statements already given, and Whitefield's language concerning his wife, which has been quoted in the course of this biography with scrupulous exactness and fairness, and all of it is kind, some of it warmly affectionate—I cannot but conclude that Whitefield's domestic life would have been happy enough could he have had more of it. His marrying at all was a blunder. Love cannot live upon nothing; yet his and his wife's was put upon that fare. It was impossible for her to accompany him on his journeys; it was impossible for him to stay at home; it was impossible for him to write to her often. What wonder if she did not behave in all respects as she ought? Berridge called her by too hard a name, as well as too rude, when he called her a 'ferret.' It seems highly creditable to them that they bore with each other as they did; he did not mean to make her unhappy, and she did not mean to misbehave; and they knew each other's intentions too well to quarrel. She never questioned his sincerity, nor he hers. There can be no doubt but that his own words about her and himself, written but a month before she died, are now fulfilled, and they will form the best conclusion to one of the few shaded parts of his many-sided life—'We are both descending,' he said, 'in order to ascend

Where sin and pain and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.'

He might have followed his wife more quickly than he had expected; within a month of her death, he burst a vein by hard riding and frequent preaching. Rest and quietness were enjoined upon him until the flux was quite stopped. The fact is, he had been in Wales, and it was not easy to keep himself within bounds among the fiery, rapturous Welsh. Moreover, he had been attending a significant ceremony—the opening of a college for the education of godly young men who aspired to be ministers. The Countess of Huntingdon had for some time purposed founding such an institution; and, on the anniversary of her birthday, August 24, 1768, Trevecca House, in the parish of Talgarth, South Wales, was dedicated by her to a new purpose, and was afterwards known as Trevecca College. Whitefield opened both the college and the chapel attached to it; and on the following Sunday, he preached in the court before the college, to a congregation of some thousands.

The winter of 1768–9 was spent by Whitefield in London; it was the last but one he lived to see. He was well enough to preach frequently; and as we shall not again find him among his London friends, it may be best now to notice some of his habits and characteristics which have not yet been mentioned.[1] We know how neat and punctual he was in his younger days, and he was not different as an old man. It was a great fault for his meals to be but a few minutes late; and he would suffer no sitting up after ten o'clock at night, and no lying in bed after four in the morning. He would rise up abruptly in the midst of a conversation at ten at night, and say, 'But we forget ourselves. Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home.' Whether anyone or no one sat down to table with him,

[1] Jay's 'Memoirs of Cornelius Winter.'

and whether he had but bread and cheese or a complete dinner, the table must be properly spread. His love of exactness and order was the same in business transactions; every article was paid for at once, and for small articles the money was taken in the hand. His temper was soon annoyed, but quickly appeased. Not being patient enough one day to hear an explanation of a fault from some one who was studious to please, he gave much pain, and saw it by the tears which he started; this instantly touched him with grief, and bursting into tears himself, he said, 'I shall live to be a poor peevish old man, and everybody will be tired of me.' His commands were given kindly; and he always applauded when a person did right.

It is painful to learn that in his old age his confidence in mankind was much shaken. Always true to his friends in all fortunes, he yet was doomed to feel the treachery of many; and on that account he seemed to dread outliving his usefulness. The same experience made him exacting, and almost harsh, with young men who wanted to be ministers. To curb their vanity, as he would say, he would place them in humiliating circumstances, and then refer to the young Roman orators, who after being applauded were sent upon trifling errands. He would keep them in suspense, and afford them little or no encouragement. One man, who answered him that he was a tailor, was dismissed with—'Go to rag-fair, and buy old clothes;' and very likely rag-fair was his proper destination. He said of another who had preached in his vestry from the text, 'These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also'—'That man shall come no more here; if God had called him to preach, He would have furnished him with a proper text.' He judged rightly; for the man afterwards became an inconsistent clergyman: he too would have been best at rag-fair.

Tormented as he must have been with all kinds of visitors and all kinds of requests, had he kept an open door, he wisely suffered but few to see him freely. 'Who is it?' 'What is his business?' he would demand before his door was opened; and if the door was opened, he would say, 'Tell him to come to-morrow morning at six o'clock, perhaps five, or immediately after preaching; if he is later, I cannot see him.'

Knowing that he sometimes preached an hour and a half or two hours, it prepares us for long prayers also; and perhaps had others prayed as well as he preached he might have borne with them. But he hated all unreality. In the middle of an immoderately long prayer by the master of the house where he was once staying, he rose from his knees, and sat down in the chair; and when the drawler concluded, he said to him with a frown: 'Sir, you prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it again.'

We have seen that he was like old Mr. Cole in his use of anecdotes, nor were they always without a touch of humour. He was no more afraid of his congregations smiling than weeping; to get the truth into their hearts and heads was his object. His observant habits gathered illustrations from all quarters; and the last book he had read was sure to colour his next sermon.

He always ascended the pulpit with a pale, serious face, and a slow, calm step, as if he had a great message for the expectant thousands. Much preaching made him, not more familiar with his awful themes, but more solemn; and towards the close of life, he sometimes entreated his friends to mention nothing to him which did not relate to eternity. On Sabbath morning his preaching was explanatory and doctrinal; in the afternoon it was more general and hortatory; and in the evening it was more general still. In the morning he was calm and conversational, occasionally making a

modest show of learning; in the evening he was oratorical, and attempted by every art of persuasion and every terror of denunciation to save his hearers from sin and its punishment. Then his perfect elocution and graceful gestures were in full play, his uttermost acting never appearing unnatural or improper. It is difficult to believe that any preacher could successfully put a fold of his gown over his eyes to express grief, yet Whitefield invariably did it when he was depicting in his own vivid way the downfall of Peter, and grieving over it.

He seemed to have no particular time for preparing for the pulpit, although before entering it he loved to have an hour or two alone; and on Sunday mornings he generally had Clarke's Bible, Matthew Henry's Commentary, and Cruden's Concordance within reach. It was remarked also that at this time his state of mind was more than usually devout; but ordinarily, indeed, the intervals of conversation were filled up with private ejaculations of praise and prayer, notwithstanding his love of pleasantry, which he did not care to suppress. His was an honest, real life from beginning to end; he was himself at all times and everywhere.

He did not love to be known and observed wherever he went. If he ever was fond of popularity, he was weary of it long before he became old, and often said that he 'almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating-house, and pass unnoticed.'

It is said that when he wrote his pamphlets, he shut himself up in his room, and would see no one until his work was done. Besides the productions of his pen already noticed, he wrote a 'Recommendatory Preface to the Works of John Bunyan,' which would have been more appropriately called a recommendation of Puritans and Puritan divinity; it contains not one discriminating remark upon the writings of the dreamer. Early in his ministry, he began some 'Observations on select passages

of Scripture, turned into catechetical questions,' which are much like the questions which an ordinary Sunday-school teacher would put to his class; but they were soon discontinued. A more elaborate work was 'Law Gospelised,' which means 'an attempt to render Mr. Law's "Serious Call" more useful to the children of God, by excluding whatever is not truly evangelical, and illustrating the subject more fully from the Holy Scriptures.' We never hear of Law in this evangelical garb now, though we do hear of him without it. He has been preferred ungospelised; and Whitefield might have saved his trouble, had he remembered that 'men do not put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish.' He contemplated editing a new edition of the Homilies, for which he wrote a preface, and added a prayer for each homily, and a hymn selected either from Watts's or Wesley's collection. It was intended chiefly for the poor, and as a safeguard against Popery. He thought that it would banish heterodoxy and 'mere heathen morality,' and show that the 'enthusiasts' were the best churchmen; but his plan was not carried out.

He published several prayers, some of which are most appropriate in petition and language. Their titles are a leaf of Church history, and the petitions contained in some are as plain an index to passing conditions of life as are the peculiarities of the psalms. They were composed for persons desiring and seeking after the new birth, for those newly awakened to a sense of the divine life, for those under spiritual desertion, for those under the displeasure of relations for being religious; then come the cases of servants, Negroes, labourers, rich men, travellers, sailors, the sick, and persons in a storm at sea.

The prayer for a person before he goes a journey may be quoted:—

'God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob, who

leddest the people through a wilderness by a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night; and didst guide the wise men on their journey to Jerusalem, by a star in the east; give Thy angels charge concerning me, Thy unworthy servant, that I may not so much as hurt my foot against a stone. Keep me, O God, keep me on my journey, and suffer me not to fall among robbers. Jesus, thou Good Samaritan, take care of, support, defend, and provide for me. Behold, I go out by the direction of Thy providence; Lord, therefore let Thy presence go along with me, and Thy Spirit speak to my soul, when I am journeying alone by the wayside. O, let me know that I am not alone, because my heavenly Father is with me. Keep me from evil company; or, if it be Thy will I should meet with any, give me courage and freedom, O Lord, to discourse of the things concerning the kingdom of God. And O that Thou wouldest let me meet with some of Thy own dear children! O, that Thou would'st be with us, as with the disciples at Emmaus, and cause our hearts mutually to burn with love towards Thee and one another! Provide for me proper refreshment; and, wherever I lodge, be Thou constrained, O God, for Thy own name's sake, to lodge with me. Teach me, whether at home or abroad, to behave as a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. Preserve my household and friends in my absence, and grant that I may return to them again in peace. Enable me patiently to take up every cross that may be put in my way. Let me not be weary and faint in my mind. Make, O Lord, right paths for my feet; enable me to hold out to the end of the race set before me, and, after the journey of this life, translate me to that blessed place where the wicked one will cease from troubling, and my weary soul enjoy an everlasting rest with Thee, O Father, Son, and blessed Spirit; to whom, as three Persons but one God, be ascribed all possible power, might, majesty, and dominion, now and for evermore. Amen.'

There is no hymn bearing Whitefield's name. The Methodist revival gave the English Church in all its branches the greater number of its best hymns. Watts, Charles Wesley, John Wesley, Zinzendorf, Doddridge, Cennick, Madan, Berridge, Haweis, Toplady, all of them either taking an active part in the movement or coming

within the range of its influence, have expressed for us the humblest grief of our repentance, the fullest trust of our faith, and the brightest expectation of our hope; but Whitefield has given us not a verse. Emotional, like Charles Wesley, he yet had none of that fervid poet's music. He was nothing but a preacher; but as a preacher he was the greatest of all his brethren, the most competent of his contemporaries being judges.

The only direct association of Whitefield's name with the names of the brilliant and gifted men of his time has already appeared in the narrative of his preaching triumphs. It was principally statesmen—Pitt and Fox among the number, never Burke—who went to hear him. Not one of the celebrated Literary Club, Garrick excepted, was ever seen in the 'soul-trap.' Oglethorpe makes a kind of link between the Club and the Tabernacle. A friend of Whitefield, he was also a friend of Goldsmith; and sometimes he and Topham Beauclerc would turn in of an evening, to drink a glass of wine with 'Goldy,' at his chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple—the chambers which he bought with the proceeds of the play that Shuter lifted into popularity. But the easy ways of many of these sons of genius, their wine-sipping, when they could get it, their comfortable suppers at the 'Turk's Head,' their gaiety and their sins, sufficiently explain how it was that in all Whitefield's career not one of them crossed his path. They talked about him, as they talked about everybody and everything; they theorised about his popularity; Johnson was sure that it was 'chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree.' No doubt of it: and no doubt the nightcap would have made grasping men give of their beloved money to the orphan-house, and hardened sinners go home as gentle as lambs, and worldly wretches, who had been living only for the body

and for this life, begin to lift up their abject souls to look towards the splendours and joys of a heavenly kingdom!

Blind Handel might often be seen at the Countess's, where he would gratify the Methodists by telling them what great pleasure he had enjoyed in setting the scriptures to music, and how some of the sublime passages of the Psalms were a comfort and a satisfaction to him. Lady Gertrude Hotham and Lady Chesterfield, both of them Methodists, gave occasional concerts of sacred music at their houses; and there on other occasions Giardini might be seen with his violin, applauded as heartily as in any opera-house. But whether the earnest preacher ever indulged himself with the gratification, I cannot say; it is hardly likely that he was once present. 'I must work while it is called day,' was the thought ever before his mind.

So we turn again with him to the places which he had loved to frequent, and where his form has become familiar to us. It is the last interview between Whitefield and Wesley that Wesley records in his journal on Monday (their old meeting day), February 27, 1769. He says, 'I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still, but his body was sinking apace; and, unless God interposes with His mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.' And this is a pleasant picture of the now aged, greyheaded evangelists, who in their youth had fired the nation with religious enthusiasm, which is sketched by Charles Wesley in a letter to his wife: 'Last Friday I dined with my brother at George's chapel. Mrs. Herritage was mistress, and provided the dinner. Hearty Mr. Adams was there; and to complete our band, Howel Harris. It was indeed a feast of love. My brother and George prayed: we all sang an hymn in the chapel.' They were never all together again in this

world. Their last hymn in 'George's chapel' carries the soul up to that house in the heavens, and we seem to hear it renewed again there.

The parting solemnities were exceedingly awful, when, early in September, 1769, Whitefield, accompanied by Cornelius Winter, took his last farewell of his English friends. His thirteenth voyage much resembled his first; it was hindered by the same delays; it was made dangerous by the same high gales. He took to his old employment when sailing, of reading the History of England, composing sermons, and writing letters. The greatest respect was shown him by both captain and passengers; and all attended service. He only wanted somebody about him with 'a little more brains,' he said, and then his comforts would have been complete.

His reception at Charleston was very hearty, and he preached the day after landing. Bethesda was in a satisfactory condition; he admitted ten orphans in the spring of 1770. They were what he called his prizes. The peace and happiness of the place were his daily joy; and thus Bethesda, after all the trouble it had cost him, after all his prayers and tears and pleadings for it, was to minister largely to the comfort of his last days. The hope of making it a college was again revived; and he prepared a draft of its future constitution, naming the wardens, but omitting himself, and thus annihilating his own name. Circumstances, however, soon changed, and he felt that its affairs must go on in their old channel.

His health continued better than it had been for years; and when summer approached he started on his old preaching circuit in the north. Invitations crowded in upon him; and he travelled from place to place as if the vigour of his youth were renewed. During one month, July, he travelled five hundred miles, riding and preaching during the heat of every day.

How like the language of his youth is that which he

penned at New York to his friend Keen—'O, what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of this new world! All fresh work where I have been. The divine influence hath been as at the first. Invitations crowd upon me, both from ministers and people, from many, many quarters. A very peculiar providence led me lately to a place where a horse-stealer was executed; thousands attended. The poor criminal had sent me several letters, hearing I was in the country. The sheriff allowed him to come and hear a sermon under an adjacent tree. Solemn! solemn! After being by himself about an hour, I walked half a mile with him to the gallows. His heart had been softened before my first visit. He seemed full of solid, divine consolations. An instructive walk! I went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation. I then stood upon the coffin, added, I trust, a word in season, prayed, gave the blessing, and took my leave.' This was not the first execution he had been present at. He pressed all things into the service of the pulpit, and was wont to make even the final scenes of a criminal's career give effect to the urgency and solemnity of his appeals and warnings. At the close of a sermon, and after pausing for a moment, he would say, with his eyes full of tears and his heart almost too big for words:—'I am going now to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it; I must pronounce sentence upon you.' Then, like a peal of thunder, fell the terrible curse, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'

It was now eventide with him; but one week of life remained. There was a hush and quietness gathering around the close of his benevolent ministry, which seemed to tell of coming rest for the weary and broken servant. Opposition was silent; none spoke or wrote a word against him. The people, as if they expected to see his face no more, clung to him, and were unwilling to let

him leave their towns and villages, through which he was still attempting to travel on his evangelistic work. But it was not always he could meet them, when they had assembled together; for the body was being shaken to its fall. They were, he said, but 'poor efforts he could make to serve his Lord. O, for a warm heart! O, to stand fast in the faith—to quit ourselves like men, and be strong!' To the letter which contains this prayer, he subscribed himself, as was now his way, 'LESS THAN THE LEAST OF ALL, GEORGE WHITEFIELD.' It was the last subscription he penned, and well did it harmonise with one of the strongest wishes he had ever made known to God—the wish to be humble.

On Friday, September 29, he preached at Portsmouth; and on the following morning started for Boston, travelling by way of Exeter and Newbury Port, in order to fulfil an engagement at the latter place on the Sunday. But the people of Exeter could not let him pass without his giving them a sermon; and he yielded to their entreaties. He had ridden fifteen miles that morning, and, as he was more uneasy than usual, one remarked to him, before going out to preach: 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' Whitefield answered: 'True, sir;' then, turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, said: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die.' The Lord heard his request. He went out and preached in the fields for nearly two hours to a large congregation. Then he dined, and rode forward to Newbury Port with a friend. In the evening he was tired, and, after an early supper, of which he partook very sparingly, begged the Rev. Mr. Parsons, at whose house he was staying, to have family prayer, so that he might retire to rest at once. Meanwhile, the pavement in front of the house and the

hall became crowded with people who wanted to hear some words of grace and truth from his lips; but he felt himself unequal to the task of addressing them, and said to another clergyman, 'Brother, you must speak to these dear people; I cannot say a word.' To his friend and companion, who slept in the same room with him, he said, 'I will sit and read till you come to me.' But there were the waiting people to be passed, as, with candle in hand, he went to his bedroom; and his heart strove with him to say something. He halted on the staircase, turned towards them, and began an exhortation. Tearful eyes were lifted up to him, while his words flowed on and ceased not 'until the candle, which he still held, burned away, and went out in its socket.'[1]

When his friend entered his room, Whitefield was found reading the Bible, with Watts's Psalms lying open before him. After committing himself into the hands of God, he went to rest, and slept, with the window half open, till two in the morning, when an attack of asthma seized him. Yet he talked of his work as if many days more were left to him; he must have two or three days' riding without preaching, and then he would be all right; or, he thought, his preaching the next day would make him better—his old remedy, 'a pulpit-sweat,' would relieve him; he would rather wear out than rust out. It had long been his habit to rise in the night and pray; and this night, weary and panting, he sat up in bed and prayed God to bless his preaching on the past day, and his forthcoming services on the Sunday; to bring more souls to Christ; to give him direction in the way he should take, whether he should winter at Boston, or hasten to the south; to remember Bethesda and his dear family; to smile on the congregations at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, and on all his English friends. He lay down again to sleep; but in an hour he called his friend

[1] 'History of Methodism.' By Abel Stevens, LL.D., p. 360.

for help. 'My asthma—my asthma is coming on,' he said. At five o'clock he rose to open the window wider for more air. A few minutes afterwards, he turned to his companion, and said, 'I am dying.' He ran to the other window, panting for breath, but could get no relief. They seated him in his chair, wrapped his cloak round him, and did their utmost to restore him. But the end was come. The device on his seal of wings outspread for flight, and the motto it bore, '*Astra petamus*,' had long expressed his ardent desire to pass even beyond the stars; and, at six o'clock on Sunday morning, September 30, 1770, he entered heaven itself.

The end was conformable to his hope and prayer. He was an evangelist, and died in a foreign land, although not among strangers. He was a field-preacher, and preached his last sermon in the fields. He had feared outliving his usefulness, and was permitted a reviving of his strength before he departed at the comparatively early age of fifty-six, and after thirty-four years of exertion. He had expected to die silent; for, he said, 'It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die.' And so it was.

He was buried, according to his wish, beneath the pulpit of Mr. Parsons, at Newbury Port, the mighty host of mourners present, six thousand members and ministers of many denominations, fitly representing the catholicity of his heart and the magnitude of his labours. When the coffin was placed close to the mouth of the vault, one of his sons in the faith ascended the pulpit, offered prayer, and confessed before all his vast obligations to him whose body they were about to commit to the grave. His emotion conquered him, and, as he cried out, 'O, my father, my father!' and stood and wept, the people mingled their tears with his. They tried to sing a hymn, but weeping choked many voices. A sermon was then preached; the

coffin was lowered into the vault; another short prayer was offered; and the congregation, still in tears, passed along the streets to their homes.

The outward demonstrations of grief were numerous and sincere. The bells of Newbury Port were tolled, and the ships in the harbour fired their guns, and hung their flags half-mast high. Funeral sermons were preached in the principal cities of America. In Georgia all the black cloth in the stores was bought up for mourning by the sorrowing people. They hung the church at Savannah in black, and the Governor and the Council led the procession which attended to hear the funeral sermon. In London, where the news of his death was received on November 5, the same grief was felt and expressed. The 'London Chronicle' of November 19 says that the multitudes which went to hear his funeral sermon by Wesley, in Tottenham Court Chapel and the Tabernacle, exceeded all belief; and in churches and chapels of all orders there were similar commemorations of him.

Lovers of absolute, unvarying consistency, and lovers of real or apparent contradictions may measure him by the room he had for diverse things. He loved privacy, but always lived in public; he was the foremost philanthropist of his time, but owned fifty slaves to maintain his orphans; he was slim in person, but occasionally stormed in his preaching as if he were a giant; he was weak, but worked to the last, and crowded a long life into a short one; he was the favourite preacher of colliers and London roughs, but was an equal favourite of peers and scholars; he believed in a limited atonement for sin, but proclaimed the love of God with a tenderness which made all feel that Christ had died for them; he was a clergyman of the Church of England, but, at his own request, lies buried in a Presbyterian Church; he was a Calvinist in doctrine, but chose an Arminian to preach his funeral sermon.

Two questions are almost sure to be upon the reader's tongue. First, what became of the orphan-house? Secondly, where are the results of his preaching? These shall now be answered.

I. The orphan-house with everything connected with it was left to the Countess of Huntingdon, Mr. Habersham to act in her absence from America. Arrangements had been made in Whitefield's lifetime for carrying on an academy along with the orphanage. It became also a home, whence missionaries, sent from England by Lady Huntingdon, started on mission work among the Indians and the settlers. It was accidentally burnt down about two years after the death of Whitefield, and rebuilt, but not upon the original site. Other changes of fortune happened to it, one of which was the appointment of Franklin, its early opponent, as a trustee, because he was an 'honest man.' Its original charter appointed its continuance so long as there were three members to celebrate the anniversary, which falls on St. George's Day. This provision might once have sealed its fate. Three members, 'a Protestant, a Catholic, and an Israelite,' who apparently constituted the whole board at that time, were all prisoners of war on board a British man-of-war when St. George's Day came round. Remembering the charter, they begged permission of the captain to go ashore, and celebrate the anniversary under an oak tree in Tunbury, Georgia. He consented, and the ceremony was duly performed. Mr. Joseph S. Fay, now of Boston, and formerly of Savannah, succeeded, during the time he was president of the institution, in repurchasing the old site, and placing the orphanage upon it again. This year (1870) a new building has been begun, which will make the fourth since Whitefield laid the first brick of Bethesda with his own hand.[1]

[1] I am indebted for these particulars to the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bagden and the Rev. Dr. Tarbox, of Boston, U.S., who received them from Mr. Minis and Mr. Weld; the former is a Jew and president of the board of trustees.

Between 1739 and 1770, forty-three girls and one hundred and forty boys were clothed, educated, maintained, and suitably provided for in the orphan-house; and over and above this number many poor children were occasionally received, educated, and maintained. According to the audit of 1770, this work was done at a cost of 15,404*l.*, of which 11,000*l.* was collected by Whitefield, the rest being raised by the farm.

II. The results of Whitefield's work may be classed as indirect and direct results. 1. Among the first must be placed the impetus which he undoubtedly gave to philanthropical work. His preaching to prisoners and his constant pleadings for orphans and other distressed persons, accustomed all classes of people to kindly thoughts for the wretched and the forlorn. He created, not altogether, but largely, the feeling upon which philanthropy in its active forms must live. The benevolent objects of present religious work received recognition in every city and village, when the connexion between acceptance with God through our Lord Jesus Christ and the necessity for good works was repeatedly and clearly pointed out. Justification was the introduction to feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and housing the orphan.

It is equally significant that the great missionary movements of our time followed close upon the Methodist reformation; and in that reformation, who was there among the host of preachers and evangelists to be compared with Whitefield for missionary enterprise? Whose foot ranged over so wide a circuit? Whose sympathies were enlisted for so many objects? If he did not go to the heathen who worship idols of wood and stone, he went to those who were debased by the lowest vices; and when, under his leadership, the Church had conducted them to a holy life and pure enjoyments, her attention was next directed to the heathen beyond. Whitefield accustomed the Church to the idea of aggression upon

the kingdom of darkness; he taught her that all lost and forgotten people are the inheritance of her Lord.

Again, it needs but a simple statement of facts to show that Whitefield's preaching and his catholic spirit (the latter more than the former) have tended in no small measure to produce in England, as they first did in America, a true love of spiritual freedom, and an honest reverence for religious equality. In his labours among all denominations he affected no condescension, he never played the patron. All were equally, truly brethren. Neither to benefit himself, nor to forward any of his plans, would he place one denomination before another. His conduct with regard to Bethesda College proves indisputably that he believed in religious equality, and would not support or countenance anything else; and whether society is now following him, or clinging to unrighteous and unchristian exclusiveness, none can fail to see. But it was not his logical faculty that helped him so far forward in the path of truth; it was his brotherly spirit, that could endure no distinctions; his heart always led him onward and upward.

Could nothing more than this be said, then Whitefield has not lived in vain; since the power of a life consists not so much in the formation of parties, and sects, and schools, as in the anticipation of the truest and holiest things of future days, and in the preparation of the world for their advent. Churches may be cemeteries of the dead railed off from the living; or loving messengers of Christ going about doing good. Whitefield found them the former, and left them the latter.

2. Still, the demand is sure to be made for facts and figures. What did he accomplish? is the question asked. The answer is:—

(1.) That his converts were to be found wherever he had travelled, nay even beyond that extensive range, and were to be counted by tens of thousands.

(2.) That a great number of his converts were ministers properly trained for their ministerial work, who handed the truth down to children's children. In the neighbourhood of Boston in America alone there were at one time twenty ministers who owned him as their spiritual father. Some of them had a spiritual history not much less wonderful than his own. Such was the case with a young man at Norwich in England, who went to hear Whitefield preach, that he might be able to tell his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, what the great Methodist was like; for a fortune-teller had informed him that he should live to be an old man, and see these distant descendants. He got the information in sport, but it turned to good account. The early parts of Whitefield's sermon made no impression upon him; but when Whitefield abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears, and lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, 'O my hearers, the wrath to come! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!' the words sunk into his heart. For days and weeks he could think of little else; then came the change in character and the change in life. He was only one of many.

(3.) That he was the first of the evangelical clergy in the Church of England; and had they formed a separate sect, instead of a party in a church, no one would have asked what are the results of his labours. This is the party which holds Whitefield's legacy to mankind strictly in the letter—sometimes not more than that. Other parties again, to whose faith and practice he would have taken serious exception, have imbibed his spirit of zeal and love, and closely resemble him in all that makes his character noble and his life beautiful. It is confessedly difficult to trace spiritual influences through all their subtle operations, and upon this point I would speak with caution and reserve; yet it cannot be denied that not a few who would disclaim all connexion with him, even

the most remote, owe to him and to the early Methodists their spiritual life. One party may savour of Rome, and the other of rationalism; but the sincere attention of both to religion is infinitely better than the formality and utter godlessness which prevailed when Whitefield lifted up his voice in the fields. The whole Church of England has been moved by the wave which first lifted on its breast only a small section of her people, though parties have drifted in different directions.

(4.) That he helped to revive the churches of the Dissenters. His own chapels fell into their hands; and in many of their favourite preachers, down even to the present day, it would not be difficult to trace the influence of his popular oratory. But their present leaders, their men of middle age, are far removed from his theological standpoint, while they cherish the thoughts and the heavenly influence which made his ministry so mighty. They proclaim an atonement for sin, while discarding his gross conceptions of the nature of atonement; they insist upon a personal and vital union of spirit with Jesus Christ; they invoke the help of the Holy Ghost, feeling that without His power upon preacher and hearer no spiritual good can be done. But they say little about predestination, and nothing at all about Christ's having died for an elect world.

(5.) That the Church of Scotland was made alive again by his numerous visits to Scotland, and his impassioned appeals to the slumbering and the dead. Wesley could do nothing north of the Tweed; the people were 'unfeeling,' 'dead stones,' decent and serious but 'perfectly unconcerned,' they 'heard much, knew everything, and felt nothing;' he did not hesitate to say that 'the hand of the Lord was almost entirely stayed in Scotland.' It might have occurred to him that where his friend had so signally succeeded and he had as signally failed, some fault might possibly attach to himself. Scotch journeys

were nearly always an unmixed joy to Whitefield because of the good he did; and it is noticeable that thirty years ago, the foremost ministers and the great bulk of the members of the Scotch Church assumed the position of the English Dissenters, and made of themselves a 'Free Church.'

(6.) That the Church in Wales, of all denominations, received a remarkable impetus from Methodism, and that Whitefield was the first to join hands with the earnest men of the Principality. The early representations of the Methodists as to the religious condition of the country cannot be relied upon, but the following comparative table has been carefully prepared by Dr. Rees, and published in his volume on 'Nonconformity in Wales.' It gives the number of Nonconformist congregations in Wales as 110 in 1716, 105 in 1742, 171 in 1775, 993 in 1816, 2927 in 1861. The great increase between 1775 and 1816 was owing to the separation of the Calvinistic Methodists from the Established Church, which took place in 1811; and from 1816 to 1861 the increase is the result of the zeal and labours of the churches, crowned with the blessing of God. Broadly stated, the result of Methodism in Wales has been the changing of a nation of ignorant irreligious Churchmen into a nation of conscientious Nonconformists, who adhere to their convictions in spite of much persecution and disadvantage. Whitefield neither desired nor sought the nonconformity; but, as in the case of Scotland, an intense religious life would have freedom of action.

(7.) That in America he founded the Presbyterian church of Virginia,[1] and helped more than any man to triple the ministers of the New York Synod within seven years,[2] and to bring into existence a hundred and fifty congregational churches in less than twenty years.[3]

[1] 'The Great Awakening.' By Joseph Tracy, pp. 374–384.
[2] Ibid. p. 386. [3] Ibid. p. 389.

His labours materially aided the building of Princeton College and Dartmouth College.[1] They also produced the same effect upon church government in America which we have seen to have been produced in Scotland, England and Wales. The spiritual life would not be fettered; and the union between church and state was broken.[2]

What did Whitefield accomplish? He founded churches and inaugurated religious revolutions by a sermon. His last sermons—those which he preached within a few days of his death—touched the heart of a young man named Randall; his death sealed all the holy impressions as with the mark of God; and that young man shortly afterwards founded the Free-Will Baptist Church, now fifty thousand strong, in the United States.[3] His works do follow him.

Could his hand add one word to this record of his life and its fruits, it would be this—'Grace!' Grace! Grace!' For his sake, then, and especially for the sake of Him who came bringing grace and truth with Him, it shall be inscribed as the last word here—GRACE.

[1] 'History of Methodism,' p. 397. [2] Ibid. p. 370. [3] Ibid.

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